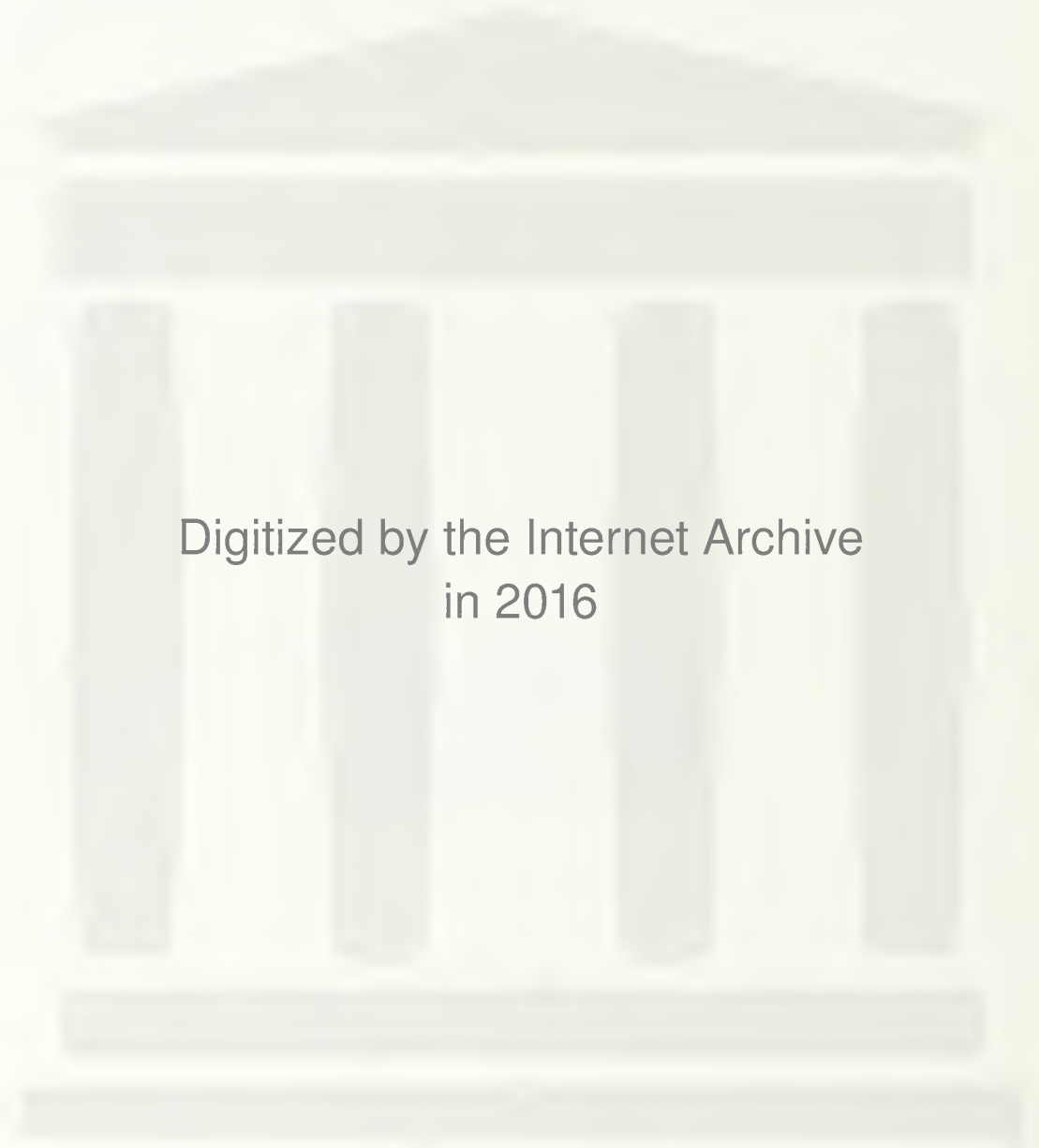
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/virginiahistoryo00cook_0

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01801 5971
GENEALOGY
975.5
C77R

American Commonwealths.

EDITED BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

American Commonwealths

VIRGINIA

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE

BY

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1900

Copyright, 1883,
By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

THE AUTHORITIES.

VIRGINIA and New England were the original forces of American society, and shaped its development. This arose from natural causes. Both races were vigorous offshoots of the same English stock, arrived first in point of time, and impressed their characteristics on the younger societies springing up around them. Each was dominant in its section. New England controlled the North from the Atlantic to the Lakes, and Virginia the South, to the Mississippi.

This supremacy of the old centres was a marked feature of early American history, but it was not to continue. Other races, attracted by the rich soil of the Continent, made settlements along the seaboard. These sent out colonies in turn, and the interior was gradually occupied by new communities developing under new conditions. The character of these later settlements was modified by many circumstances — by distance from the parent stems, their surroundings, the changed habits of living, and the steady intermingling of diverse nationalities. Now, a vast immigration has made America the most multiform of societies. But the impetus of the first forces is not spent. The characteristics of the original races are woven into the texture of the nation, and are ineradicable.

To understand the history of the country it is therefore necessary to study the Virginia and New England of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the case of New England this study has been prosecuted with enthusiasm; in the case of Virginia it has been very much neglected. The result is that the great proportions of the Puritan character have been fully appreciated, and that little is known of the Virginians. The men themselves have never been painted, for among the many histories of Virginia it is impossible to find a history of the Virginia people. And yet this history is essential, if for no other reason than that some of the greatest events in the annals of the country are incomprehensible without it. Accepting the general theory of the character of the race, these events are contrary to experience, and spring from causes which ought not to have produced them. The Virginians have been described as "aristocrats and slaves of church and king;" but the aristocrats were among the first to proclaim that "all men are created equal;" the bigots overthrew their church; and the slaves of the king first cast off his authority, declared Virginia an independent Commonwealth, and were foremost in establishing a republic.

To unravel these apparent contradictions it is necessary to understand the people, and to do so we must go close to them and study the men of every class: the ruffled planter in his great manor-house or rolling in his coach, the small landholder in his plain dwelling, the parish minister exhorting in his pulpit, the "New Light" preacher declaiming in the fields, the rough waterman of the Chesapeake, the hunter of the Blue Ridge, and beneath all, at the base of the social pyramid, the in-

dented servant and the African slave. To have a just conception of the characters of these men we must see them in their daily lives going about their occupations among their friends and neighbors. The fancied dignity of history must be lost sight of. The student must come in contact with the actual Virginians; discover their habits and prejudices; how they dressed and amused themselves on the race-course or at the cock-fight; see them at church in their high-backed pews, while the parson reads his homily, or listen to them discussing the last act of Parliament at the County Court. If this study is conscientiously pursued, the Virginians of the past will cease to be wooden figures; they will become flesh and blood, and we shall understand the men and what they performed.

The work before the reader attempts to draw an outline of the people, and to present a succinct narrative of the events of their history. For the portrait of the Virginians, the general histories afford little assistance. The material, and above all, the coloring must be looked for elsewhere — in the writings of the first adventurers, which are the relations of eye-witnesses or contemporaries; in forgotten pamphlets, family papers, the curious laws passed by the Burgesses, and in those traditions of the people which preserve the memory of events in the absence of written records. It appeared to the writer that this was the true material of history, and that he ought not to go to the modern works as long as it existed. The likeness of the Virginians is only to be found in these remote sources; and the writer has patiently studied the dusty archives, and endeavored to extract their meaning, with no other object than to ascertain the truth, and to represent the men and events in their true colors.

The history of Virginia may be divided into three periods — the Plantation, the Colony, and the Commonwealth. These periods present society under three different aspects. In the first, which extends from the landing at Jamestown to the grant of free government, we see a little body of Englishmen buried in the American wilderness, leading hard and perilous lives, in hourly dread of the savages, home-sick, nearly starved, torn by dissensions, and more than once on the point of sailing back to England. In the second, or Colonial period, reaching to the Revolution, we have the gradual formation of a stable and vigorous society, the long struggle against royal encroachments, the armed rebellion against the Crown, and all the turmoil of an age which originated the principle that the right of the citizen is paramount to the will of the king. What follows is the serene and picturesque Virginia of the eighteenth century, when society at last reposes, class distinctions are firmly established, and the whole social fabric seems built up in opposition to the theory of republicanism. Nevertheless that theory lies at the very foundation of the Virginia character. For five generations the people have stubbornly resisted the king; now they will wrench themselves abruptly out of the ruts of prescription, and sum up their whole political philosophy in the words of their Bill of Rights, "That all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inalienable rights, namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." When the issue is presented whether the country is to fight or submit, the king-lovers and aristocrats will instruct their delegates to propose the Declaration, and the Commonwealth and

the Revolution will begin together. This third period embraces the events of the Revolutionary struggle, the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the occurrences of the post-Revolutionary epoch, and the gradual transformation of society into what is summed up in the term modern Virginia.

The original authorities are full and curious, especially for the periods of the Plantation and Colony. The chief of these authorities are, —

I. For the Plantation: —

1. "A True Relation of Virginia," by Captain John Smith, 1608, the first work written by an Englishman in America.

2. "A Discourse of the Plantation of the Southern Colony of Virginia," by George Percy, one of the original adventurers, which gives the fullest account of the fatal epidemic of 1607.

3. "The General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," a compilation of the various narratives by the first settlers up to 1624, edited by Captain John Smith.

4. "A True Repertory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knt., upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas, his coming to Virginia, and the estate of that Colony then and afterwards, under the Government of the Lord de la Warre," by William Strachey, Secretary of the Colony, who was wrecked in the Sea Venture, and wrote his narrative in Virginia in 1610.

5. "The History of Virginia Britannia," by the same writer, after his return to England.

6. "A True Discourse of the present Estate of Virginia till the 18 of June, 1614," by Raphe Hamor, who

was also Secretary of the Colony, giving curious details in reference to Powhatan and Pocahontas.

7. "Good News from Virginia," by William Whitaker, who was parish minister at Varina, in the time of Sir Thomas Dale.

8. "Proceedings of the first Assembly of Virginia, 1619;" a valuable record discovered among the English archives.

II. For the period of the Colony extending from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the Revolution, the chief works are: —

1. "The Statutes at Large, being a Collection of all the Laws of Virginia," by William Waller Hening, in thirteen volumes, the most important authority on social affairs in Virginia. The unattractive title does not suggest the character of the work. It is full of interest, and of paramount value from its official accuracy. It is the touchstone verifying dates, events, and the minutest details in the life of the people for nearly two centuries. Where events are disputed, as in the case of the surrender to Parliament, and the restoration of the royal authority, it produces the original records, and establishes the facts. As a picture of the Colonial time it has no rival in American books; and the whole likeness of the early Virginians may be found in these laws made for the regulation of their private affairs.

For the history of Bacon's Rebellion, the most remarkable American occurrence of the century, the authorities are, —

2. "The Beginning, Progress, and Conclusion of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia in the years 1675 and 1676," by one of the Burgesses, signing himself "T. M.," who witnessed the events.

3. "A Narrative of the Indian and Civil Wars in Virginia in the years 1675 and 1676," by an unknown writer.

4. "An Account of our late Troubles in Virginia," written in 1676 by Mrs. An. Cotton, of Q. Creeke.

5. "A Review, Breviarie and Conclusion," by Herbert Jeffreys, John Berry, and Francis Morrison, Royal Commissioners, who visited Virginia after the rebellion.

6. "A List of those who have been Executed for the late Rebellion in Virginia, by Sir William Berkeley, Governor of the Colony."

7. "The History of Virginia," by Robert Beverley, is often inaccurate, but contains a full and interesting account of the government and society of the Colony at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Stith's "History of Virginia" to the year 1624 is remarkable for its accuracy, but it is avowedly based on Smith's "General History." Keith's is of no original authority.

8. Coming to the eighteenth century we have, for the administration of Spotswood, one of the ablest of the early Governors, the official statement of his collisions with the Burgesses, printed in the "Virginia Historical Register;" for his march to the Blue Ridge with the Knights of the Horseshoe, Hugh Jones' "Present State of Virginia;" and for the personal picture of the man in private life, the "Progress to the Mines," by Colonel William Byrd of Westover.

9. For Braddock's Expedition, the Journal of Captain Orme, the letters of Washington at the time, and Mr. Winthrop Sargent's history of the Expedition from original documents.

10. For Dunmore's Expedition to the Ohio, and the Battle of Point Pleasant, the memoirs by Stuart and Campbell.

11. For the settlement of the Valley, and life on the frontier, Kercheval's "History of the Valley of Virginia."

12. For the struggle between the Establishment and the Non-conformists, Bishop Meade's "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia," Dr. Hawks' "Ecclesiastical History," Dr. Rice's "Memoir of President Davies," Foote's "Sketches of Virginia," and Semple's "Virginia Baptists."

III. For the period beginning with the middle of the eighteenth century and reaching to the present time, the authorities are the writings of Washington, Jefferson, the Lees, and other public men; books of travel and observation in America, like the work of the Marquis de Chastellux; and memoirs of special occurrences.

It seemed possible to the writer to draw, with the aid of this material, a faithful likeness, if only in outline, of the Virginians. He has written, above all, for the new generation, who, busy in keeping off the wolf of poverty, have had little time to study the history of their people. What this history will show them is the essential manhood of the race they spring from; the rooted conviction of the Virginians, that man was man of himself, and not by order of the king; and that this conviction was followed by the long and strenuous assertion of personal right against arbitrary government. Beginning in the earliest times, this protest continued through every generation, until the principle was firmly established by the armed struggle which resulted in the foundation of the American Republic.

CONTENTS.

I. THE PLANTATION.

PAGE

I. The Good Land 1
The First Voyagers; Spain and England in America; Gilbert's Shipwreck; The Roanoke Tragedy.

II. The Times 8
The Reformation; Shakespeare; The Unrest of the Period; Aims of the English Adventurers.

III. The Oldest American Charter 13
The Virginia Enterprise; John Smith; The King's Charter; Its True Intent; The Sailing of the Ships.

IV. Jamestown 16
The Adventurers; Arrest of Smith; The Landing; The First Church; The Council; An Indian Attack; The First Jury Trial in America.

V. The Terrible Summer of 1607 22
The Fever; Percy's Description of it; Wingfield Attempts to Escape; Smith in Command; The Pinnace again Seized; Arrest of the Mutineers; The Fever Disappears; Smith Sails for the South Sea.

VI. The Ancient Virginians 26
The Virginia Savage; The Women; The One Alone, called Kiwassa; The Priesthood; A Future Life; Language and Customs; The Land of Powhatan; The Emperor.

VII. Pocahontas 33
Smith is Captured; Preserved by Pocahontas; His Return to Jamestown; The Mutineers Again; The Colonists Starving; They are Saved by Pocahontas; Disorganization; The Cause of the Trouble.

VIII. A Year of Incidents 40
Newport Returns; Imperial Trading; The Gold Fever; The Chesapeake Voyages; Ratcliffe Deposed and Smith President; Pocahontas and her Troop; King Powhatan I.; The Monacan March; Smith's "Rude-Answer."

IX. The Strong Hand at Last 48
Snow and Famine; The Raid on Powhatan; Smith is Warned by Pocahontas; Seizes Opechancanough; The Indians Subdued; Smith and the Idlers; The Stone House; The Fall of the House-Builders; Argall's Intelligence; A New Charter; Sailing of the Fleet; The Storm.

X. The Sea-Venture 57
The Bermudas; Shakespeare's "Tempest"; Life on the Islands; The Patience and Deliverance; Death of Admiral Somers.

XI. The Last Wrestle of the Factions 62
The Old Disturbers Back; The Factions; Arrest of the Leaders; Despair of Smith; He Founds Nonsuch; Is Wounded; Returns to England.

XII. The First American Ruler and Writer 68
Smith's After-Life; Attacks on Him; The "General History"; The Question of the Rescue; His Character as Man and Author; His Vision of the Future.

XIII. Virginia Abandoned 76
Jamestown at the End of 1609; What was Wanted; Ratcliffe's Death; The Starving Time; Cannibalism; The Bermuda Ships; Jamestown Deserted; Arrival of Delaware

XIV. The Lord de la Warre 84
Virginia Under Delaware; His Splendor; Ceremonies at Church; He Returns to England; His Death.

XV. Dale's City of Henricus 88
The Iron Hand; Breaking on the Wheel; An Alarm; Varina; The City and Life There.

XVI. Rolfe and Pocahontas 93
Capture of Pocahontas; Dale goes to the York; Pocahontas and Her Brothers; Rolfe's Passion; His Curious Letter; Marries Pocahontas; Dale's Embassy to Powhatan.

XVII. Last Days of Pocahontas and Powhatan . . . 100
Pocahontas in England; Smith's Letter to Queen

Anne; His Interview with Pocahontas; The Question of their Relations; Her Death; Descendants; Powhatan's Old Age; His Death and Character.

XVIII. VIRGINIA UNDER A WATCH-DOG AND A HAWK . . 106
The High Marshal; The Acadian Affair; A New Land Law; Argall; The Case of Brewster; Flight of Argall; Representative Government.

XIX. THE FIRST AMERICAN ASSEMBLY AND CONSTITUTION 113
The King and the Company; The Great Grant; The First Assembly; Its Proceedings; The Constitution.

XX. THE MAIDS AND FIRST SLAVES 119
The Maids; How they were Selected; How Married; The Result; Indented Servants; The First Slaves.

XXI. THE MASSACRE 124
Virginia at Peace; Opechancanough; His Conspiracy; The Attack; The Retaliation of the Virginians.

XXII. THE FALL OF THE COMPANY 129
The London Courts; Virginia Unmasked; Arrest of the Officers; The Commission to Virginia; The Company Overthrown; Death of James I.

XXIII. THE FIRST VIRGINIA AUTHORS 133
Effect of their Surroundings; Character of their Style; Smith's Writings; The Early Relations; Strachey's "Wrack of Sir Thomas Gates"; Hamor's "Present Estate of Virginia"; Whitaker's "Good News"; Sandys' Translation of Ovid; Importance of the Early Books.

XXIV. OUTLINE OF VIRGINIA UNDER JAMES I. 141
James River the Highway; The Upper Settlements; The Planter at Home; His Opinions; A Curious Offense; Harrying the Indians; The Burgesses; Some of their Laws; The Pillory; To the Ocean; Up the York; Virginia Society; The Love of Country Life; English Character of the Virginians.

II. THE COLONY.

I. The New Era 158
Virginia Under Charles I.; Cavaliers and Ronndheads; What the Virginians were; Their Controlling Idea.

II. The Thrusting Out of Sir John Harvey . . . 162
Wyat's Battle with the Indians; Trial of Pott for Cattle Stealing; Harvey's Outrages; He is Deposed; Significance of the Event: The Arrival of Berkeley.

III. The Puritans 167
The Shires Laid Out; Prosperity of the Colony; The First Free School in America; Ministers; The Oath of Supremacy; Charles I. and the Assembly; Habits of the Planters; Persecution of the Puritans; Intolerance of the Time.

IV. Clayborne the Rebel 176
Baron Baltimore; Visits Virginia; Is Insulted at Jamestown; Maryland Founded; Clayborne; He Settles on Kent Island; Fight on the Potomac; Drives Calvert from Maryland; Is Expelled in Turn; The Meaning of the Struggle.

V. The Last Emperor 182
Sir William Berkeley; Greenspring; Berkeley's Character; Charles I. Recognizes the Assembly; Berkeley's Persecutions; Attack on the Colony; Opechancanough's Death and Character.

VI. A Perfect Picture of Virginia 188
An Earthly Paradise; Agriculture and Trade; Intrusions on the Soil; Stuyvesant and Berkeley; The Storm in England; The Distressed Cavaliers; Their Reception in Virginia; Execution of Charles I.

VII. The Surrender 191
The Feeling in Virginia; The Cavalier Exiles; Action of the Burgesses; Charles II. recognized as King of England and Virginia; The Parliament Ships; Preparations to Fight; The Surrender of the Colony; The Terms.

VIII. Virginia Under the Commonwealth 199
Berkeley at Greenspring; The Absence of Rancor; The Burgesses Elect a Governor; The War on the At-

torneys; Worthy Governor Matthews; The Three Days of Revolution; Death of Matthews.

IX. The Battle of the Severn 208
The Ricahecrians; Catholics and Puritans; Tolerance and Intolerance; Clayborne Reduces Maryland; Course of Cromwell; The Trial of Strength; The Puritans in Power; The Restoration; Clayborne's Character.

X. The King's-men Up Again 216
The Rejoicing in Virginia; Berkeley's Invitation to Charles II.; The Interregnum; Berkeley and the Assembly; The King Proclaimed.

XI. Virginia on the Eve of the Rebellion 220
The "Oliverian Plot"; Persecution of the Quakers; Of the Baptists; Laws of the Time; The Ducking-Stool; The Suffrage, History of Legislation; Virginia in 1670; The Growth in Population and the Cause; Why the Cavaliers Came; Servants and Felons; The Family Origin of the Revolutionary Leaders.

XII. The Hidden Fires 230
The General Discontent; The Navigation Laws; The Patent to Culpeper and Arlington; The Virginia Protest; The Reply of Charles II.; Suffrage and the Indians; Batte's Expedition; Attack on the Maryland Fort; Indian Outrages; Berkeley's Unpopularity; The People Ripe for Rebellion; Virginia in 1676.

XIII. The Outflame 237
Three Presages; Nathaniel Bacon; The Indian Inroad; Bacon Marches against Them; Is Proclaimed a Traitor; Routs the Indians at Bloody Run.

XIV. Bacon's Arrest 244
Virginia in Rebellion; Bacon Elected to the House of Burgesses; Is Arrested at Jamestown; His Interview with Berkeley; His Submission and Restoration to the Council.

XV. A Scene in the Burgesses 250
The Old Assemblymen; Humors of the Time; The Queen of Pamunkey; Thoughtful Mr. Lawrence; Bacon Escapes; Marches on Jamestown.

XVI. In Front of the State House 258
Berkeley Appeals to the People; They make no Re-

sponse; Bacon's Violence; His Address to the Burgesses; Is Appointed General; The Assembly Dissolved; Bacon is again Proclaimed a Traitor.

XVII. The Oath at Middle-Plantation 264
Berkeley takes Refuge in Gloucester; His Reception There; Crosses to Accomac; Bacon Returns; The Prime Gentlemen; The Oath; Enthusiasm of the People; Bacon's New Indian Campaign.

XVIII. The White Aprons at Jamestown 274
Berkeley in Accomac; Attempt to Capture Him; Bland and Carver Betrayed; Berkeley's Treatment of Them; He Sails for Jamestown; Takes Possession; Bacon Marches against Him; The Arrest of the Ladies; The White Aprons; Berkeley Attacks; Is Defeated and Flies; Jamestown Burnt.

XIX. The Death of Bacon 283
Bacon Marches to meet Brent; Is taken Ill; Brent's Forces Disband; Bacon and the Gloucester Men; His Feverish Impatience; His Sudden Death; The Charge of Assassination; His Mysterious Burial; His Character.

XX. Berkeley's Vengeances 292
Ingram; His Surrender; Fate of Hansford and Others; Berkeley and Mrs. Cheeseman; Drummond Executed; Lawrence Escapes; A Revel of Blood; Sarah Drummond; Berkeley Returns to England; His Death.

XXI. The Last Years of the Century 298
Virginia after the Rebellion; Protest of the Burgesses; Culpeper's Legal Tender Proclamation; James II. and the Church; The Papist Alarm; Risings in Stafford and Accomac; The Lord and Lady of Virginia; Governor Nicholson; His Arrogance; Affair of Miss Burwell; Williamsburg the New Capital; William and Mary College; Its Charter; Commissary Blair; The College Burned and Rebuilt; Old Regulations; Professors Forbidden to Marry; Celebrated Graduates; Population of Virginia; Characteristics of the People; The Huguenots; Queen Anne; The Governor's Address.

XXII. The Tubal-Cain of Virginia 311
Alexander Spotswood; Magna Charta in Virginia; Spotswood's Energy; The Trial of Grace Sherwood; Spotswood's Visit to Christanna; His March to the Mountains; The Knights of the Horseshoe; Spotswood and the Burgesses; Blackbeard the Pirate; Postal System in Virginia; Spotswood and the Vestries; Colonel Byrd's Description of Germanna; Of Spotswood's House there; Of Spotswood as a Husband; Temple Farm; Spotswood Commander of the Virginia Forces; His Death and Place of Burial.

XXIII. The Virginians of the Valley 322
The Valley; The German Lutherans; Their Manners and Customs; St. Patrick and St. Michael; Birthplace of Andrew Jackson; The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians; Their Characteristics; Church of England Settlement around Greenway Court; The Virginia Arcady; A Bird's-eye View; The Valley and Tidewater; Gooch, Governor; Carthagena; Richmond and Petersburg; The First Virginia Newspaper.

XXIV. The New Lights 331
Lethargy of the Church; The Clergy; Whitefield; His Early Life; His Definition of Methodism; Visits Williamsburg; The Presbyterians; They Attack the Establishment; Are Persecuted; New Sides and Old Sides; Samuel Davies; Henry's Opinion of Him; Secures the Extension of the Toleration Act; His Views of the Episcopal Articles; Founds the Presbyterian Church in Virginia.

XXV. France and England in the Great Woods . . 340
Their Claims; The Youth of Washington; His Association with Lord Fairfax; Effect on His Character; His Expedition beyond the Ohio; Adventures on His Return; The Surrender at Great Meadows.

XXVI. The Tragedy of Duquesne 344
General Edward Braddock; His Plan of Campaign; Franklin's Advice; At Cumberland; The March through the Woods; Braddock Surprised and Routed; His Tribute to the Virginia Troops; His Death and Burial.

XXVII. The End of the Struggle 354
The Virginia Frontier; Horrors of the Time; Washington at Winchester; Duquesne; Captain Bullit; Duquesne Blown Up; The Fall of Quebec; End of the War.

XXVIII. The Writers of the Colonial Period . . . 358
Narratives of Bacon's Rebellion; Style of the Writers; The Deed of Gift; Beverley's History of Virginia; Stith's, — Its Value; Colonel Byrd's Westover MSS.; The Author.

XXIX. The Golden Age of Virginia 364
The Old Régime; The Nabob after the Pioneer; African Slavery; Classes of Society; Planters and Patroons; Ease of the Times; Society at Williamsburg; Amusements; St. Tammany; Lowland and Mountain.

III. THE COMMONWEALTH.

I. The Hour and the Men 375
The New Ideas; Virginia and New England; The Planters.

II. Henry the "Prophet of Revolution" 378
His Origin and Early Life; The Parsons' Cause; His First Speech.

III. The Stamps 383
The English Ministry; The Stamp Act; Henry's Resolutions; His Outburst; Attitude of the Planters; Effect of the Action of Virginia; A Congress Meets in New York; Repeal of the Stamp Act.

IV. The War of the Churches 390
Attacks on the Establishment; The Baptists; They are Persecuted; Scene at Fredericksburg; The Hanover Memorial; The Dissenters Implacable; Overthrow of the Establishment; Desecration of the Sacramental Vessels; Bishop William Meade; His Energy and Piety; Revives the Episcopacy; The Church at Present.

V. The Heart of the Rebellion 396
Williamsburg; Historical Buildings; Winter in the Capital; Social Habits.

VI. The Stepping Stones of Revolution 400
The Tea; Death of Fauquier; Lord Botetourt; His Reception; Dissolves the Burgesses; They Meet at the Raleigh; Death of Botetourt; His Character; Lord Dunmore; The Committees of Correspondence.

VII. Jefferson the "Apostle of Democracy" . . . 405
His Early Life; His Gay Temperament; Becomes a Freethinker; Character of his Intellect; His Summary View.

VIII. Lee, Mason, and Pendleton 410
Lee's Origin; His Advanced Opinions; Personal Appearance; Mason's Wit; His Patriotism; The Bill of Rights; Pendleton's Views; His Person and Oratory.

IX. Virginia and Massachusetts 415
The Issue; Boston Occupied by British Troops; The Tea; Action in Virginia; The Ball at the Capitol; A Convention Called; The First of June; The General Congress; Chatham's Opinion of It.

X. The First Blood of the Revolution 422
Dunmore's Expedition; Andrew Lewis; He Marches to the Ohio; Is Attacked; The Battle at Point Pleasant; Scene with Dunmore; Charges against the Governor; Lewis Returns.

XI. Virginia Arming 426
The Spring of 1775; The People in Arms; The Convention at St. John's; Henry's Great Speech; Mr. Wirt's Exaggerations; The Fight at Concord.

XII. The Gunpowder 429
The Seizure of the Powder; Excitement of the People; The Rappahannock Men; The March of Henry; The Olive Branch Rejected; Explosion at the Magazine; Flight of Dunmore; Washington appointed Commander-in-Chief.

XIII. The Last of Dunmore in Virginia 435
The Committee of Safety; Henry General-in-Chief; Dunmore's Depredations; Action at Great Bridge; Norfolk Burned; Lewis and Dunmore; Dunmore Sails for England.

XIV. Virginia declares Herself an Independent Commonwealth 438
The Convention; Proposed Declaration; The Virginia

Bill of Rights; The Constitution; Henry Elected Governor; Congress and the Declaration; The Record of Virginia.

XV. The Overturners 442
The Laboring Oar; Jefferson in the Assembly; The Religious Struggle; The Result; Entails; The Result; The Social Change; Patrick Henry to be Dictator; Cary's Message to Him; Gloom at the End of 1776.

XVI. The Hannibal of the West 449
Morgan and his Riflemen; The Virginia Troops in the Army; George Rogers Clarke; He Marches on Kaskaskia; On Vincennes; The Drowned Lands of the Wabash; The Capture of Vincennes; The Result.

XVII. Lafayette and Cornwallis 454
No more Slaves to be Imported; A Marauder; Despondency of the Times; Washington's Statement; Arnold Captures Richmond; Phillips and Lafayette; Death of Phillips; Arrival of Cornwallis; Lafayette Retreats; Tarleton's Depredations; Wayne's Arrival; Cornwallis Retreats; Action at Jamestown; Cornwallis Retires to Yorktown; The Result of the Campaign.

XVIII. Yorktown 462
The Crisis; Washington's Resolution; His Movement Southward; Passage through Philadelphia; Arrival at Williamsburg; Cornwallis at Yorktown; Lafayette's Soldiership; The Naval Fight; Washington's Visit to De Grasse; Advance on Yorktown; The Siege; General Nelson; Burning of the English Ships; The Assault; Lord Cornwallis Capitulates; The Ceremony of Surrender.

XIX. The Constitution 472
Conclusion of Peace; The Articles of Confederation; Virginia for Union; The Northwest Territory; She Surrenders It; The Federal Constitution; Excitement in Virginia; The Virginia Convention; A Passionate Struggle; The Constitution Adopted; The Virginia Conditions.

XX. MODERN VIRGINIA 477
The Republican Ascendency; Change in Manners; Resolutions of '98; Death of Washington and Henry; Henry's Will; Trial of Callender; Of Aaron Burr; The Servile Insurrections; The Burning of the Theatre; The War of 1812; The Colleges; The Convention of 1829; Jackson and South Carolina; Repose of the Period preceding the Civil War.

XXI. VIRGINIA LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY 490
History and Biography; Theology and Physical Science; Constitutional Law; Poetry; Fiction; Miscellany; Character of the Literature.

XXII. THE WAR OF THE SECTIONS 498
The Attitude of Virginia; Her Peace Policy; The Direct Issue; Secession; The Virginia Troops.

XXIII. VIRGINIA SINCE THE WAR 505
Resolution of the People; Their Treatment of Northerners; Reconstruction; Emancipation; Relations of the Races; Resources of the State; New Virginia.

The vignette upon the title page is a copy of the first seal of Virginia as it appears on the title page of Smith's "General History of Virginia."

The map is a reproduction of so much of the official map of the State of Virginia, published in 1826, with the insertion of names of all places referred to in this history. Where the State map fails to give the localities, the authority followed is that of Frye and Jefferson in their survey of 1749, as published by Jeffery in his series of maps of the British possessions in America.

VIRGINIA:

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE.

I. THE PLANTATION.

I.

THE GOOD LAND.

JUST three centuries ago, two ships sent from England on a voyage of exploration crossed the Atlantic by way of the Azores, sailed northward along the coast of Florida, and came to anchor off the Indian kingdom of Axacan, now North Carolina.

The voyagers were amazed at the beauty of the country. The time was midsummer, and before them was a long island fringed with verdure. Above the undergrowth rose "the highest and reddest cedars of the world;" the wild vines were so full of grape bunches that "the very surf overflowed them;" and deer, turkeys, and snow-white cranes were "in incredible abundance." When the mariners landed, first on the island and then on the main-land, they were welcomed by the Indians, who proved to be "a kind, loving people;" and the time from summer to autumn was spent in exploring the adjacent country. The name of the immediate region was Wingandacoa, which seems to have signified "The Good Land," and the Englishmen found it "most plentiful, sweet, wholesome and fruitful of all other."

At last the western paradise so long dreamed of seemed to have been discovered, and when the ships went back to England, at the approach of winter, the commanders gave such glowing accounts of what they had seen, that Elizabeth called the country Virginia, the Virgin land.

This voyage took place in the summer of 1584. For a long time afterwards the name Virginia was only the popular designation of an unknown region beyond the Atlantic. No more was known of it, and an old writer could only say, "The bounds thereof on the East side are the ocean, on the South lieth Florida, on the North Nova Francia, as for the West thereof the limits are unknown." The English had touched its shores only; the interior was an untravelled realm, where the fancy might revel freely, — a land of fairer fruits and flowers than the fruits and flowers of Europe; of green shores, majestic forests, and blue mountains filled with gold and jewels. In this wonderful world bright birds flitted from tree to tree, dusky beauties danced and beckoned, the rivers ran over golden sands, and somewhere far off in the direction of the South Sea was the famous Fount of Youth, which the old had only to bathe in to grow young again. With these visions of delight were mingled weird and terrible fancies. The Bermuda Islands, a portion of Virginia, were said to be haunted by mysterious beings. English mariners who had been shipwrecked there described them as "an enchanted den full of furies and devils which all men did shun as hell and perdition." Even the great intelligences of the time caught the glamour or affected to do so, and the popular superstition was crystallized by Shakespeare in his "Tempest." In this den of enchantment Prospero practiced his magic, witches hovered in the air, and uncouth

shapes appeared and vanished. The far islands posted like sentinels on the threshold of the New World were a realm of wonders, and the ignorant and ardent minds of the men of that age believed all that was reported of them.

These fancies were supported by old tradition. It was said that "Arthur, Malgro, and Brandon, a thousand years ago were in this North of America, and the Friar of Lynn, by his black art, went to the north pole in 1380." The friar with his black art was the counterpart of Prospero with his magic, and it was as easy to believe in one as in the other. Then tradition took a few uncertain steps in the direction of history. Madoc, a Welsh prince, was said to have visited America, and Lief, a Norwegian, was supposed to have landed, about the year 1000, in what is now New England. This may have been the truth, but the fact is not established. The Norwegian may have been an historical personage, but he and his sea rovers bear a suspicious resemblance to "Arthur, Malgro, and Brandon." Through a mist blown about by the winds of old years loom dim uncertain figures, which may be figures of real men or mere phantasmagoria. The outlines waver as one gazes at them, and the personages are scarcely more real than the Thors and Baldurs of the Scandinavian sagas.

With Columbus certainty begins. At last firm ground is found to stand upon. Sailing westward over the unknown sea, the Genoese reached land and took possession in the name of Castile. But the land was not the Continent; Columbus had only reached San Salvador, one of the Bahamas. Five years afterwards John Cabot, commanding an English fleet, discovered the

mainland and claimed it in the name of England; and this was the foundation of the English title — priority of actual landing and possession.

For nearly a century after this year, 1497, England seemed blind to the importance of her claim. The New World, as far as she was concerned, seemed to go a-begging. Spain and France were wiser. Both made persistent efforts to secure the prize, and a few names and dates will tell the story.

In 1512, about twenty years after the discovery by Columbus, Ponce de Leon took possession of Florida in the name of Spain.

In 1521 Cortez overran Mexico, and soon afterward Pizarro conquered Peru.

In 1534 Jacques Cartier entered the St. Lawrence, and laid claim to Canada in the name of France.

In 1541 Fernando de Soto marched through the present Gulf States, from Florida, to the Mississippi, and claimed the country in the name of Spain; and in 1562 some French Huguenots established a colony at St. Augustine in Florida.

Thus the Continent of North America — a name derived from Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian and one of the early voyagers — had become a bone of contention between France and Spain, without regard to England. The Spaniards acted with decision. In 1565 they attacked St. Augustine and massacred the French Huguenots, after which they pushed northward to occupy the whole country. An effort was made to establish a Jesuit mission in what is now North Carolina; and Don Pedro Morquez, the Governor of Florida, sailed along the coast and entered "the bay of Santa Maria, in the latitude of thirty-seven degrees and a half" —

which is the Chesapeake. The country pleased him, and he sent a party of men and two Dominican monks to form a settlement. The expedition only failed from accident; and thus the banks of the Chesapeake narrowly escaped becoming the site of a Roman Catholic colony owning allegiance to Spain.

This is the brief record of events connected with the first years of American history. By the middle of the century the power of Spain seemed firmly established. Before the English flag floated over so much as a log fort on the Continent, she was possessed of all Central America, and the extension of her dominion northward seemed only a question of time. The country was occupied by her troops and officials, and Spanish fleets went to and fro between Cadiz and the ports of Mexico and Peru. As far as the human eye could see, the new world of America had become the property of Spain, and her right to it seemed unassailable. A mariner sailing under the Spanish flag had discovered it; Spanish captains had conquered it; and the Papal authority had formally put Spain in possession of it.

If England meant to assert her claim, the time had plainly come to do so; and in 1576 an expedition was sent to explore the country. It came to nothing, and another in 1583 had no better fortune. It was commanded by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and the Queen had sent him a small golden trinket, in the shape of an anchor set with jewels, and the message, that she "wished him as great hap and safety to his ship as if herself were there in person." Gilbert reached the island of St. John, but his fleet was scattered by a storm. His own vessel went down, and he was heard to say as the ship sank: "Be of good cheer, my friends; it is as near to heaven by sea as by land."

This expedition had been undertaken under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom his contemporaries called the "Shepherd of the Ocean." This great Englishman, with the soul of a sea-king and the intellect of a statesman looking before and after, saw plainly that the path of empire was westward. He was not discouraged by Gilbert's mischance. In the next year, 1584, he secured a patent from the Queen to explore and settle America. The expedition to Wingandacoa followed; and in 1585 Raleigh sent out a colony under command of Sir Richard Grenville.

These old voyages tempt us, with their rude pictures and strange adventures. They are full of the sea breeze and the romance of the former age; but they do not belong to the special subject of this volume. The result only need be recorded — a gloomy and pathetic tragedy, which for nearly three centuries has excited the sympathy of the world.

Sir Richard Grenville founded his colony on Roanoke Island in Albemarle Sound, but it was abandoned by the settlers, who returned to England with Sir Francis Drake; whereupon he founded a second, which struggled on until 1587. White, the Governor, then went to England to obtain supplies for the colony, leaving behind him eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and eleven children; among the latter his daughter Ellinor, and his grand-daughter Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America. None of these men, women, or children were ever again seen. When White returned to Roanoke he found the place deserted. What had become of the colonists? There was an apparent solution of the mystery. When White sailed for England he had directed that if the settlers were compelled to leave

the island, they should carve the name of the place to which they removed on some conspicuous object, with a cross above the name if they went away in distress. The name CROATAN was found cut in a post, but without the cross: thus the people seemed not to have abandoned the island in distress. But what had occasioned this strange exodus of the Roanoke men, women, and children to Croatan — an Indian town on the coast? The whole affair remained a mystery and remains as great a mystery to-day. Repeated efforts were made to ascertain from the Indians what had become of the colonists; but they could not or would not say what had happened. Had the poor people wandered away into the cypress forests and been lost? Had they starved on the route to Croatan? Had the Indians put them to death? The secret is still a secret, and this sudden disappearance of more than a hundred human beings is one of the strangest events of history.

So the Roanoke colony ended. It was the first tragic chapter in the history of the United States, and resembles rather the sombre fancy of some dramatist of the time than an actual occurrence. All connected with it is moving, and the sharply contrasted figures cling to the memory — the bearded mariners, and women and children wandering away into the woods; the pale-faced Governor searching for his daughter, when he returns to the lonely island; and, passing across the background, the stalwart forms of Drake and Grenville, the one famous for hunting down the great Armada in the English Channel, and the other for his desperate fight on board the Revenge. His fate and the fate of his colony were not unlike. Both struggled long and bravely, but the struggle came to an end in dire catastrophe.

"All hopes of Virginia thus abandoned," wrote one of the old chroniclers, "it lay dead and obscured from 1590 till this year 1602." It lay dead and obscured longer. Nothing further was effected in the sixteenth century, and the Americas seemed fated to remain Spanish possessions to the end of time. The struggle was apparently over, and the wildest fancy could scarcely have conceived what we see to-day — this huge empire dwindled to a few weak dependencies, and confronting them the great Protestant Republic of the United States occupying the continent from ocean to ocean.

The wedge which split this hard trunk was the landing in May, 1607, of about one hundred Englishmen at Jamestown.

II.

THE TIMES.

THE Virginia "plantation," as the old writers called it, began at a remarkable period. The year 1600 may be taken as the dividing line between two eras — the point of departure of a new generation on the untried journey into the future.

Europe had just passed through the great convulsion of the Reformation, and this with the invention of printing had suddenly changed the face of the world. It is difficult to speak of this change without apparent exaggeration. The dissemination of the Bible in the vulgar tongue was followed by astonishing results. The unlearned could search the Scriptures for their rule of conduct without the intervention of a priesthood, and an upheaval of the human mind followed. A mysterious voice had awakened the sleepers, and they had started

up, shaking off the old fetters. The lethargy of ages had disappeared. Thought, so long paralyzed by dogma, roved in every direction, moving nimbly and joyfully where it had groped and stumbled before in the thick darkness. The nations of Europe were like blind men who have suddenly been made to see. Daring aspirations took possession of them, and the new ideas of the new age crowded into every mind, hurrying and jostling each other. In our old and prosaic world it is difficult to realize the youth and enthusiasm of that time. Authority had lost its prestige, and serfdom to prejudices social or religious had disappeared. The priest muttering his prayers in Latin was no longer the keeper of men's consciences; and the prerogative of the King and the privilege of the noble began to be regarded as superstitions. That hitherto unknown quantity, the People, all at once revealed its existence, and those who for centuries had allowed others to think for them began to think for themselves.

All this had come with the new century which summed up and inherited the results of that which had preceded it. Beginning at Wittenberg with the protest of Luther, the Reformation had swept through the Continent and extended to England and Scotland, where its fury was greatest and lasted longest. It raged there during the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, and only died down at her death, when the long work was at last accomplished, and Protestantism was firmly established.

The free thought of the time in England, as everywhere, had resulted from reaction and the immense influence of printed books. But books were not all. Bacon, the author of the inductive philosophy, had

published his "Advancement of Learning," and Spenser, the perfect flower of the Renaissance, his "Faëry Queen;" but volumes of abstruse thought and refined poesy were for the few. The people at large were compelled to look elsewhere, and to educate their minds by other appliances than costly folios which were beyond their reach. The acted drama precisely supplied this popular want, and became the educator of the people. The time had come for Shakespeare and his brother dramatists; and suddenly the epoch flowered in the great names which have made the age of Elizabeth so illustrious. A race of giants appeared, whose works were the expression of the times. All the characteristics of the generation were summed up in these dramas — the unreined fancy, the wild imagination, the revolt against the conventional, the daring thought which questioned all things and would sound the mysteries of this world and the world beyond. At the head of this great group stood Shakespeare. On the stage of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres this master dramatist of the age, and of all the ages, directly addressed the ardent crowds who flocked at his summons. Packed together in the dingy pit, under the smoking flambeaux, the rude audiences saw pass before them in long panorama the whole history of England with its bloody wars, the fierce scenes of the Roman forum, the loves of Romeo and Antony, hump-backed Richard, the laughing Falstaff, and the woeful figures of Lear and Hamlet. What came from the heart of Shakespeare went to the human hearts listening to him. The crowd laughed with his comedy and cried with his tragedy. He was the great public teacher, as well as the joy of his age — an age full of impulse, of hot aspiration and vague desire, which recognized its own portrait in his dramas.

Thus books, the acted drama, the thirst for knowledge, the ardent desire of the human mind to expand in all directions, made the last years of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth a new era in the history of the human race. Men longed for new experiences, to travel and discover new countries, to find some outlet for the boiling spirit of enterprise which had rushed into and overflowed the time. The adventurous sea voyages of the period were the direct outcome of this craving; suddenly a passion for maritime exploration had developed itself. We have the record of what followed in the folios of Hakluyt and Purchas — "Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America," "Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries made by the English Nation," "Purchas, his Pilgrimage," and other works of the same character. Magellan circumnavigated the world, and Sir Francis Drake doubled Cape Horn, coasted northward to the present Alaska, attempted the northwest passage, and finding it impracticable, crossed the Pacific, traversed the Indian Ocean, and returned to England by the Cape of Good Hope. The English flag was thus carried into every sea, and wherever the flag of Spain was encountered, it was saluted with cannon. For a whole generation these adventurous voyages and hard combats went on without ceasing, and on the continent of Europe another outlet was presented to the fierce ardor of the times. Flanders was an incessant battle-ground; and in Transylvania the Christians were making war on the Turks. English soldiers of fortune flocked to the Christian standard, and fought among the foremost, winning fortune and renown, or "leaving their bodies in testimony of their minds."

At the end of the century this long period of fierce

struggle ended — the foes seemed to have exhausted themselves. But the enterprise of the time was still unsated and demanded new fields. In spite of the disastrous ending of the Roanoke experiment, longing eyes had continued to be fixed on America, and the same glamour surrounded "Virginia" for the new generation as for the old. Beyond the Atlantic was the virgin Continent, unexplored by Englishmen, awaiting brave hearts and strong hands. To a people so ardent and restless the prospect was full of attraction. Virginia was the promised land, and they had only to go and occupy it. There the fretting cares and poverty of the Old World would be forgotten, and stirring action would replace the dull inaction of peace at the end of so much fighting. For the daring there was the charm of adventure in an unexplored world; for the selfish the hope of profit, and for the pious the great work of converting the Indian "heathen." The first charter expressed this longing — "that so noble a work may by the providence of God hereafter tend to the glory of His Divine Majesty in propagating of the Christian religion to such people as sit in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God." — "This is the work that we first intended," says a writer of the time, "and have published to the world to be chief in our thoughts, to bring the infidel people from the worship of Devils to the service of God." And worthy Mr. Crashaw exhorted the adventurers, about to embark for Virginia, to "remember that the end of this voyage is the destruction of the Devil's kingdom."

These were some of the causes which led to the settlement of America by the English.

III.

THE OLDEST AMERICAN CHARTER.

At last, in 1606, the ardent desire of the Englishmen of the time to settle Virginia began to take shape. A brave sea-captain, Bartholomew Gosnold, was the mainspring of the enterprise. He had made the first direct voyage across the Atlantic to New England, and meant now to establish a colony, if possible in the milder south. He found sympathizers in Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, two brave and pious gentlemen, Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of Westminster, Robert Hunt, an exemplary clergyman, Edward Maria Wingfield, a London merchant, and John Smith, an English soldier.

This famous chevalier, who was to become the soul of the enterprise and the founder of Virginia, was born in Willoughby, England, in January, 1579. His family were connected with the Lancashire gentry, but he was left a poor orphan, and before he had grown to manhood had served as a private soldier in the Flanders wars. He then wandered away like a knight-errant in search of adventures; joined the forces of Sigismund Bathori, who was making war on the Turks in Transylvania; slew three Turkish "champions" in single combat, for which he was knighted; was captured and reduced to slavery by the Turks, but escaped to Russia; and thence returned by way of Germany, France, Spain, and Morocco, to England, which he reached in 1604, when he was twenty-five. He had left home an unknown youth, and returned a famous man. He was young in years, but old in experience, in suffering, and in those elements which lie at the foundation of greatness. His

portrait, with sweeping mustache and frank glance, is the portrait of a fighting man; but under it may be discerned the administrator and ruler.

When Smith came back to England, Elizabeth was dead and the reign of James I. had just begun. The city of London was full of soldiers returned from the Continental wars, and this restless social element gladly welcomed the Virginia enterprise. They were men of every character — brave soldiers and the scum of war; frequented the "Mermaid" and other taverns; jostled the citizens; and flocked to the theatres, where Shakespeare's plays were the great attraction. The dramatist had not yet retired to Stratford, and it is probable that Smith made his acquaintance then or afterward, as he wrote "they have acted my fatal tragedies on the stage." *The stage* in London meant the Globe or Blackfriars, in which Shakespeare was a stockholder; and Smith made his complaint to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the "W. H." of the Shakespearean sonnets. This personal acquaintance of the soldier and the writer is merely conjectural, but it is interesting to fancy them together at the "Mermaid," talking, perhaps, of the Virginia enterprise and the strange stage of the "Tempest," written a few years afterwards. Smith and Gosnold became friends, and the wandering soldier caught the fever of exploration and adventure in America. When the scheme at last took form, he had become a prominent advocate of the enterprise, and was appointed by the King one of the first counsellors.

James I. had authorized the undertaking, and it was now launched. He busied himself in drawing up his royal charter for the government of the colony, and April 10, 1606, the paper was ready.

By this oldest of American charters two colonies were directed to be established in the great empire of Virginia. The southern colony was intrusted to Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and others, and was to be "planted" anywhere between thirty-four and forty-one degrees of north latitude, corresponding to the southern limits of North Carolina, and the mouth of the Hudson River. It was to extend fifty miles north and fifty miles south of the spot selected for the settlement; one hundred miles into the land; and to embrace any islands within the same distance of the coast.

The association governing the southern colony was styled the London Company; the northern colony was intrusted to the Plymouth Company; and a strip of territory one hundred miles broad was to intervene between the two. Three years afterwards (1609) the boundaries of the southern colony were enlarged and exactly defined. It was to embrace the territory two hundred miles north and two hundred miles south of Old Point Comfort, the mouth of James River, and to reach "up into the land from sea to sea." This was the original charter under which Virginia held at the time of the formation of the Federal Constitution in 1788.

The plan of government for the colony was simple. Everything began and ended with the King. A great council of thirteen in London, appointed by himself, was to govern. A subordinate council in Virginia, appointed by the greater, was to follow his instructions. Thus the colony of Virginia was to be ruled and directed in all its proceedings by the royal will, since the King appointed its rulers, and directed under his sign-manual in what manner they were to rule. The details were generally judicious. The Christian religion was to be

preached to the Indians; lands were to descend as in England; trial by jury was secured to all persons charged with crime; the subordinate council was to try civil causes; and the products of the colonists were to be brought to a public storehouse, where a Cape merchant or treasurer was to control and apportion them as they were needed. This early development of the socialistic and coöperative idea resulted unfortunately; but for the moment it had a plausible appearance on paper. What was plain about the charter was, that the colony of Virginia would have no rights other than those which King James I. chose to allow it. His "instructions" were to be the law, and he held to that theory with all the obstinacy of a narrow mind to the end of his life.

Having secured this charter the friends of the enterprise made every preparation for the voyage. About one hundred colonists were secured, apparently without difficulty, and at the end of the year 1606 all was ready for the expedition. The little fleet consisted of three vessels, one of twenty tons, one of forty, and one of a hundred, the names of which were the Discovery, the Good Speed, and the Susan Constant.

On the 19th of December, 1606, these three ships set sail down the Thames for Virginia.

IV.

JAMESTOWN.

THE sailing of the ships excited general interest even in so busy a city as London. Prayers were offered up in the churches for the welfare of the expedition, and

the poet Drayton wished his countrymen good fortune in a glowing lyric : —

"You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame,
Go and subdue!

"Britons! you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you!

"And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearls and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia
Earth's only paradise."

The character and motives of these first Virginia adventurers have been the subject of discussion. There is really nothing to discuss. They were men of every rank, from George Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, to Samuel Collier, "boy;" and in the lists were classed as "gentlemen, carpenters, laborers," and others. Unfortunately more than half the whole number were "gentlemen," and a gentleman at the time signified a person unused to manual labor. As to the motives of the adventurers, these lay on the surface. To get the pearls and gold was no doubt the thought in the minds of the majority, but this was not the only aim. Many had it warmly at heart to convert the Indians to Christianity, and others looked to the extension of English empire. The dissensions of the first years were due

to causes which will be stated; but a radical defect was the unfitness of the original colonists for their work. More than half their number had never used an axe, and "jewellers, gold refiners, and a perfumer," were among the people sent to fight the American wilderness.

The three small ships sailed down the Thames, followed by prayers and good wishes, and, after tossing in the Channel for some weeks, went out to sea. For reasons unexplained they were not in charge of Bartholomew Gosnold, but of Captain Christopher Newport; and, following the old southern route by way of the Azores, safely reached the West Indies toward the spring. A curious incident of the voyage was the arrest of Smith by the other leaders. He was charged with a design to murder them and make himself "King of Virginia;" and he afterwards stated that a gallows was erected to execute him. Nothing more is known of this singular occurrence. Smith remained under arrest until after the arrival in Virginia, when the first American jury tried and acquitted him.

It was the intention to found the colony on the old site, Roanoke Island, but a violent storm drove the ships northward quite past the shores of Wingandacoa, and they reached the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. In this they took shelter toward the end of April 1607, and the beauty of the country induced the commanders of the expedition to settle there instead of at Roanoke. The low shores were covered with "flowers of divers colors;" the "goodly trees" were in full foliage; and all around was inviting. A party landed to look at the country, and had their first experience with the Indians. They were received with a flight of arrows from the

lurking people hidden in the tall grass, but they fled at a volley from the English guns, and the party returned to the ships, which continued their way. Before them was the great expanse of Chesapeake Bay, the "Mother of Waters" as the Indian name signified, and in the distance the broad mouth of a great river, the Powhatan. As the ships approached the western shore of the bay the storm had spent its force, and they called the place Point Comfort. A little further, — at the present Hampton, — they landed and were hospitably received by a tribe of Indians. The ships then sailed on up the river, which was new-named James River, and parties landed here and there, looking for a good site for the colony. A very bad one was finally selected, — a low peninsula half buried in the tide at high water. Here the adventurers landed on May 13, 1607, and gave the place the name of Jamestown, in honor of the King.

Nothing remains of this famous settlement but the ruins of a church tower covered with ivy, and some old tombstones. The tower is crumbling year by year, and the roots of trees have cracked the slabs, making great rifts across the names of the old Armigers and Honourables. The place is desolate, with its washing waves and flitting sea-fowl, but possesses a singular attraction. It is one of the few localities which recall the first years of American history; but it will not recall them much longer. Every distinctive feature of the spot is slowly disappearing. The river encroaches year by year, and the ground occupied by the original huts is already submerged.

The English landed and pitched tents, but soon found it more agreeable to lodge "under boughs of trees"

in the pleasant May weather, until they built cabins. These were erected on the neck of the peninsula, and before the summer they had settled into something like a community. From the moment of landing they had paid sedulous attention to the exercises of religion. An "old rotten tent" was the first church in the American wilderness. The next step was to stretch an awning between the trunks of trees; to nail a bar between two of these to serve as a reading-desk — and here "the religious and courageous divine," Mr. Hunt, read the service morning and evening, preached twice every Sunday, and celebrated the Holy Communion at intervals of three months. After a while the settlers busied themselves in constructing a regular church. It was not an imposing structure, since the chronicle describes it as a log building "covered with rafts, sedge, and dirt," but soon they did better. When Lord Delaware came, in 1610, he found at Jamestown a church sixty feet long and twenty-four broad, the first permanent religious edifice erected by Englishmen in North America.

The Virginians had thus made a good beginning. They had felled trees, built houses, erected a church, and were saying their prayers in it, like honest people who were bent on doing their duty in that state of life in which it had pleased Heaven to place them. But the whole cheerful prospect was overclouded by a simple circumstance. Their leaders were worthless. The names of the Council had not been announced in England by King James. He had had the eccentric fancy of sealing them up in a box, which was not to be opened until the expedition reached Virginia. The box had then been opened and the Councillors were found to be Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Maria

Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall. One and all of these men, with the exception of Smith and Gosnold, were grossly incompetent; and Gosnold died soon afterwards, and Smith was still under arrest and excluded from the Council. Wingfield had been elected President, but it was soon seen that he was a man of no capacity. He was indolent, self-indulgent, wanting in every faculty which should characterize a ruler, and his mind was haunted by the idea that Smith was secretly plotting to murder him and usurp his authority. The rest of the Council were no better, and the promise of the future was gloomy. The little band of Englishmen were in a new country, surrounded by enemies, and those who ruled over them seemed unconscious of their perilous situation.

Soon the Indian peril revealed itself. A party of men sailed up James River and paid a visit to Powhatan, Emperor of the country, near the present site of Richmond. They found him in his royal wigwam, — a "sour" old man of whom more will be said hereafter, — and after a brief interview returned to Jamestown. Exciting intelligence awaited them. In their absence, a band of Indians had attacked the colonists while planting corn, and a flight of arrows had killed one man and wounded seventeen others, but a cannon shot fired from the ships had put the dusky people to rout. It was more than probable that the sour old emperor had directed this onslaught, and the palisade was mounted with cannon and a guard established.

It was plain from this dangerous incident, that the Virginia colony required a military ruler. Wingfield was a merchant and *fainéant*, utterly unfitted for his

position. Smith was still under arrest, but all at once he demanded a trial. This, Wingfield strove to evade; he would send him home to England to be tried by the authorities, he said. But the restive soldier suddenly flamed out. He would be tried in Virginia as was his right — there was the charter! and the trial took place. The result was a ruinous commentary on the characters of Wingfield and the Council. The testimony of their own witnesses convicted them of subornation of perjury to destroy Smith; he was acquitted by the jury of all the charges against him; and Kendall, who had conducted the prosecution, was condemned to pay him £200 damages. This sum was presented by Smith to the colony for the general use, and then the foes partook of the Communion, and the soldier was admitted to his seat in the Council.

Such was the first open trial of strength between Smith and the factionists. He was destined to have more, involving the very life of the colony. For the moment all was quiet, however, and Newport sailed for England to report and obtain supplies, leaving one of the barks, the Pinnace, for the use of the colony. From this, were to spring woes unnumbered.

V.

THE TERRIBLE SUMMER OF 1607.

THE colony now seemed prosperous. The skies were blue and the corn was growing; the supply of provisions was sufficient for three months, and the settlers, in their "Monmouth caps, Irish stockings, and coats of mail," went in and out about their occupations, with a sense

of security. The reed-thatched huts were defended by cannon, but Powhatan had "sued for peace," and the men met and ate their food from the "common kettle" without fear.

But under this fair outside was the canker of incapacity and misrule. In the bright days all went well, but discerning eyes might have seen that in the hour of trial the leaders would be found wanting. The old chronicle paints the men with pitiless accuracy. They had neither brains, courage, nor morals, nor anything good about them. Wingfield, the President, had corrupted his easily-corrupted associates, and the whole bad crew spent their time in idleness and gluttony. The enterprise had grievously disappointed them, and, seeing no further profit in it, they were looking for an opportunity to abandon it. The true men looked sidewise at them since Smith's trial, and shook their heads. It was the next thing to a certainty that when the dark hour came they would desert their comrades and leave them to destruction.

Soon the dark hour arrived. A worse enemy than the Indians assailed the colony. With July came the sultry "dog days" of the southern summer, and the marshy banks of the river, sweltering in the sun, sweated a poisonous malaria which entered into the blood of the English. The whole colony was prostrated by a virulent epidemic. All thought of guarding against the Indians was abandoned. The supply of food was soon exhausted, and destruction stared them in the face. The men lay wasting away in the sultry cabins. Those who were not attacked were too few to wait on the sick, scarcely enough to drag them out and bury them when they died. "Burning fevers destroyed them," says George Percy,

writing of this terrible time, "some departed suddenly, but for the most part they died of mere famine. There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were, in this new discovered Virginia." Night and day men were heard "groaning in every corner of the fort, most pitiful to hear." The writer seems to groan himself as he remembers the fearful scene. "If there were any conscience in men," he exclaims, "it would make their hearts to bleed to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries . . . some departing out of the world, sometimes three and four in a night; in the morning their bodies trailed out of the cabins like dogs to be buried."

By the month of September famine and fever had swept off fifty men, one half the colony, and among the dead were Bartholomew Gosnold and Thomas Studley, the treasurer. Smith was left to contend single-handed with Wingfield and his followers. These people now showed their true characters, and added cowardice to incapacity. Wingfield and Kendall made an effort to seize the Pinnace and escape to England; but the colonists rose in their wrath and dealt promptly with them. They deposed them from the Council and elected Ratcliffe President in Wingfield's place; but Ratcliffe was little better than his predecessor, and did nothing to succor them. The only hope was Smith, and the settlers compelled him by popular uprising to assume the control of the colony.

Smith acted with energy, for the poor people were nearly starving. By an interposition of Providence, the Indians had voluntarily brought them a small supply of corn; but this was soon exhausted, and Smith went down James River to obtain more. The tribe at

Hampton refused it, when he fired a volley into the crowd, captured their idol, seized the supplies, and returned to Jamestown. Another expedition followed, from which Smith returned at a critical moment. Wingfield and Kendall had again seized the Pinnace and were on the point of escaping, but Smith opened on them with cannon and they were compelled to surrender. Short work was made of Kendall, the ringleader of the conspiracy. He was tried by a jury, found guilty, and shot. The life of Wingfield was spared, but he was deprived of all authority. He remained in the colony "living in disgrace," and anxiously looking for an opportunity to return to England.

Thus with famine and disease, hot turmoil and conspiracy, the groans of the dying in the huts, and the sudden thunder of Smith's cannon summoning the mutineers to surrender, passed this terrible summer of 1607. It tried the stoutest hearts, but had this much of good in it, that it showed the adventurers who was their true leader. In the midst of the general despondency one man at least had refused to give way to despair. Though sick himself of the fever, Smith had labored unceasingly for the rest. When "ten men could neither go nor stand," he had fed the sick and dying, infused hope into the survivors, and had the right to say of himself what he said of Pocahontas, that he "next under God was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion."

At last the dawn appeared; the long night of suffering was at an end. The fall came with its fresh winds, driving away the malaria. The healthful airs restored the sick. The rivers were full of fish and wild fowl, and the corn was fit for bread. There was no longer

any danger that the colony would be destroyed by disease or want. A kind Providence, watching over the weak and suffering, had preserved the remnant, and the Virginia plantation had risen as it were from the very brink of the grave. A bitter winter followed — "an extraordinary frost in most parts of Europe and as extreme in Virginia" — but this banished every remnant of fever, as the coming of winter destroys to-day the epidemic which scourges the lower Mississippi. The long agony was over, and what was left of the Jamestown colony was safe at last.

Men soon forget trouble. The fearful summer which they had passed through was lost sight of, and the dissensions again began. Smith had retired from his place as acting President, and the old incompetent people regained the sway. Complaints were made that nothing had been effected; that the royal order to go in search of the "South Sea" had not been complied with; that the whole enterprise was a failure. Smith replied to these "murmurs," which we are informed "arose in the Council," by offering to lead an expedition of discovery in the direction of the mountains. This was determined upon, and in a severe spell of weather (December 10, 1607) he set out in a barge with a small party of men, ostensibly to make the famous discovery of the great "South Sea."

VI.

THE ANCIENT VIRGINIANS.

This voyage toward the unknown was an important event in the history of the colony, and Smith's adventures, during the month which followed, threw him for

the first time face to face with the Indians in their woodland haunts. He made their acquaintance at their homes on the banks of the rivers; observed their strange rites and usages; and gathered the details for his picturesque account of them, which enables us to see them as they looked and acted in that old Virginia of nearly three centuries ago.

It is not possible and is unnecessary to reproduce here the full picture of this singular race; but some of the details, especially those relating to their religious belief, are extremely curious. The experiences of the English, first and last, were with the "Powhatans," who inhabited what is now called Tidewater Virginia, from the Chesapeake to the Piedmont. Other tribes lay beyond, and all were doubtless the successors of the Mound-builders; but of these the English settlers knew little or nothing.

Smith draws for us a full-length portrait of the Virginia savage, — a barbarian guided by impulse, cunning, treacherous, and nursing his grudge. He lived in a wigwam or an arbor built of trees, and dressed in deerskin; the women wearing mantles of feathers "exceedingly warm and handsome." Both sexes wore bead necklaces, and tattooed their bodies with puccoon, which is the bloodroot; and the women were subject in all things to their husbands. On the hunting expeditions they carried burdens and built the arbors, while the warriors smoked pipes and looked on. The picture drawn in the old record is somewhat comic. The young Indian women are seen erecting the huts at the end of the long day's march; and in the slant sunset light the youthful braves practice shooting at a target, for by such manly accomplishments they "get their wives"

from among the dusk beauties working at the sylvan arbors!

The most curious feature of this curious race was their religion. There is no evidence that they had any conception of a beneficent Creator. Their god was Okee, or "The One Alone called Kiwassa," the spirit of Evil. They feared and worshiped him as they worshiped Force in all its manifestations, — fire that burned them, water that drowned them, the thunder and lightning, and the English cannon when they came. As to a good god, there was no such being; if there was, it was unnecessary to worship him. They need not take the trouble to conciliate such a deity, since from the nature of things he would not injure them. As to Okee, or the One Alone called Kiwassa, it was different. This Evil one was to be propitiated, and they made images of him, decorated with copper, which they set up in temples hidden in the woods; and endeavored "to fashion themselves as near to his shape as they could imagine."

The great national temple was at Uttamussac, on York River. Here, on "certain red sandy hills in the woods, were three great houses filled with images of their kings and devils, and tombs of their predecessors." In these "sepulchres of their kings" were deposited the royal corpses, embalmed and wrapped in skins; and each district of the kingdom had its temple. At the shrines priests kept watch — hideous figures, with dried snakes' skins falling from their heads on their shoulders, as they shook rattles and chanted hoarsely the greatness of the deity. These priests were chosen and set aside by a strange ceremony. Once a year, twenty of the handsomest youths, from ten to fifteen,

were "painted white" and placed at the foot of a tree in the presence of a great multitude. Then the savages, armed with clubs, ranged themselves in two ranks, leaving a lane to the tree, through which five young men were to pass, in turn, and carry off the children. As the young men passed through this lane with the children in their arms they were "fiercely beaten," but thought of nothing but shielding the children, while the women wept and cried out "very passionately." The tree was then torn down and the boughs woven into wreaths, and the children were "cast on a heap in a valley as dead." Here Okee, or Kiwassa, sucked the blood from the left breast of such as were "his by lot," until they were dead; and the rest were kept in the wilderness by the five young men for nine months, after which they were set aside for the priesthood.

Thus Okee was the god who sucked the blood of children — a sufficient description of him. The bravest warriors inclined before his temple with abject fear. In going up or down the York, by the mysterious Uttamussac shrine, they solemnly cast copper, or beads, or puccoon into the stream to propitiate him, and made long strokes of the paddle to get away from the dangerous neighborhood.

As to their views of a future life, the reports differed. According to one account, they believed in "the immortality of the soul, when, life departing from the body, according to the good or bad works it hath done, it is carried up to the tabernacles of the gods to perpetual happiness, or to Popogusso, a great pit which they think to be at the farthest parts of the world where the sun sets, and there burn continually." Another account attributes to them the belief that the human

soul was extinguished, like the body, at death. To this the priests were an exception. The One Alone called Kiwassa was their friend. When they died they went "beyond the mountains toward the setting of the sun," and there, with plenty of tobacco to smoke, and plumes on their heads, and bodies painted with puccoon, they enjoyed a happy immortality.

It was a grim faith — the human soul groping in thick darkness; shrinking from the lightning cutting it, and the harsh reverberation of the god's voice in the thunder. But beyond the sunset on the Blue Mountains was peace at last, where they would "do nothing but dance and sing with all their predecessors." Whether they wished or expected to see the One Alone called Kiwassa there, we are not informed. He was never seen by mortal, it seems, in this world or the next. And yet it was known that he had come to earth once. On a rock below Richmond, about a mile from James River, may still be seen gigantic foot-prints about five feet apart. These were the foot-prints of Kiwassa, as he walked through the land of Powhatan.[1]

Thus all was primitive and picturesque about this singular race. They were without a written language, but had names for each other, for the seasons, and every natural object. The years were counted by winters or *cohonks* — a word coined from the cry of the wild geese passing southward at the beginning of winter. They reckoned five seasons — the Budding or Blossoming, which was spring; the Corn-earing time, early summer; the Highest Sun, full summer; the Fall of the Leaf, autumn; and Cohonks, winter. The months

[1] These singular impressions are on the present estate of "Powhatan" — the site of the old Imperial residence. Their origin is unknown.

were counted by moons, and named after their products: as the Moon of Strawberries, the Moon of Stags, the Moon of Corn, and the Moon of Cohonks. The day was divided into three parts: Sunrise, the Full Sunpower, and the Sunset. They had many festivals, as at the coming of the wild-fowl, the return of the hunting season, and the great Corn-gathering celebration. At a stated time every year the whole tribe feasted, put out all the old fires, kindled new by rubbing pieces of wood together, and all crimes but murder were then pardoned; it was considered in bad taste even to allude to them. One other ceremony, the Huskanawing, took place every fourteen years, when the young men were taken to spots in the woods, intoxicated on a decoction from certain roots, and when brought back were declared to be thenceforth warriors.

This outline of the aboriginal Virginians will define their character. They were, in the fullest sense of the term, a peculiar people, and had, in addition to the above traits, one other which ought not to be passed over — they were content to be ruled by women. Of this singular fact there is no doubt, and it quite overturns the general theory that the Indian women were despised subordinates. When Smith was captured, he was waited upon by the "Queen of Appomattock;" there was a "Queen of the Paspaheghs," and the old historian Beverley, speaking of the tribes about the year 1700, tells us Pungoteague was governed by "a Queen," that Nanduye was the seat of "the Empress," and that this empress had the shore tribes "under tribute." To this, add the singular statement made by Powhatan, that his kingdom would descend to his brothers, and afterwards to his sisters, though he had sons living.

Such were the Virginia Indians, a race not at all resembling the savages of other lands; tall in person, vigorous, stoical, enduring pain without a murmur; slow in maturing revenge, but swift to strike; worshiping the lightning and thunder as the flash of the eyes and the hoarse voice of their unseen god; without pity; passionately fond of hunting and war; children of the woods, with all the primitive impulses; loving little, hating inveterately; a strange people, which, on the plains of the West to-day, are not unlike what they were in Virginia nearly three centuries ago. The old chronicles, with the rude pictures, give us their portraits. We may fancy them going to war in their puccoon paint, paddling swiftly in their log canoes on the Tidewater rivers; dancing and yelling at their festivals; creeping stealthily through the woods to attack the English; darting quickly by the shadowy temple of Uttamussac in the woods of the York, and shrinking with terror as the voice of Okee roars in the thunder.

The Emperor Powhatan (his public and official name, his family name being Wahunsonacock) ruled over thirty tribes, 8000 square miles, and 8000 subjects, of whom about 2400 were fighting men. Part of his territories came by conquest, but he inherited the country from where Richmond now stands to Gloucester, though the Chickahominy tribe, about three hundred warriors, disowned his authority. He was a man of ability, both in war and peace; greatly feared by his subjects, and holding the state of a king. At his chief places of residence, — Powhatan, below Richmond, Orapax, on the Chickahominy, and Werowocomoco, on the York, — he was waited on by his braves and wives, of whom he had a large number; and it is plain from the chronicles

that his will was treated with implicit respect. He was indeed the head and front of the state — a monarch whose *jus divinum* was much more fully recognized than the *jus divinum* of his Majesty James I. in England. He ruled by brains as well as by royal descent, by might as well as of right. On important occasions, as when going to war, a great council or parliament of the tribes assembled; but the old Emperor seems to have been the soul of these assemblies, and quite at one with his nobles. In theory he was only the first gentleman in his kingdom, but his will was the constitution, and his authority sacred; "when he listed his word was law."

When Smith came to stand before this king of the woods in his court, it was Europe and America brought face to face; civilization and the Old World in physical contact with barbarism and the New.

VII.

POCAHONTAS.

SMITH began his famous voyage toward the South Sea on a bitter December day of 1607. It is not probable that the unknown ocean was in his thoughts at all; life at Jamestown was monotonous, and he and his good companions in the barge would probably meet with adventures. If these were perilous they would still be welcome, for the ardent natures of the time relished peril; and, turning his barge head into the Chickahominy, Smith ascended the stream until the shallows stopped him. He then procured a canoe and some Indian guides, and continued his voyage with only

two companions, leaving the rest of the men behind to await his return.

The result of the canoe voyage was unfortunate in the extreme. Having reached a point in what is now the White Oak Swamp, east of Richmond, — he calls the place Rassaweak, — he landed with an Indian guide, was attacked by a band of Indians, and having sunk in a marsh was captured and taken before their chief, Opechancanough, brother of the Emperor Powhatan. The Indians had attacked and killed two of the English left behind, and Smith was now bound to a tree and ordered to be shot to death. A trifle saved his life. He exhibited a small ivory compass which he always carried, and explained by signs as far as possible the properties of the magnetic needle. It is improbable that the Indian chief comprehended this scientific lecture, but he saw the needle through the glass cover and yet could not touch it, which was enough. Smith was released and fed plentifully, and they finally set out with him on a triumphal march through the land of Powhatan. They traversed the New Kent "desert," crossed the Pamunkey, Mattapony, and Rappahannock to the Potomac region, and then, returning on their steps, conducted the prisoner to Werowocomoco, the "Chief Place of Council" of the Emperor Powhatan.

This old Indian capital was in Gloucester, on York River, about twenty-five miles below the present West Point. The exact site is supposed to have been "Shelly," an estate of the Page family, where great banks of oyster shells and the curious ruin, "Powhatan's chimney," seem to show that the Emperor held his court. Smith was brought before him as a distinguished captive, and his fate seemed sealed. He had

killed two of his Indian assailants in the fight on the Chickahominy, and it was tolerably certain that his enemies would now beat out his brains. His description of the scene, and especially of the Indian Emperor, is picturesque. Powhatan was a tall and gaunt old man with a "sour look," and sat enthroned on a couch, covered with mats, in front of a fire. He was wrapped in a robe of raccoon skins, which he aftewards offered as an imperial present to the King of England, and beside him sat or reclined, his girl-wives. The rest of the Indian women, nearly nude, stained red with puccoon and decorated with shell necklaces, were ranged against the walls of the wigwam, and the dusky warriors were drawn up in two lines to the right and left of the Emperor.

The prisoner was brought in before this imposing assemblage, and at first there seemed a possibility that he might escape with his life. The "Queen of Appomattock" brought him water in a wooden bowl to wash his hands; another a bunch of feathers to use as a towel; and then "a feast was spread for him after their best barbarous fashion." But his fate had been decided upon. Two stones were brought in and laid on the ground in front of the Emperor, and what followed is succinctly related in the old narrative. Smith was seized, dragged to the stones, his head forced down on one of them, and clubs were raised to beat out his brains, when Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, interposed and saved him. The description of the scene is concise. The Indian girl, a child of twelve or thirteen, ran to him, "got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death;" whereupon the Emperor relented and ordered his life to be spared.[1]

[1] The questions connected with this incident will be examined elsewhere.

A kind Providence had thus preserved the soldier, but he was to remain with Powhatan to make "bells, beads, and copper," for Pocahontas. It was a very curious fate for the hardy campaigner of the Turkish wars, to be buried in the Virginia woods, the fashioner of toys for an Indian girl.

Pocahontas was the favorite daughter of the Emperor, and Smith describes her as the most attractive of the Indian maids; "for features, countenance, and expression, she much exceeded any of the rest." Her figure was probably slight. "Of so great a spirit, *however her stature*," was the description of her afterwards, when she had grown up and visited London. Her dress was a robe of doeskin lined with down from the breast of the wood pigeon, and she wore coral bracelets on wrists and ankles, and a white plume in her hair, the badge of royal blood. It must have been a very interesting woodland picture — the soldier, with tanned face and sweeping mustache, shaping trinkets for the small slip of Virginia royalty in her plumes and bracelets. A few words of the chronicle give us a glimpse of it, and the curtain falls.

The soldier remained with Powhatan until early in the next January (1608). They had sworn eternal friendship, and the Emperor offered to adopt him and give him the "country of Capahowsick" for a dukedom. It is probable that Smith received this proposal with enthusiasm, but he expressed a strong desire to pay a visit to Jamestown, and the Emperor finally permitted him to depart. He traveled with an escort and reached Jamestown in safety. His Indian guard were supplied with presents for Powhatan and his family, a cannon shot was fired into the ice-laden trees for their

gratification, and overwhelmed with fright, they fled into the woods.

The soldier had not spent a very merry Christmas on the banks of the York, and was not going to enjoy a happy New Year at Jamestown. The place was "in combustion," and the little colony seemed going to destruction. The new President, Ratcliffe, had revived the project of seizing the Pinnace. This was the only vessel, and he meant to escape in it to England — in other words to desert his comrades and leave them to their fate. As long as they had the Pinnace they might save themselves by abandoning the country. Now Ratcliffe and his fellow conspirators intended to take away this last hope.

Smith reached Jamestown on the very day (January 8, 1608) when the conspirators were about to sail. They had gone on board the Pinnace and were raising anchor when Smith's heavy hand fell on them. "With the hazard of his life, with sakre falcon and musket-shot" he compelled them "now the third time to stay or sink." With that harsh thunder dogging them, Ratcliffe and his companions surrendered, in the midst of wild commotion. But their party was powerful and a curious blow was struck at Smith. He was formally charged "under the Levitical law" with the death of the men slain by the Indians on the Chickahominy. The punishment was death; but the "lawyers," as he calls them, were dealing with a resolute foe. Smith suddenly arrested his intended judges, and sent them under guard on board the Pinnace, where Ratcliffe and his accomplice Wingfield awaited his further pleasure in momentary fear of death.

All this turmoil and "combustion" had arisen from

sheer starvation. The English were without food, and the fearful summer of 1607 seemed about to be repeated. Suddenly Providence came to their rescue. A band of Indians bending down under baskets of corn and venison made their appearance from the direction of York River and entered the fort. At the head of the "wild train" was Pocahontas: the Indian girl of her own good heart had brought succor to the perishing colony; and she afterwards traversed the woods between the York and Jamestown "ever once in four or five days" bringing food, which "saved many of their lives that else, for all this, had starved for hunger." We are informed that the colonists were profoundly touched by this "love of Pocahontas," and their name for her thereafter was "the dear and blessed Pocahontas." Long afterwards Smith recalled these days to memory, and wrote in his letter to the Queen, "During the time of two or three years she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine and utter confusion, which, if in those days had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival to this day."

These incidents paint the picture of the colony in the winter of 1607. Nearly a year after the settlement it had not taken root, and as far as any one could see it was not going to do so. The elements of disintegration seemed too strong for it. The men were gloomy and discouraged; "but for some few that were gentlemen by birth, industry and discretion," wrote Smith, "we could not possibly have subsisted." The loss of life by the summer epidemic had been terrible indeed, but what was worse was the loss of hope. The little society was nearly disorganized. Rival factions bat-

tled for the mastery. Conspiracies were formed to desert the country; and a general discontent and loss of energy seemed to foretell the sure fate of the whole enterprise.

What was the explanation of this impatience, insubordination, and discouragement? These "gentlemen, laborers, carpenters" and others, were fair representatives of their classes in England; and in England they had been industrious, and respectable members of the community. Many persons of low character were afterwards sent to Virginia by James I., but the first "supplies" were composed of excellent material. Smith, Percy, and many more were men of very high character, and the wars with the savages clearly showed that the settlers generally could be counted on for courage and endurance. Why, then, was the Virginia colony going to destruction?

The reply is easy. Their rulers were worthless, and above all, the unhappy adventurers had no home ties. They were adrift in the wilderness without wives or children, and had little or no incentive to perform honest work. The result duly followed: they became idle and difficult to rule. It was bad enough to have over them such men as Wingfield and Ratcliffe, but the absence of the civilizing element, wives and children, was fatal. Later settlers in other parts of the country, brought their families, and each had his home and hearthstone. These first Americans had neither. When they came home at night — or to the hut which they called home — no smiles welcomed them. When they worked it was under compulsion; why should they labor? The "common kettle" from which they took their dreary meals would be supplied by others. So the idlers grew

ever idler; the days passed in crimination and angry discussion one with another. The Virginia adventurers were steadily losing all hope of bringing the enterprise to a successful issue, and were looking with longing eyes back toward England as the place of refuge from all their woes.

Such was the state of things behind the palisades of Jamestown at the beginning of 1608. The original hundred men had dwindled to thirty or forty. This remnant was torn by faction. There was no food for the morrow. Without Pocahontas and her corn-bearers it seemed certain that the Virginia plantation would miserably end. At this last moment succor came. A white sail was seen in James River, and whether Spaniard or English, friend or foe, they would be supplied with bread. The new-comers were friends. The London Company had sent out two ships under Captain Newport, with men and provisions, and this was one of them. For the time the plantation was saved.

VIII.

A YEAR OF INCIDENTS.

With the opening spring (1608) cheerfulness returned. The sun was shining after the dreary winter; the English ship had brought supplies; and the new colonists, fresh from home, gave them home news and revived their spirits. For a time, therefore, the growlers and croakers were silenced; bustle followed the sombre quiet; and a new spirit of life seemed to be infused into the colony.

The year which followed was full of movement, and

presents an admirable picture of the times and men, which is after all the true end of history. The best history is no doubt the chronicle which shows us the actual human beings — what manner of lives they lived, and how they acted in the midst of their environment; and this is found in the original relations written by the Virginia adventurers. The full details must be sought for in the writings themselves — here a summary only is possible.

The two prominent figures of the year 1608 are Smith and Newport. We have seen the soldier now in too many emergencies to misunderstand his character; the character of Newport was nearly the precise contrast. He was "an empty, idle man," according to the old settlers, who charged him with tale-bearing; and was, probably, a man of the world and a courtier of the London authorities, looking to his own profit. His stay in Virginia was brief, but was marked by interesting incidents. He went to trade with Powhatan, and that astute savage outwitted him. Announcing to his visitor that "it was not agreeable to his greatness to trade in a peddling manner," Powhatan proposed that Newport should produce his commodities, for which he should receive their fair value. Newport did so, and the Emperor, selecting the best of everything, returned him *four bushels* of corn. But Smith, who accompanied the expedition, received two or three hundred bushels for some glass beads — the first chapter in the dealings between the white and red people.

Toward spring a fire broke out at Jamestown, and completely destroyed the place; but the reed-thatched huts were rebuilt, and the incident was soon forgotten in the excitement of what, in our time, is called the

gold-fever. A yellow deposit had been discovered in the neighborhood of Jamestown, and suddenly a craze seized upon the adventurers. The deposit was taken for gold, and all heads were turned: "There was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." Newport and the Council caught the fever, like the rest, and Smith was the only one who remained incredulous. He reasoned with them in vain, and at last lost all patience. He told them roughly that he was "not enamored of their dirty skill to fraught such a drunken ship with so much gilded dirt," and went about among the gold-diggers "breathing out these and many other passions." They would not listen to him, and Newport carried to London a full cargo of the gilded dirt, which was duly found to be worthless, and no more was heard of it. What was much more important, he took with him twenty turkeys — the first introduction of that fowl into Europe. With the yellow dirt and the turkeys went also to England the disgraced Wingfield. He never returned to Virginia, but spent his leisure, thenceforth, in maligning his old opponents there.

Another joyful event of these spring days of 1608 was the arrival of a second ship, which had sailed with Newport, but had been driven to the West Indies. This was the Phœnix, commanded by Captain Francis Nelson, "an honest man and expert mariner." He turned his back on the "fantastical gold," and laid in a cargo of cedar; and when he sailed for home in June, took back with him Smith's "True Relation of Virginia." This was printed in the same year at "The Grayhound, in Paul's Churchyard," and was the first book written by an Englishman in America.

Smith, who had determined to make an exploration of the Chesapeake, accompanied the Phœnix in his barge as far as the capes. There he took final leave of the honest man and expert mariner, Captain Francis Nelson, and the good ship disappears in the old years on her homeward voyage. We may see the white sails fade and the men in the barge standing up and looking seaward. Then the mist swallows the speck, and it is gone.

Smith's voyage with fourteen companions to explore the Chesapeake was a remarkable expedition. It was made in an open barge, and resembled a journey into an unknown world. All was new and strange. At one time they meet with the Indian king of Accomac, who relates how the faces of two dead children remained bright and fresh, and all that looked on them at once expired. Then a terrible storm beats on the adventurers in the small barge — "thunder, lightning, and rain, with mighty waves." Driven far to the north, and nearly out of provisions, the voyagers become faint-hearted, but Smith encourages them. They ought to remember "the memorable history of Sir Ralph Layne, how his company importuned him to proceed in the discovery of Moratico, alleging they yet had *a dog*, which being boiled with sassafras leaves would richly feed them on their return. Regain, therefore, your old spirits," adds the persuasive orator-soldier, "for return I will not, if God please, till I have seen the Massawomecs, found Potomac, or the head of this water you conceive to be endless." He found and entered the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and other rivers, often fighting with the Indians; and near what is now Sting-ray Point, was wounded in the wrist by one of these

fish. His arm swelled to an alarming extent, and, thinking he would surely die, he selected a spot to be buried in. The swelling soon disappeared, however, and the voyagers returned to Jamestown, from which place they again set out in July on another voyage. This time they proceeded to the furthest northern limits of the Chesapeake; landing on the site of Baltimore and making the acquaintance of the gigantic Susquehannocks. It was the daily habit of Smith to offer up a prayer and sing a psalm, and this proceeding struck the simple and impulsive savages with wonder. "They began," says the chronicle, "in a most passionate manner to hold up their hands to the sun, with a fearful song; then embracing our captain they began to adore him in like manner" — the only intimation that any of the Indians were sun-worshipers. In the first days of September the Chesapeake voyagers returned southward, and while rounding Point Comfort nearly perished. The brief account of this incident is a good example of the style of the chronicles. A storm struck them in the night, and "running before the wind we sometimes saw the land by the flashes of fire from heaven, by which light only we kept from the splitting shore until it pleased God in that black darkness to preserve us by that light to find Point Comfort."

In these two voyages the adventurers sailed about three thousand miles; explored both banks of the Chesapeake; and Smith drew a map of astonishing accuracy, — that which was afterwards printed in the General History.

The voyagers were back at Jamestown early in September (1608). Again the condition of affairs there had become deplorable. The chronicle, written by

trusty Anas Todkill, and others, sums up the situation: "The silly President [Ratcliffe] had riotously consumed the stores, and to fulfill his follies about building for his pleasure in the woods, had brought them all to that misery that had we not arrived, they had as strangely *tormented him with revenge.*" The grim humor of the writer is the commentary on the silly Ratcliffe's pleasure-house and the general misery for which the adventurers had "strangely tormented him with revenge," but for the interposition of Smith. On one point, however, they would not be persuaded by the soldier. They would have no more of Ratcliffe, and rising suddenly in their wrath they deposed him and chose Smith, who thus by popular election became President of Virginia.

And now at the end of autumn, Newport again made his appearance. He brought a number of settlers, among them Mistress Forrest and her maid Anne Burras, who was soon afterwards married to Master John Laydon, the first English marriage on American soil.

Newport brought orders from the London authorities which showed that they had grown irate. No profit had come from Virginia, and Ratcliffe had written home that Smith and his followers meant to seize upon the country and "divide it among themselves." Thence wrath on the part of the Right Honorables, who had no doubt been enlightened by the disgraced Wingfield. The Virginia adventurers were to discover and return one of the lost Roanoke colonists; to send back a lump of gold; and to find the South Sea beyond the mountains. If these orders were not obeyed they were to "remain as banished men." Smith listened in the Council and declared the orders absurd, whereat New-

port and himself came to daggers draw. For the moment, however, their differences were smoothed over, and Newport proceeded to carry out another of his orders, — to crown Powhatan. Smith was sent to invite the Emperor to come to Jamestown for that purpose, and finding him absent dispatched a messenger to summon him. A curious scene preceded his arrival. The party of English were seated in a field by a fire when they heard singing, and turning their heads they saw a number of Indian girls emerge from the woods. They were nearly nude and stained with puccoon, and the leader of the band was Pocahontas, who wore a girdle of otter skin, and carried in her hand a bow and arrows, and behind her shoulders a quiver. Above her forehead she wore "antlers of the deer," and led the masqueraders, who after elaborate dancing conducted the English to a neighboring wigwam, where supper was supplied them and they were treated with the utmost kindness. The ceremonies wound up with a grand torch-light procession, in honor of the Englishmen. They were escorted to their lodgings when the maids retired to their own, and the picturesque proceedings came to an end.

Powhatan appeared on the next morning, but positively declined to go to Jamestown. "I also am a king," he said, "and this is my land. Your father is to come to me, not I to him nor yet to your fort; neither will I bite at such a bait." This response was delivered "with complimental courtesy," but was plainly final. He did not propose to visit Jamestown; and finding his resolution fixed Smith returned to Newport. The result was that Newport went to Werowocomoco and performed the ceremony there. The scene was

comic, but indicated the regal pride of Powhatan. It was plain that he welcomed the bed, basin, and pitcher brought as presents, and he cheerfully submitted to investment with a scarlet cloak. But there his submission ended. He positively refused to kneel and have the crown placed on his head. When they forced him to do so, and a volley was fired in honor of the occasion, he rose suddenly to his feet, expecting an attack. Finding that none was intended, he regained his "complimental courtesy;" consented thenceforth to be Powhatan I., under-king, subject to England; and sent his brother James I. his old moccasins and robe of raccoon skin, in return for the scarlet cloak and the crown.

This was the only order of the Company carried out by Newport. He marched to the Monacan country toward the upper waters of James River to discover gold or the South Sea; found neither in that region, and returned foot-sore to Jamestown, where he and Smith came to open quarrel. But the men were unequally matched; the brusque soldier was too much for the courtier. Smith threatened, if there was more trouble, to send home the ship and keep Newport a prisoner, whereat the man of the world gave way, "cried peccavi," and sailed for England. He took with him, doubtless against his will, Smith's "Map of Virginia and Description of the Country," and also a letter styled his "Rude Answer" to the reprimand sent him by the authorities. This curious production must be read in the original chronicle. The writer is a soldier, and forgets to approach the dignitaries with distinguished consideration. The machine of his eloquence is not oiled, and goes creaking harshly, but the sound attracts attention if it grates on the nerves of the Honorables. "The sailors

say," he writes, "that Newport hath a hundred pounds a year for carrying news. Captain Ratcliffe is a poor counterfeit impostor, I have sent you him home lest the company should cut his throat." It is probable that if Captain Newport had suspected the character of this "Rude Answer" he would have dropped it into the Atlantic. But he duly took it to England, and the Right Honorables no doubt gasped at its truculence.

Such is a glimpse of these old feuds. The actors in the scenes are now mere shadows, — Smith the soldier, Newport the courtier, Ratcliffe the agitator, and all the rest; but these minutiæ of the chronicles bring back the actual figures. It is only by stopping to look at them that we are able to obtain some idea of the real drama, of the daily worries, the spites and personal antagonisms of the men who played their parts during these first years of American history.

IX.

THE STRONG HAND AT LAST.

THE snow had begun to fall with the approach of winter (1608), and again the unlucky adventurers were reduced to dire extremity. Once more they were in want of food, and, huddled together behind their palisade, were "affrighted" at the thought of famine.

To this at the end of nearly two years had the Virginia enterprise come. A company of two hundred men were in the wilderness without resources. It is true they had the immense boon of a gracious charter securing their rights, granting them trial by jury, establishing the English Church, liberally authorizing them

to hold their lands by free tenure as in England; and here they were, a wretched handful wasting away with famine, who had much ado to hold their lands by any tenure whatever against the savages.

In their extremity there was but one man to look to. The old rulers had disappeared. Of the original Council, Gosnold was dead of the fever of 1607; Newport had retired; Wingfield and Ratcliffe had been deposed; Martin had gone off in disgust; and Kendall had been shot. Smith only remained, the man whom all this bad set had opposed from the first, arrested for treason, tried for murder, and attempted in every manner to destroy. In the dark hour now, this man was the stay of the colony. Three other councilors had come out with Newport, Captains Waldo and Wynne and Master Matthew Scrivener, all men of excellent character; but the colonists looked to Smith as the true ruler.

With the snow-fall came the question of food. Newport, it seems, had left them little. The supply was nearly exhausted, and the only resource was to apply to the Indians. But it was found that times had changed. The tribes of Powhatan were not going to furnish any; they had received orders to that effect from their Emperor. The application was made, refused, and what followed was a decisive trial of strength between the English and the savages, — a series of scenes in which we have the old life of the first adventurers summed up and wrought into a picture full of dramatic interest.

Smith resolved to strike at the central authority. "No persuasion," we are told, "could persuade him to starve," and what he meant now to do was to go to Powhatan and procure supplies by fair means or force. The old Emperor gave him a pretext for visiting Were-

wocomoco. He sent inviting Smith to come and bring some men who could build him a house. Some "Dutchmen" were sent at once, and at the end of December (1608) Smith followed. His force was about fifty men, and they went by the water route in the Pinnace and two barges. Among them were George Percy, now an "old settler," and a man who could be implicitly relied upon; Francis West, of Lord Delaware's family; and many other "gentlemen." The enterprise was going to be a decisive affair. These fifty men led by a soldier like Smith were a dangerous engine.

The voyagers went down James River in the cold winter season, and stopped here and there to enjoy the hospitality of the tribes. They thus coasted along, past Hampton, Old Point, and the present Yorktown, and about the middle of January (1609) sailed up the York, and came in sight of Werowocomoco. On the way they had received a warning. The king of Warrasqueake had said to Smith, "Captain Smith, you shall find Powhatan to use you kindly, but trust him not; and be sure he have no opportunity to seize on your arms, for he hath sent for you *only to cut your throats.*" The soldier "thanked him for his good counsel," but probably did not need it. He was not confiding and meant to guard himself; for the rest this intimation of the friendly Warrasqueaker no doubt gratified him. He was going to make war on the host who had invited a visit; it was satisfactory to know that the host designed cutting his throat.

When the Englishmen came opposite the "Chief Place of Council," they found the river frozen nearly half a mile from the shore. The vessels, however, broke the ice, and when near the shore Smith leaped into the water

with a party and got to land. Powhatan received him in his great wigwam, but the imperial demeanor had undergone a change. There was no more "complimental courtesy" — so the English had come to see him. When were they going away? He had not invited them to visit him! Whereat Smith pointed to the crowd of braves, and retorted that there were the very envoys who had brought the invitation. At this the Emperor showed his appreciation of the trenchant reply by laughing heartily, and requested a sight of the articles brought by Smith to exchange for corn. He had no corn, but they might trade. In fact the corn would be produced if the English came for it *unarmed*. And then the Emperor proceeded to deliver a pathetic address. He was weary of war, and wished to spend his last year in peace, without hearing incessantly the alarm, "There cometh Captain Smith!" He desired to be the friend of that "rash youth," and meant well. His feelings were moved, and induced him "nakedly to forget himself." Take the corn; it should be delivered, but the English guns frightened his poor people. Let the men come *unarmed*.

Smith's view of this eloquent address is set forth succinctly in the chronicle: "Seeing this savage did but trifle the time to cut his throat, he sent for men to come ashore and surprise the king." The response was prompt. The English were heard breaking the ice and approaching, and Smith, cutting his way out, joined the party on the beach. Night brought a new peril. Smith and his men bivouacked on the shore, when their friend Pocahontas stole through the darkness and warned them that an attack was to be made upon them. When presents were offered her, she said, with tears in her eyes, that her

father would kill her if he saw her wearing them; went back as she came; and a party duly appeared to attack Smith, who awaited them. No assault was made, and the night passed in quiet. In the morning the boats were loaded by the Indians with corn, and the rash youth who had thus overcome his aged adversary re-embarked. Going up the York River, he landed near West Point, at the residence of Prince Opechancanough. As before the demand was — corn, to which the smiling Opechancanough made no objection. They should have plenty of corn — when suddenly one of the soldiers rushed into the wigwam crying that they were "betrayed." Smith looked and saw a force of about seven hundred Indians surrounding the place, whereupon he exhibited his habitual resolution. Seizing the cordial Opechancanough by his scalp-lock, he placed his pistol upon his breast, dragged him out among his people, and presented to him the alternative — corn or your life. This proceeding was too much for the nerves of the Indian prince. He promptly supplied the corn, and the English reëmbarked, after which they sailed back in triumph to Jamestown.

This raid on the capital city of the land of Powhatan was a decisive event. The material result was a full supply of food; the moral, a lasting impression on the Indian imagination. It is the nature of ignorant and inferior minds to believe what they see rather than what is reasoned out to them. What the Powhatans had seen was this. Fifty Englishmen had invaded their country, driven the Emperor from his capital, humbled Prince Opechancanough in the midst of his braves, threatened to destroy their towns, exacted what they wished, and returned to Jamestown without the loss of a man.

This was plain to the simplest comprehension, and it produced a grand effect. These formidable intruders were best conciliated, not defied. Their commander, above all, was an adversary whom it was useless to fight against; and there is ample evidence that from this moment, to the end of his career in the colony, the savages regarded Smith with a mixture of fear and admiration. They never again exhibited any hostility toward the English as long as he remained in Virginia. They became his firm friends, brought him presents, punished with death — as will soon be shown — those who attempted to harm him; and the chronicle sums up all in the sentence, "All the country became as absolutely free for us as for themselves."

The martial figure of the soldier-ruler will not intrude much longer on the narrative. He is going away from Virginia, and the fainéants are coming back. Let us see what he accomplished before their arrival. He forced the idle to go to work — the hardest of tasks. There was pressing necessity for that. A swarm of rats, brought in Newport's ship, had nearly devoured the remnant of food, and unless corn were planted in the spring days the colony would starve. All must go to work, and the soldier made it plain to the sluggards that they now had a master. He assembled the whole "company" and made them a public address. There was little circumlocution about it. A few sentences will serve as examples of his persuasive eloquence to the murmuring crowd: —

"Countrymen," said Smith, "you see now that power resteth wholly in myself. You must obey this, now, for a law, — that *he that will not work shall not eat.* And though you presume that authority here is but a shadow,

and that I dare not touch the lives of any, but my own must answer it, yet he that offendeth, let him assuredly expect his due punishment."

This was plain, but the soldier made his meaning still plainer. "Dream no longer," he said sternly, "of this vain hope from Powhatan, or that I will longer forbear to force you from your idleness, or punish you if you rail. I protest by that God that made me, since necessity hath no power to force you to gather for yourselves, you shall not only gather for yourselves, but for those that are sick. They shall not starve!"

The idlers "murmured" but obeyed. The corn was planted, and the drones in the hive were forced to aid the working bees in another enterprise. This was to build a fort as "a retreat" in case of an Indian war. Smith took nothing on trust. The friendly relations with Powhatan might end at any moment, and the result was the erection of a rude fortification, of which this is the account: "We built also a fort, for a retreat, near a convenient river, upon a high commanding hill, very hard to be assaulted and easy to be defended, but ere it was finished this defect caused a stay — the want of corn occasioned the end of all our works."

Was this the curious "Stone House" still standing on a ridge of Ware Creek, emptying into the York? No traces of the fort here described are found in the neighborhood of Jamestown. The Ware Creek ruin answers the description, and nothing is known of its origin. It is near a convenient river, on a hill hard to assault and easy to defend; a massive stone affair, with thick walls built without mortar, with loop-holes to fire through; is roofless, and appears never to have been completed. It stands on a wooded ridge and can

be approached only by a narrow defile. No other buildings are found in the vicinity, and it is difficult to believe that it was intended for any other purpose than defense. If this was the place of "retreat," it is doubtless the oldest edifice in the United States.

A few words will now carry the narrative forward to important events. The colony continued to suffer for want of food while the corn was growing, and the men went in parties among the Indians, who treated them with the utmost kindness. Smith's influence was all-powerful, and no one was harmed; and an incident now took place which defined the full extent of this regard and respect. While walking in the woods near Jamestown the soldier was attacked by a gigantic Indian, but he dragged him into the water and took him prisoner. Conducted to the fort and interrogated, he confessed that he had been employed by the house-builders; and George Percy and others, deeply incensed, offered to go and "cut their throats before Powhatan." That great justiciar eventually saved them the trouble. When Lord Delaware arrived in the colony in the following year, the house-builders proposed to Powhatan to send them as envoys to conciliate him. His response was eminently just: "You," he said, "that would have betrayed Captain Smith to *me*, will certainly betray *me* to this great lord;" whereupon, as the chronicle adds, "he caused his men to beat out their brains;" —and this was the end of the builders of the old relic, Powhatan's chimney.

The colony was now to lose the competent ruler who had made it prosperous. The blow deposing him from authority had already been struck. With the summer came a ship on a trading expedition, commanded by a

certain Captain Argall, who brought intelligence that the Virginia government had been reorganized and Smith removed. The reasons for his disgrace were his "hard dealings with the savages, and not returning the ships freighted" — a bitter charge against a man who had derided the yellow dirt and only seized the corn necessary to save the life of the colony. But all was now decided: a new charter from the King (May 23, 1609) had changed the whole face of affairs. The limits of the colony were extended to two hundred miles north and two hundred miles south of the mouth of James River; the London Council was to be chosen by the Company, not appointed by the King; and Virginia was to be ruled by a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Admiral, who were empowered in case of necessity to declare martial law. These officers were already appointed: Sir Thomas West, Lord Delaware, was to be Governor and Captain-General; Sir Thomas Gates, Lieutenant-Governor; and Sir George Somers, Admiral — all of them men of character. They were to go with a considerable fleet: nine vessels, containing full supplies and five hundred new settlers, men, women, and children — a great contrast to the little trio, the Susan Constant, the Good Speed, and the Discovery, which had dropped down the Thames in December, 1606.

The fleet sailed at the end of May (1609) and went by the Azores. Lord Delaware remained in England, but was to follow a little later, and the ships were under command of Smith's old enemy, Newport. In the same vessel with him sailed Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers with the letters-patent; but this ship, called the Sea-Venture, was never to reach Virginia.

When the fleet was within about eight days' sail of Virginia, misfortune came. They were "caught in the tail of a hurricane," one of the vessels was lost, and the Sea-Venture, with the rulers and one hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children, was separated from the rest and went on her way elsewhere.

X.

THE SEA-VENTURE.

LET us follow the lonely Sea-Venture on her pathway through the troubled waters, allowing the rest to make their way to Virginia, where we shall rejoin them.

History is after all a story only — the picture of men and their experiences, the scenes they passed through, their hazards, sufferings, and fortunes, good or bad, in their life pilgrimage. "Purchas his Pilgrimmes" is the title of one of the oldest collections of sea voyages. The adventurers of that age were in fact pilgrims making their way through unknown lands, stormy seas, and new experiences. The very name of the Sea-Venture expressed the period; let us therefore glance at this curious episode in the early annals of Virginia, to which it properly belongs.

The rest of the fleet had been driven toward the Chesapeake. The great storm lashing the Sea-Venture, containing the future rulers and the letters-patent, swept her off on her separate way, and "with the violent working of the seas she was so shaken and torn" that she sprung a leak; and then the vivid old chronicle by Jordan and others details what followed. The

crew pumped day and night, but finally gave themselves up for lost. They resolved to "commit themselves to the mercy of the sea, which is said to be merciless, or rather to the mercy of Almighty God, whose mercy far exceeds all his works." But hope came at last. Sir George Somers, the brave old Admiral, who was seated, like Gilbert, at the helm, "scarce taking leisure to eat nor sleep," saw land, toward which the ship was driven. Would she reach it? That seemed doubtful. Their "greedy enemy the salt water entered at the large breaches of their poor wooden castle, as that in gaping after life they had well-nigh swallowed their death." At last the Sea-Venture struck. She lifted, was carried forward on the summit of a wave, and jammed firmly between two ledges of rock, where she rested.

They were cast away on the Bermudas, "two hundred leagues from any continent," and looked with fear on the unknown realm. Now and then the buccaneers had landed, and another English ship had once suffered shipwreck there. One and all had agreed that the islands were "the most dangerous, forlorn, and unfortunate place in the world." They were called the "Isles of Devils," says Henry May, and the use has been noticed of this popular belief in regard to them in "The Tempest." On the moonlit strand of these "still vext Bermoothes" the hag-born Caliban might roll and growl; Sycorax, the blue-eyed witch, might hover in the cloud wracks; and the voices of the wind whisper strange secrets.[1]

[1] The wreck of the Sea-Venture certainly suggested *The Tempest.* The phrase "the still vext Bermoothes" indicates the stage, and Ariel's description of his appearance as a flaming light on the shrouds

Seen with the real eye the famous Isles of Devils were very innocent in appearance. They might be full of enchantment, but it was the enchantment of tropical verdure, sunshine, and calm. The fury of the storm had passed away. The Sea-Venture was held fast between the two ledges of rock, and the crew were safely landed in the boats. The summer was at hand, and the air was full of balm. There was food in abundance, — fish, turtle, and wild-fowl, with hogs, left probably by the Spanish buccaneers. The stores of the ship were brought off; huts were built, and thatched with palmetto; and then the leaders began to devise means of escape. The Sea-Venture was going to pieces, but the long-boat was fitted with hatches, and a party of nine men set out in it for Virginia. They were never again heard of. However the eyes of the shipwrecked mariners might be strained toward the far-off continent, no succor came. It might never come; they were no doubt given up for lost. There was nothing to do but accept their fate and bear it with fortitude.

It did not seem so hard a fate. The voluptuous airs of the most delicious of climates caressed them. The long surges of the Atlantic, rolling from far-off England and Virginia, had tossed them once, but could not harm them now. The islands were green with foliage and

of the King's ship is nearly identical with the "little round light like a faint star trembling and streaming along in a sparkling blaze, on the Admiral's ship," mentioned by Strachey in his *True Repertory of the Wreck and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight*, published in 1610. The dispersion of both fleets, their arrival in the Chesapeake and the "Mediterranean flote," the safety of the King's ship and the Admiral's ship, the Sea-Venture, — these and many incidental details clearly indicate that Shakespeare based his drama on the real occurrence, and used Strachey's *True Repertory*, and the relations of Jordan, May, and others, as his material.

alive with the songs of birds, and we are told that "they lived in such plenty, peace, and ease" that they never wished to go back to the hard Old World, with its hard work, any more. It was an earthly paradise, and they were content to live for the senses; but those worthy gentlemen and true Englishmen, Gates and Somers, would have them perform their religious duties. They had a clergyman, Mr. Bucke, to succeed the good Mr. Hunt, who had died in Virginia, and a bell was brought from the Sea-Venture and set up. When this rang, morning and evening, the people assembled and the roll was called, then prayer was offered up; and on Sunday there was religious service, and two sermons were preached.

So the days went on, and it seemed that the castaways were doomed to remain forever in their enforced paradise. One "merry English marriage" took place, two children were born, and six persons died, among them the wife of Sir George Somers, who was to die himself in these strange islands where the decree of Providence had cast him ashore. The children, a boy and a girl, received the names Bermudas and Bermuda, and Bermuda was the daughter of Mr. John Rolfe, who afterwards became the husband of Pocahontas.

At last discord entered into the terrestrial paradise, and marred all the harmony. Gates and Somers had a misunderstanding, and lived apart from each other. The men and women were no doubt weary of their sweet do-nothing, and longed to escape. A new effort was made, and Somers succeeded in constructing, of cedar and the bolts and timbers of the Sea-Venture, a bark of eighty tons, and another smaller, which were named the Patience and the Deliverance. A reconciliation then en-

sued between Gates and Somers, — the one celebration of the holy communion may have taken place on this occasion, — and (May 10, 1610) the whole company embarked for Virginia, where they arrived fourteen days afterwards, nearly a year after their departure from England.

The wreck of the Sea-Venture was long remembered as one of the most romantic incidents of a romantic age. It caught the popular fancy as a vivid picture of the adventurous experiences which awaited the mariner on the unknown western sea; and the lonely islands supposed to be the haunt of devils and furies, but now known to be full of beauty and tropical delight, became the talk of London, and eventually the site of an English colony. They were called indifferently the Somers and the Summer Isles. Either name was appropriate, but the brave Admiral, "a lamb upon land and a lion at sea," was entitled to have them named after him.

Returning from Virginia in his cedar ship, in June of the same year, for supplies, he was taken ill, and "in that very place which we now call St. George's town, this noble knight died, whereof the place taketh the name." We are told that, "like a valiant captain," he exhorted his men to be true to duty and return to Virginia, but they "as men amazed, seeing the death of him who was even as the life of them all, embalmed his body and set sail for England;" and "this cedar ship at last, with his dead body, arrived at Whitchurch, in Dorsetshire, where, by his friends, he was honorably buried, with many volleys of shot and the rites of a soldier."

So the good English soldier and admiral ended.

XI.

THE LAST WRESTLE OF THE FACTIONS.

WHILE the castaways were idly dreaming, all these nine long months, under the blue skies of Bermuda, a fierce drama was in progress in Virginia. The old adversaries, except Newport, were face to face there once more, and a stormy struggle was taking place, — the old struggle of 1607–8 over again.

The seven ships which had been separated from the Sea-Venture in the storm managed to ride through, and reach the Chesapeake, though in a fearfully shattered condition. But they were safe at last in Hampton Roads, and made for Jamestown. As they were seen coming up the river they were taken for Spaniards, and the settlers ran to arms. Even some Indians who were at the town volunteered to fight the supposed Spaniards, which indicated the *entente cordiale* between them and the English now. The mistake was soon plain. The culverins in the fort were about to open on the ships, when they ran up the English flag. The vessels came to anchor, and a boat brought on shore Ratcliffe, Martin, and a new confederate, Archer.

Thus the bad old times were coming back. It was melancholy and exasperating. Of the return of these people to Virginia to resume authority there, it might be said that it could not and it would not come to good. It is not good for the wounded battle-horse, when the vultures have been scared off, to have them swoop back. These birds of ill-omen were now hovering again over Jamestown, or rather had alighted. One is tempted to

thus characterize the ill crew who had the fate of the colony again in their hands. Thanks to the vivid old chronicles we know the men well. The writers who describe them are not generalizing historians, but painters; with their rude pen-strokes they draw portraits. We see the men themselves, their faces and gestures; the very tones of the voices come up out of the mist which for nearly three centuries has wrapped the figures; and the combatants matched against each other on the old arena are actual people, not mere ghosts.

The men who fought for the mastery in Virginia, from 1607 to 1609, were the hard workers and the sluggards. Smith was at the head of the first; Wingfield, Ratcliffe, and their associates at the head of the last. Of these, Wingfield was an imbecile, Newport a tale-bearer, Ratcliffe a mutineer, who even bore a false name; and these had drawn into their counsels, by a sort of natural selection, Archer an agitator, Martin a cat's-paw, and all that loose and floating element found in every society, which hangs on and waits, and instinctively takes the side which promises to be the strongest. The antagonists had declared war from the very first; had gone on wrangling with each other all through the years 1607 and 1608, and the hard workers and fighters had crushed the sluggards. One by one they had been shot, or deposed, or banished. They had gone to England then, and effected by intrigue what they had failed to effect by force. Ratcliffe and Newport had taken their revenge for Smith's unceremonious treatment of them. They had gained the ear of the Company, laid the blame of the whole failure in Virginia on his shoulders, and the result was soon seen. Between the lobbyists in London, bowing low to the Right Honorables, and the

brusque soldier in Virginia, writing them "rude answers" and rough, discourteous intimations that they were altogether absurd people, the choice was promptly made. The Company listened to the lobbyists, not to the fighting man, with his unkempt manners. It was plain that all the mismanagement in Virginia was due to him; the incompetent servant should be discharged, and the true men reinstated.

This indication of the state of things in Virginia at the moment (August, 1609) will explain what followed. Ratcliffe, coming on shore from the ships, claimed authority in the colony as the representative of the new rulers, who would soon arrive. The old government was done away with, he said; Smith was no longer President; and he summoned all men to yield to his authority. If Smith's "old soldiers" had been left to decide, the decision of the question would doubtless have been prompt. Ratcliffe was extremely unpopular, and Smith extremely popular; but there were the new-comers. These were Ratcliffe's people, and were about three hundred in number. There were among them "divers gentlemen of good means and great parentage," but also "many unruly gallants, packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies." These unruly gallants could be counted on with tolerable certainty to oppose a hard master like Smith. He was not to their fancy, and they promptly sided with Ratcliffe.

Then all Jamestown was suddenly in commotion. Ratcliffe went about the town denouncing Smith as a usurper. His men followed him through the narrow streets in loud discussion; drank deep at the "taverne;" uttered threats and curses; and their leader nursed the storm, and inflamed them more and more against the

tyrant. Smith looked on and listened in huge weariness and disgust, — chaos had come again. Those "unruly gallants would dispose and determine of the government sometimes to one, sometimes to another: to-day the old commission must rule; to-morrow the new; the next day neither; in fine, they would rule all or ruin all." The soldier grew bitter, and utter hopelessness took possession of him. He would have nothing further to do with affairs, but "leave all and return to England," — not before the arrival, however, of some duly empowered successor. The term of his presidency had not yet expired; he was still the head of the colony, and he would hold to strict account those who disobeyed his orders.

Smith was a man of few words, and could always be counted on to do what he said he would do. Ratcliffe continued his agitation, still inflaming the minds of his followers, when Smith suddenly arrested him with other leaders in the disturbance, and placed them in confinement to await trial. This at once suppressed the disorder, and there was no further opposition to the soldier's will; but he was weary of his position. He surrendered it to Martin, who, it seems, had taken no part in the riot; but to this the old settlers would not consent, and he was compelled to resume it. He was not to exercise authority long. The end was near, and to the very last the vivid contrast between utter incompetence and real ability was plain to all. An incident showed the inefficiency of Martin. Smith sent him to Nansemond to form a branch settlement in that region; but the Indians saw that he was "distracted with fear," and he fled to Jamestown, "leaving his company to their fortunes."

Meanwhile Smith had sailed up James River to inspect the site of another subordinate colony about to be established near the present city of Richmond. Here the last soldierly incident of a soldierly career took place. He found that the site selected was on marshy ground and unsuitable: he therefore fixed on the old "place called Powhatan," on a range of hills a little lower down — a situation so beautiful that he gave it the name of "Nonsuch." But the men who had probably built huts on the marshy site rebelled. They were stronger than his own party, — probably friends of Ratcliffe, — and attacked and drove him back to his boats. Then a curious sequel came. A force of Indians attacked them, and they fled to Smith for protection. He arrested the leaders, removed the colony to "Nonsuch," and then left them to their fortunes. Worn and weary with all this dissension and bitter blood, he sailed down the river again, bent on finally leaving Virginia.

An incident hurried his departure. On his way down the James a bag of gunpowder exploded in his boat, "tearing the flesh from his body and thighs in a most pitiful manner." The pain so "tormented" him that he leaped overboard, and came near drowning. His men dragged him back, and in this state he reached Jamestown, where he was taken to a bed in the fort, "near bereft of his senses by reason of his torment."

His position was now dangerous. He was entirely disabled, but his will was unbroken, and he continued, in the midst of the fierce pain, to issue his orders, "causing all things to be prepared for peace or war." It was obvious that if he recovered he would surely bring Ratcliffe and the rest to account for their misdeeds; and an attempt was made to murder him in his bed. One

of the malcontents came into the room and placed the muzzle of a pistol on his breast, but his heart, it seems, failed him. When this became known, Smith's old soldiers gave way to fierce wrath. They offered to "take their heads who would resist his command," but he refused to permit violence. He was going away from Virginia, and meant, if he could, to go in peace.

A pathetic picture is drawn of his situation, and the sense of injustice rankling in his mind. He was lying on his bed suffering agonies, with no surgeon to care for his hurts. His past services were forgotten, and his enemies had triumphed over him. His commission as head of the colony was "to be suppressed he knew not why, himself and soldiers to be rewarded he knew not how, and a new commission granted they knew not to whom." It was plain that his day had passed, and that it was useless to struggle further. His severe wounds required treatment, and there was no one in the colony who was competent. To end all, he would go away, carrying with him no more than he had brought, — his stout heart and good sword.

An opportunity to return to England presented itself. The ships were about to sail, and Smith was carried on board, still persisting in his refusal to resign his authority to the Ratcliffe party. In this dilemma a compromise was resorted to. George Percy, who had also meant to return to England for his health, consented to remain and act as President. Smith was hopeless of the ability of this sick gentleman to control the factions, but he no longer made any opposition. "Within an hour was this mutation begun and concluded," says the chronicle; and then the ships set sail, and Smith took his departure, never again to return to Virginia.

XII.

THE FIRST AMERICAN RULER AND WRITER.

SMITH thus disappeared from the stage of affairs in Virginia, but he had played a great part in the first scenes of American history, and his character and subsequent career deserve some notice.

He returned to London at thirty, and died there at fifty-two; but these twenty last years, like his early life, were marked by restless movement or continuous toil. He had left Virginia poor, and profited nothing from all his toils and sufferings in the New World. He said with noble pride that he "had broke the ice and beat the path, but had not one foot of ground there, nor the very house he builded, nor the ground he digged with his own hands." It does not appear, however, that he had ever expected to profit by the Virginia enterprise. It had given him a field for the exercise of his energies, and finding that his services were no longer welcome there he turned with all his old ardor to the life of a voyager and writer. The nature of the man was unresting, and craved action. The colonization of America was still his dream, and in the year 1614 he made a voyage to New England, where he gave the names of Boston, etc., to points on the coast, and made a partial exploration of the country. The result of this voyage was a great popular interest in New England, which is said to have led to its settlement by the Puritan Pilgrims. In the following year he set out on a second voyage, but was arrested by one of those incidents which abounded in his checkered career. He was attacked off the island of

Flores by a French squadron, his vessel was captured, and he was taken as a prisoner to Rochelle, whence he escaped to England. Here he met with a warm welcome. On board the French ship he had passed his time in writing his "Description of New England," and James I. now conferred on him the title of "Admiral" of that country.

Little more is known of him. He seems to have spent his last years in London, industriously engaged on his histories; is said to have married, and died in London in the year 1631. He was buried under the chancel of St. Sepulchre's church, and on the slab above his tomb was carved his shield with three Turks' heads, conferred on him by Sigismund, and a poetical inscription, beginning, "Here lies one conquered, that hath conquered kings," and ending with the prayer that "with angels he might have his recompense."

So snapped the chords of a stout heart, and a remarkable life ended. The character of the man must have appeared from his career. He was brave as his sword, full of energy, impatient of opposition, and had all the faults and virtues of the dominant class to which he belonged. His endurance was unshrinking, and his life in Virginia indicated plainly that he had enormous recoil. Pressure brought out his strength, and showed the force of his organization. He was probably never really cast down, and seems to have kept his heart of hope, without an effort, in the darkest hours, when all around him despaired. He is said to have been cordial and winning in his manners, and even his critics declared that he had "a prince's heart in a beggar's purse;" it is equally certain that he was impatient of temper, had large self-esteem, and was fond of applause.

But his aims were high, and his career shows that he regarded duty as his watchword. He detested idleness, and was convinced that the only way to do a thing is to do it; not to determine to do it at some future time if convenience permits. The result was utter impatience with sloth in every form, and he treated the sluggards with little ceremony. He scoffed at them as "tuftaffty humorists," and when they would not work he compelled them to do so by sheer force of will, setting them the example himself. When there was no more work for him to do in Virginia he went elsewhere, knowing that everywhere something was to be done.

This is the picture of a vigorous personality, and such was Smith. He was positive in all things, and loved and hated with all his energy. Those who knew him were either his warm friends or his bitter enemies. What his "old soldiers" thought of him may be seen in the verses attached to the "General History." These testify to his greatness as a leader and the perfect truth of his statements. One writer hails him as his "dear noble captain and loyal heart;" another as "wonder of nature, mirror of our clime;" another as a soldier of "valorous policy and judgment;" and a third exclaims, "I never knew a warrior but thee, from wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths, so free." What his enemies, on the contrary, thought of the soldier is equally plain. He was a tyrant and a conspirator, bent on becoming "King of Virginia;" and failing to crush him, they returned to England and vilified him. Ample evidence remains that he enjoyed the friendship of eminent contemporaries, among them of Sir Robert Cotton, John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, the Earl of Pembroke, Purchas, the historian, and others. But the

men whom he had disgraced spared no effort to blacken his name. He was a boaster and pretender; his fame rested on his own statements; and modern critics have echoed these attacks. One of these describes his writings as "full of the exaggerations and self-assertions of an adventurer," and the man himself as "a Gascon and a beggar."

He was not the author of the "General History," on which his fame rests. This was merely a compilation made at the request of the London Company — a fact stated in the work. It consisted of narratives written by about thirty persons connected with the events, many of which had already been published, and Smith only contributed the description of Virginia and the account of his rescue by Pocahontas, when no other Englishman was present. This is the main point of attack. The incident is declared to be a mere invention, since nothing is said of it in Smith's first work, the "True Relation." The reply is that this pamphlet is not known with absolute certainty to have been written by Smith, since some copies purport to be by "Thomas Walton," and others by "a gentleman of said colony." He probably wrote it, but in either case a part of the original manuscript was omitted. The statement of the London editor is: "Something more was by him written which being as I thought (fit to be private) I would not adventure to make it public." There is little doubt that the omitted portions referred to Smith's adventures on the Chickahominy and York, and that the editor struck them out in order not to discourage colonization. The first necessity was to attract settlers, and these pictures of imminent peril were not calculated to effect that object.

This is, however, purely conjecture; other proofs of the truth of the incident seem unassailable. Soon after Smith's return, Pocahontas, a girl of thirteen, made her appearance at Jamestown bringing food, and she continued from that time onward to do all in her power to assist the colonists. When some Indians were arrested by Smith, Powhatan sent Pocahontas to intercede for them, and they were released at once "for her sake only." It is necessary to account for these incidents, especially for the interest felt by Pocahontas in the enemies of her people. It can only be accounted for on the ground that she took a deep interest in Smith. His own affectionate attachment for her is fully established. When she visited London, he wrote to the Queen, recommending her to the royal favor, on the ground that she had saved his life and the life of the colony also. He declared that she had "hazarded the beating out of her brains to save his;" and if the statement was untrue, Pocahontas, a pious and truthful person, countenanced a falsehood. On other occasions Smith referred to the incidents of his life in Virginia as occurrences to which Captain George Percy, and "other noble gentlemen and resolute spirits now living in England," could testify. In his "New England Trials," he wrote, "God made Pocahontas, the King's daughter, the means to deliver me;" and the "General History" contained only the fuller account of an event which had thus been repeatedly referred to. The only intelligible objection to the truth of the incident rests on the theory that Smith was a wandering adventurer, and invented it to attract attention to himself as the hero of a romantic event. The reply is that he was not, in any sense, a wandering adventurer, since he enjoyed the favor of the heir-apparent, afterwards

Charles I., and had been commissioned by James I. Admiral of New England.

Other objections to the truth of the narrative contributed by Smith to the "General History" refer to points of the least possible importance — the amount of food and the number of guides supplied him by the Indians. It is not necessary to notice them. It may be said that the Pocahontas incident rests upon the highest moral evidence, and that the assailants of the "General History" have in no degree discredited it. It remains the original authority for the first years of American history, and Smith's character has not suffered, except in the estimation of a few critics, who seem to feel a personal enmity toward him.

His writings will be spoken of elsewhere. They bear the impress of the voyager and soldier, and, it may be added, of an earnest Christian man. It is difficult to find more serious and noble writing than some passages in his books. The rude sentences rise to the height of eloquence, and he exhorts his contemporaries to noble achievements in noble words.

"Seeing we are not born for ourselves, but each to help other," he says, "and our abilities are much alike at the hour of our birth and the minute of our death; seeing our good deeds or our bad, by faith in Christ's merits, is all we have to carry our souls to heaven or to hell; seeing honor is our lives' ambition, and our ambition after death to have an honorable memory of our life; and seeing by no means we would be abated of the dignities and glories of our predecessors, let us imitate their virtues to be worthily their successors."

Such writing is irreconcilable with the theory that Smith was merely a rough fighting man. The noble

maxim, "We are not born for ourselves, but each to help other," might have done honor to the most pious of the English bishops. What the soldier insists upon is the duty of love and charity — that men should not look to themselves and their own profit, but to the good of their neighbors. Faith in Christ, he says, is the main thing, and the next is to leave an honorable memory behind us. He elaborates his thought, and urges a life of noble action as the only life worth living.

"Who would live at home idly," he exclaims, "or think in himself any worth to live only to eat, drink, and sleep, and so die; or by consuming that carelessly his friends got worthily; or by using that miserably that maintained virtue honestly; or for being descended nobly, and pine, with the vain vaunt of great kindred, in penury; or to maintain a silly show of bravery, toil out thy heart, soul, and time basely by shifts, tricks, cards, and dice; . . . offend the laws, surfeit with excess, burthen thy country, abuse thyself, despair in want, . . . though thou seest what honors and rewards the world yet hath for them that will seek them and worthily deserve them."

And elsewhere we come upon this earnest passage, which appeals directly to the men of our own time — to Americans fretting under the cares and poverty of the older settlements, and to men of every nationality flocking to the shores of the Continent to establish new homes for themselves and their families: —

"Who can desire more content *that hath small means, or but only his merits to advance his fortunes*, than to tread and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life? If he have but the taste of virtue and magnanimity, what to such a mind can be more

pleasant than *planting and building* a *foundation for his posterity, got from the rude earth by God's blessing and his own industry, without prejudice to any?*"

This is the spirit of the American of to-day, — the pioneer who goes West to build a new home for his family in the wilderness. Smith tells his contemporaries that the rude earth shall not daunt the man with that spirit in him. By God's blessing and his own industry, without prejudice to any, a home for wife and little ones shall rise in the new land; new societies will be founded, new States built up in the wilds; and his words are almost a prophecy of the future United States. "What so truly suits with honor and honesty as the discovering things unknown," he says, "*erecting towns, peopling countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue and gain to our native mother country* . . . so far from wronging any as to cause posterity to remember thee, and, remembering thee, ever honor that remembrance with praise."

Thus, in the voice of the soldier-voyager of the seventeenth century, speaks the man of the last half of the nineteenth. The new life awaits them; they have only to set out with good heart to find it. They are poor and humble; they will be rich and powerful. They are wasting with ignoble cares; they will prosper and be happy. It is the dream of the modern world, and already filled the mind of this man of the age of Elizabeth. He adds a last exhortation. What could "a man with faith in religion do more agreeable to God than to seek to convert these poor savages to Christ and humanity"?

It is impossible that this phrase, "Christ and humanity" could have been written by a charlatan. And if

we doubt the real character of this man, who is represented as "a Gascon and a beggar," the full-length portrait drawn of him by one of his associates ought to set the doubt at rest. "Thus we lost him," says the chronicle, "that in all our proceedings made justice his first guide, and experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved action more than words, and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death; whose adventures were our lives and whose loss our deaths."

XIII.

VIRGINIA ABANDONED.

When Smith sailed away from Virginia, in the month of September, 1609, Jamestown was a straggling assemblage of fifty or sixty houses. They were built of wood, some of them two stories in height, with roofs of boards, or mats, or reed thatch. There was a church and a store-house — the whole inclosed by a palisade of strong logs, fifteen feet in height. At the neck of the peninsula was a fort, with cannon mounted on platforms; in rear the forest, where dusky shadows flitted to and fro; and in front the broad river flowing to the sea, toward which the straining eyes had so often been directed in search of the white sails coming from the home land.

There were two hundred fighting men trained in Indian warfare, and, in all, nearly five hundred men, women, and children in the settlement. There seemed to be no reason why they should feel apprehension. They had a sufficiency of provisions if they were only used judiciously; five or six hundred hogs, horses, sheep, and goats; fishing nets and working tools, three ships, seven boats, twenty cannon, three hundred muskets, swords, and pikes, and a full supply of ammunition. It really seemed that the Virginia colony had taken root at last; and we may fancy the men, women, and children of the little society going to and fro, in and out of the palisade, busy at their occupations or assembling at their devotions, talking of England, no doubt, and regretting the dear home over the sea, but thankful that their lot is cast in this beautiful land of Virginia.

Only one thing was wanting in the bright fall days at Jamestown, but that want was serious, — it was a head. There had been up to this time a very strong head in the colony to direct affairs, a man of real brains, who loved action more than words, and hated sloth worse than death. He had disappeared now, and there was no one to take his place. The old hatreds of the factions still smouldered, and the new President could not control them. Percy was a man of approved courage and character, but he was not a man of energy, and his health was feeble. Smith's sure eyes had forecast the future when he objected to surrendering his authority to him. The motley crew, ready to break out at any moment, required a strong hand to control them; and the hand holding the reins was that of an amiable invalid, who asked nothing better than to be permitted to return to England.

Percy found the work before him too much for his strength. The colony of Jamestown had become a little kingdom, with outlying dependencies, at the Falls of James River, Old Point Comfort, and elsewhere. These all looked to the central authority for supplies of provisions and protection against the Indians; and the central authority was in the hands of one without the health to exercise it. Events hastened; the prospect before the colony began to grow gloomy. The dissolution of societies is rapid when it once begins. Like the pace of runaway horses it soon grows headlong, and the crash comes. The Indians saw their opportunity, and "no sooner understood Smith was gone, but they all revolted, and did spoil and murther all they encountered." Martin's men, at Nansemond, and West's, at the Falls, were attacked, and retreated to Jamestown; and Ratcliffe's career ended in sudden tragedy. He went to visit Powhatan, on the York, with thirty companions, and used no precautions. Smith had escaped, Ratcliffe perished. He was killed with his whole party, except one man and a boy, who were saved by Pocahontas. So the long intrigues of this old disturber of the peace came to an end. He had been an agitator from first to last; an impostor down to his name, for his real name was Sicklemore; and Raphe Hamor wrote his epitaph in a few pithy words. He was "not worth remembering, but to his dishonor."

Having begun thus auspiciously, Powhatan resolved to continue the war in earnest. He had remonstrated pathetically with the "rash youth" Smith for troubling his old age, but the rash youth was gone now, and affairs had suddenly changed their aspect. "We all found the loss of Captain Smith," says one of the contempo-

rary writers; "yea, his greatest maligners could now curse his loss;" and Beverley, the old historian, says, "as soon as he left them to themselves all went to ruin." It was plain that the Indians fully realized the state of things at Jamestown, for a bitter hostility suddenly took the place of their old friendship.

As the days passed on, the disorder increased, and the dissolution became more rapid. Percy was now "so sick that he could neither go nor stand;" Ratcliffe was a corpse on the bank of York River; and West, in despair, sailed for England. Then, with every passing hour, the prospect grew darker. There was no authority anywhere, though "twenty Presidents" claimed it. Thirty men ran off with one of the vessels, and became buccaneers. Utter hopelessness took possession of those left behind. Every day death was in some house, and when the owner was buried the house was torn down for firewood. Even the palisades were burned, and the open gates swung to and fro in the winter wind. Men, women, and children were starving, and had lost all fear of Indian assaults. The supplies were exhausted; "hogs, hens, goats, sheep, or what lived, all was devoured." When parties went to the savages, piteously beseeching succor, they received "mortal wounds with clubs and arrows." They were forced to subsist on roots and acorns, and the skins of horses. At last they became cannibals. An Indian was killed and buried, but "the poorer sort took him up again and ate him, and so did divers one another, boiled and stewed with roots and herbs." The "common kettel," in these days, was a fearful cauldron; the fumes of boiling human flesh ascended from it. All ties were sundered by the sharp edge of mortal famine.

A man killed his wife, and had eaten part of the body before he was discovered. He was burned to death for his horrible deed, but that did not help matters much. Dire famine was stronger than the fear of death. The colony was tottering on the very verge of destruction. "This was that time," the chronicle says, "which, still to this day, we call the Starving Time."

The horrors of this terrible period are summed up in a simple statement. *Nearly five hundred* persons had been left in the colony in September, and six months afterwards "there remained *not past sixty men, women, and children, most miserable and poor creatures.*" Of the whole number, five hundred, more than four hundred had perished, — dead of starvation, or slain by the Indian hatchet.

In the last days of May (1610), this is what might have been seen at Jamestown: a group of men, women, and children huddled together behind the dismantled palisade, the faces pale, the forms emaciated, the thin lips uttering moans or stifled cries for food. The end was near; "this, in ten days more, would have supplanted us with death." But help was coming. The last agony was near, when sails were seen approaching, and doubtless a shrill, wild cry of joy and amazement rose from the throng, and mothers caught their children close to their bosoms, and sobbed over them, thanking God for mercy and succor.

The ships were the Patience and Deliverance from Bermuda. The good Admiral Somers and Sir Thomas Gates had come in their "cedar ship" to bring help to these poor people, shipwrecked in the wilderness, as they had been shipwrecked on the "Isles of Devils." They had arrived just in time: in a few days the Virginia

colony would have perished of famine; but "God, that would not this country should be unplanted," sent them deliverance in the shape of the Deliverance ship.

Gates and Somers cast anchor, and at once went on shore. The shipwrecked looked at the shipwrecked. Jamestown was a scene of desolation. The torn-down palisades, the gates creaking on rusty hinges, the dismantled houses, the emaciated faces, the hungry eyes and babbling voices, scarce able to articulate the prayer to be taken home to die, — these were the piteous sights and sounds which greeted Sir Thomas Gates and the Admiral, as they landed from their cedar ship and looked and listened, in the midst of the dreary throng gathering around them on the shore. All was over for the Virginia colony, it seemed. Even the stout souls who had braved the storm in the Sea-Venture without losing hope lost it now. Heavy-hearted and despairing at finding famine where they had expected abundance, Gates and Somers, who had provisions for only fourteen days, resolved to sail for England by way of the Newfoundland fishing settlements, and take the wretched remnant of the colony with them. The cannon and other arms were buried at the gate of the fort, and on the 7th of June the drums rolled, giving the signal to embark.. At the signal the disorderly crowd hastened towards the ships. It was only with great difficulty that they were prevented from destroying the last traces of the settlement. The place was about to be set fire to, but "God, who did not intend that this excellent country should be abandoned," says the old historian Stith, "put it into the heart of Sir T. Gates to save it." Gates remained on shore with a party of men to preserve order, and was the last man to step into the boat

Then a volley was fired, the sails were spread, and the Patience and Deliverance, with two other ships containing the colonists, sailed away toward England.

Such had been the result of the long, hard struggle to found an English colony in the New World. Hundreds of thousands of pounds had been expended and hundreds of lives lost in the effort, and now, after three long years of trial, a little band of starving men, women, and children were sailing homeward, leaving behind them at Jamestown only a few dismantled cabins to show that the place had been once inhabited. Virginia had been abandoned; but a joyful surprise was near. On the next morning the little fleet of four small vessels was about to continue its way from Mulberry Island, in James River, where it had anchored for the night, when a row-boat was seen coming up the river toward them. It brought them joyful intelligence. Lord Delaware had arrived with three vessels from England; had heard at the lower settlement that the colony was about to be deserted; and had sent his long-boat with dispatches directing Gates and Somers to return to Jamestown, where he would soon join them.

Such was the curiously dramatic event which prevented the New World from being abandoned in 1610 by the English. If a writer of fiction had invented the incident it would have been criticised as the most improbable of fancies. The fleet under Delaware arrived in the waters of Virginia at the very moment when the fleet under Gates and Somers was about to disappear; and an old writer, relating these events, bursts forth into exclamations of thanks and praise for "the Lord's infinite goodness." Never had poor people more cause to cast themselves at his "very footstool." They were

saved by a direct interposition of his providence. "If they had set sail sooner and launched into the vast ocean, who would have promised that they should encounter the fleet of the Lord La Warre? If the Lord La Warre had not brought with him a year's provisions, what comfort would these poor souls have received to have been re-landed to a second destruction? This was the arm of the Lord of Hosts, who would have his people pass the Red Sea and Wilderness, and then to possess the land of Canaan."

On the next morning, which was Sunday (June 10, 1610), Lord Delaware landed at the south gate of the fort, where Gates had drawn up his men to receive him. As soon as the new Governor touched the shore he knelt down, and remained for some moments in prayer. He then rose and went to the church, where service was held and a sermon preached; after which he delivered an address, encouraging the colonists.

Events had followed each other like scenes on the stage of a theatre. The curtain had slowly descended on the desolate picture of the abandoned colony, and now it again rose on a busy and bustling scene, — on the shore thronged with hundreds of persons, the devout worshipers kneeling in the church, and Lord Delaware announcing to the assembled people that all was well. In the space of three days the Virginia colony had perished and come to life again.

XIV.

THE LORD DE LA WARRE.

VIRGINIA under Lord Delaware was a very different place from Virginia under the "rule or ruin" people, Ratcliffe, and the rest. All the turmoil had suddenly disappeared. Jamestown was a scene of tranquillity, and a well-ordered society had succeeded the social chaos. A stable government had all at once taken the place of that wretched mockery of an executive — the old wrangling council. Lord Delaware, Governor and Captain-General of Virginia, ruled now, and he had power to make his authority respected. This power was practically unhampered. He was to obey the instructions of the Company, if they chose to send him any; but if none were sent he was to govern at his discretion, under the charter. In any time of emergency he was not to await orders from England. He was to strike, and strike quickly; to declare martial law, and put down wrong-doers with the sword or the halter.

It was a wholesome state of things for a community lately a prey to the "unruly gallants," shouting and wrangling in the streets, drinking at the tavern, and making the days and nights hideous with their wild uproar. A single glance showed the gallants that the new ruler was their master. Lord Delaware kept the state of a viceroy. He had his Privy Council: his Lieutenant-General, Sir Thomas Gates; his Admiral, Sir George Somers; his Vice-Admiral, Captain Newport; and his Master of the Horse, Sir Ferdinand Wy-

man. It was an imposing simulacrum of royalty, a little court in the wilderness. Some of the old soldiers of Smith, no doubt resenting the wrong done him, looked sidewise at the fine pageant. "This tender state of Virginia," one of them growled, "was not grown to that maturity to maintain such state and pleasures as was fit for a personage with such brave and great attendance. To have *more to wait and play than work, or more commanders and officers than industrious laborers, was not so necessary.* For in Virginia," adds the grim critic, "a plain soldier that can use a pickaxe and spade is better than five knights that could break a lance." It was the old protest of Smith, who said "nothing was to be expected from Virginia but by labor." Give us working-men, not drones — laboring people in good fustian jackets, rather than fine gentlemen in silk and lace!

So the old settlers growled at my Lord Delaware, that "man of approved courage, temper, and experience, distinguished for his virtues and his generous devotion to the welfare of the colony." He was wiser than the critics. This splendor of which they complained had its advantages — it made his authority respected. The unruly gallants had due notice, and Delaware was never forced to proclaim martial law. He imposed and regulated. The colonists were ordered to go to work, and they went. The hours of labor were fixed, and were from six to ten in the morning, and from two to four in the afternoon. At ten and four the bells rang, when labor ceased, and the settlers attended religious services in the church. Thus all in the Virginia colony was well ordered at last.

The scenes at this old Jamestown church are painted

for us in the chronicles. It was a building sixty feet long and twenty-four feet wide, which had narrowly escaped burning when the colony was abandoned. Lord Delaware at once repaired it, and would have it decorated with flowers. The pews and chancel were of cedar, the communion table of black walnut. There was a baptismal font and a lofty pulpit; and at the west end were hung two bells. This was the first church edifice worthy of the name erected in America. All about it was plain and decorous, unless exception be taken to the presence of the flowers. The old Virginians did not object to them. They certainly were not papists, and had no intention of ever becoming such, but God had made the spring blooms, they were among the most beautiful of his creations, and it was fit that they should deck his temple. So, at least, there is a precedent for the poor flowers which to-day arouse so much enmity.

Worthy Lord Delaware set the example of respect for religion by regularly attending the church services. He went in full dress at the ringing of the bells, attended by the Lieutenant-General, the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, Master of the Horse, and the rest of his Council, with a guard of fifty halberd-bearers in red cloaks marching behind him. He sat in the choir in a green velvet chair, and had a velvet cushion to kneel upon. The Council were ranged in state on his right and left; and when the services were over, the Governor, his dignitaries, and halberd-bearers all returned with the same ceremony to their quarters. It was a very great contrast indeed to the rude old times, when the colonists worshiped under "a rotten sail;" when the services were in danger of interruption by a burst

of war-whoops; and when the thunder of Smith's cannon, summoning the mutineers to "stay or sink," had taken the place of the Sabbath bells.

Lord Delaware did not remain long in Virginia. His health became so bad that he was compelled to return, but during his sojourn in the colony he proved himself an energetic ruler. He built forts Henry and Charles on Southampton River; sent Percy to punish some depredations of the Paspahegh tribe above Jamestown; procured full supplies of corn from the Potomac Indians; and dispatched Sir George Somers to the Bermudas for more food — a voyage from which, as we have seen, the good Admiral never returned. He commanded in person in an engagement with the Indians at the present site of Richmond, and left no doubt in any mind of his capacity as a soldier and ruler. But his strength gave way. He was seized with a violent ague, and (March, 1611) sailed for England, on which voyage he is said to have been driven northward, and named the harbor in which he took refuge Delaware Bay. Seven years afterwards he set out again for Virginia, but died on the voyage.

Delaware remains one of the most popular of the early Virginia Governors. Between summer and spring he established the colony on a firm basis. He ruled the unruly without resorting to harshness, added to the public defenses, inculcated respect for religion, and during his short stay in the country all things prospered. His sudden death on the voyage back to Virginia was sincerely lamented, and he is remembered still as one of the most gallant and picturesque personages of the early Virginia history. Memory takes hold of figures rather than generalities. The public services of "the

Lord La Warre" are unknown or forgotten, but what is still remembered is the affecting scene when he landed at the deserted town, and fell on his knees, thanking God that he had come in time to save Virginia.

XV.

DALE'S "CITY OF HENRICUS."

In these first years of Virginia history, the stalwart figures rapidly succeed each other. Lord Delaware went away in March, and in May (1611) came Sir Thomas Dale, "High Marshal of Virginia."

He had a hard task before him. George Percy had been acting in place of Sir Thomas Gates, who had gone to England, and the idlers had taken advantage of his amiable temper to neglect work. In place of planting corn, they resorted to the more agreeable occupation of playing bowls in the grass-grown streets of Jamestown; at which employment the High Marshal found them, on his arrival. The drones saw that they had a master. Sir Thomas Dale was a soldier who had seen hard service in Flanders, "a man of good conscience and knowledge in divinity," but a born ruler and unshrinking disciplinarian. The "unruly" class soon felt his iron hand, upon which there was no velvet glove whatever. He had brought with him one of the worst "supplies" that ever came to Virginia, but he had also brought a "Code of Martial Law," and made prompt use of it. A conspiracy was entered into by a number of the malcontents, but Dale promptly arrested the leaders, and crushed it by inflicting upon them the death penalty, in a manner "cruel, unusual, and barbarous."

This is the guarded phrase of the chronicle, which only adds that the mode of punishment was one at the time customary "in France." But many years afterwards the mystery was cleared up. In 1624, a number of the Burgesses signed a "declaration" of what they had witnessed at Jamestown. One offender "had a bodkin thrust through his tongue and was chained to a tree till he perished," and others were put to death "by hanging, shooting, *breaking on the wheel*, and the like." The strange fact is thus established that this horrible punishment, inflicted by the Kings of France for political conspiracy, was inflicted by Sir Thomas Dale also for the same offense on the soil of Virginia. But the death penalty, in some form, seems to have been a necessity, and Dale was apparently obliged to be merciless. "If his laws had not been so strictly executed," says one of the fairest of the contemporary writers, "I see not how the utter subversion of the colony should have been prevented." The man of good conscience and great knowledge of divinity did not hesitate. He had to deal with desperate characters, and thrust bodkins through their tongues, broke them on the wheel, and there was no more trouble.

In the summer occurred an incident which clearly indicates the ever-present dread of the Spanish power. The settlements in Florida were a standing menace to the English, and the foes were ever watching each other, and expecting an attack. At any moment the Spanish hawks might swoop on the Jamestown dove-cote; and one day in the bright summer season, a fleet was seen in the distance slowly coming up the river. Suddenly all was in commotion. The ships were apparently Spaniards, and Dale hastened to man "the two good ships,

the Star and the Prosperous, and our own Deliverance, then riding before Jamestown," with plain intent to go out and fight. The heart of the Marshal was evidently in the business, and he "animated" his men with a brave speech. He meant to attack the new comers, he said: if they were too strong for him he would grapple with them, and both would sink together; "if God had ordained to set a period to their lives, they could never be sacrificed in a more acceptable service." It was the spirit of Grenville in his famous combat off the Azores, and of the old sea voyagers in general; there were the hated Spaniards, and it was necessary to overcome them or die. Dale was no doubt in earnest when he said that he meant to do that, but a "small shallop with thirty good shot" was first sent to reconnoitre. Soon the shallop came back quietly — the ships were Englishmen, not Spaniards. Sir Thomas Gates, the Lieutenant-Governor, was returning with a supply of provisions and three hundred additional colonists; and the Marshal fired a salute, doubtless, instead of opening upon them with his culverins.

With the return of the Lieutenant-Governor, the High Marshal found himself at liberty to carry out a favorite project — to establish a new city. His opinion of Virginia was enthusiastic. "Take four of the best kingdoms in Christendom, and put them all together," he wrote, "they may no way compare with this country, either for commodities or goodness of soil." Having resolved to found his city, he selected the plateau within Dutch Gap, nearly surrounded by James River, above the present City Point, the centre of a fertile and picturesque domain called Varina. In September he went thither with three hundred and fifty men, built a pali-

sade across the narrow neck, and another without, from water to water, and in this strong position erected his "City of Henricus." It had three streets, store-houses, a church, and regular watch-houses. Across the stream, on the south bank, a large inclosure, "twelve English miles of ground," was shut in also by stout palisades, and defended by forts Charity, Patience, and others. Hope-in-Faith, the name of a part of this tract, suggests a Puritan origin, and it is not improbable that a portion of Sir Thomas's settlers were of that faith. He had his official residence in the town on the plateau, and Rock Hall, the parsonage of the good Alexander Whitaker, the "Apostle of Virginia," was in sight across the river. The name Henrico, or City of Henricus, was conferred upon the place in honor of Prince Henry, son of James I., of whom Dale wrote these noble words, on his sudden death: "My glorious master is gone, that would have enameled with his favors the labors I undertake for God's cause and his immortal honor. He was the great captain of our Israel; the hope to have builded up this heavenly New Jerusalem be interred, I think; the whole frame of this business fell into his grave."

Having founded the City of Henricus, the High Marshal proceeded to found another at Bermuda Hundreds, and the new communities were illustrations of society in its first stage of social-military organization. Each group of families had its "commander," in peace a magistrate, and in war a captain. Excellent Mr. Whitaker looked after the morals of all. "Every Sabbath day," he writes to a friend in London, "we preach in the forenoon, and catechise in the afternoon. Every Saturday, at night, I exercise in Sir Thomas Dale's house."

The picture is a cheerful one. The Apostle of Virginia and the High Marshal are excellent good friends. For this "worthy and experienced soldier," who has lived so rough a life in Flanders, who has bored peoples' tongues, and inflicted cruel and barbarous death penalties, is not, after all, so great a monster. He enjoys converse with the mild clergyman, who calls him "our religious and valiant Governor," and draws the full portrait of the High Marshal in a sentence: "Sir Thomas Dale, with whom I am, is *a man of great knowledge in divinity, and of a good conscience in all things, both which be rare in a martial man.*" This was said by one of the purest of men, who knew the Marshal well, and must be taken for his true likeness.

So the City of Henricus was established and went on its way. After a while there was another attraction there. Pocahontas came to live in the vicinity. That worthy gentleman, Master John Rolfe, who had married the maiden, had a plantation near the place, and he and his little brunette wife went in and out with their Indian connections. Pocahontas, we are told by the old historian Stith, who afterwards lived at Henricus, "held friendly trade and commerce" with her father the Emperor; and thus Varina is full of figures, and is a charmed domain to the antiquary and romance lover. To-day the figures have all disappeared — apostles and marshals, soldiers and axe-men, women and children, and the mild face of the girl-wife, Pocahontas. The city is gone also, with its outlying dependencies, Coxendale, Hope-in-Faith, and its forts, Patience and Charity. The past has vanished, but here, nearly three centuries ago, the first Americans were laying the foundation of the republic.

XVI.

ROLFE AND POCAHONTAS.

After the departure of Smith from Virginia, Pocahontas did not reappear at Jamestown — a fact which occasioned surprise, as she had made frequent visits and was known to take a warm interest in the English. It was now discovered that she had left Werowocomoco, either in consequence of some misunderstanding with Powhatan, or to visit her relatives on the Potomac. Raphe Hamor, the contemporary historian, attributes her absence from the York River country to the latter cause. "The Nonparella of Virginia in her princely progress," he says, "took some pleasure to be among her friends of Potomac." Another account speaks of her as "being at Potomac, thinking herself unknown," which leaves the impression that she had taken refuge there. But this is all conjecture.

She was now (1612) taken prisoner, and conducted to Jamestown by that roving adventurer, Captain Samuel Argall, who had brought Smith the intelligence of his deposition. Sent in a sloop to procure a supply of corn from the Potomac country, Argall was informed by a chief named Japazaws that Pocahontas was on a visit to him; and the offer of a copper kettle induced him to betray her into the rover's hands. She was brought on board the vessel, and taken weeping to Jamestown, — Argall's object being to hold her as a hostage for the good behavior of Powhatan.

When the Emperor heard of her capture he was bitterly offended, and when the English sent him word that she

would be released as soon as he restored some captured men and arms he took no notice of the message. Pocahontas therefore remained at Jamestown in custody of the English until the spring of the next year (1613), when Sir Thomas Dale, the High Marshal, set out with one hundred and fifty men to visit Powhatan, taking her with him, to negotiate the proposed exchange. Sailing down the James, and then into York River, the Marshal reached Werowocomoco, but found the Emperor absent. His reception was not encouraging. A swarm of Indians appeared on the bank and shouted defiance. Had the English come to fight? they cried. If so, they were welcome, and might remember the fate of Ratcliffe. A flight of arrows followed, and one of the Englishmen was wounded; whereupon Dale, who was a man of decision, pushed ashore, killed some of the party, burned their cabins, and then, reëmbarking, sailed up the York, looking for the Emperor.

At Machot, an Indian village near the present West Point, several hundred savages were drawn up and awaited him. They defied him to come on shore, and he promptly did so; but no fighting followed. A truce was agreed upon until Powhatan could be heard from, and "Master John Rolfe and Master Sparks" were sent with a message to him. They penetrated to his retreat in the woods, but the Emperor refused to grant them a personal interview. Vague promises only were held out by Powhatan's representatives, and the two emissaries returned to Dale at Machot.

A scene had meanwhile taken place there which induced Sir Thomas to change all his plans. He had fully resolved to carry fire and sword into the Indian realm; in the comprehensive phrase of the chronicle,

"to destroy and take away all their corn, burn all their houses on that river, leave not a fish-wear standing nor a canoe in any creek, and destroy and kill as many of them as he could." From this fell purpose he was now diverted, and the change in his plans is explained by the old writer, Master Raphe Hamor, who was present. The details of the scene are entertaining, and have escaped the historians. They are found only in the work of Hamor, until recently nearly unknown.[1]

Pocahontas had landed at Machot, but would scarcely take any notice of her own people. She complained that "if her father had loved her he would not value her less than old swords, pieces, and axes; wherefore she would still dwell with the Englishmen, who loved her." What this meant was soon seen. Two of her brothers hastened to meet her, — one of them the Nantaquaus, whom Smith described as "the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage," — and expressed the utmost delight at again seeing her. Pocahontas replied by making them an unexpected confidence. She was going to marry one of the Englishmen — a Master John Rolfe; and the affair was communicated to Sir Thomas Dale at the same moment. Rolfe had written a long letter to Sir Thomas, asking his "advice and furtherance," and this was now handed by Raphe Hamor to the Marshal. It produced a magical effect. Sir Thomas saw in the marriage the promise of peace and good-will between the two races, and abandoning his hostile designs returned to Jamestown, taking Pocahontas back with him.

This is the first mention of Rolfe in Virginia. He

[1] The rare old *Present Estate of Virginia till the 18th of June, 1614*, was reprinted at Albany, in fac-simile, in the present century.

was young; "a gentleman of much commendation," according to Raphe Hamor; "honest and discreet," according to Mr. Whitaker; and "of good understanding," according to Sir Thomas Dale. He had been wrecked in the Sea-Venture, and was married at that time, as a daughter was born to him on the islands, and named Bermuda. It is to be inferred that his wife died either there or in Virginia, as we now find the honest and discreet gentleman paying his addresses to Pocahontas. She had impressed his fancy, it seems, soon after her arrival from the Potomac as a prisoner. "*Long before this time*," the date of the York River raid, "a gentleman of approved behavior and honest carriage, Master John Rolfe, had been in love with Pocahontas," and the historian adds, "and she with him." Thus for a whole year the affair had been in progress. The little Indian maid had come weeping to Jamestown, but had soon dried her tears; and when she went to the York with the Marshal she had made up her mind to marry Rolfe.

The only hesitation seems to have been on his part; and his scruples, which were of a religious character, were set forth in full in the letter delivered by Hamor to Sir Thomas. It is a very curious production, and may be found in Hamor's work. Rolfe lays bare his whole heart — "the passions of his troubled soul." What is he to do? he asks Sir Thomas, that man of good conscience and great knowledge in divinity. The Scriptures forbade marrying "strange wives," and Pocahontas belonged to "a generation accursed;" but his love caused "a mighty war in his meditations," and the great question was whether it was not his solemn duty to marry and convert this "unbelieving creature, namely, Pokahuntas."

What most touched and decided him was "her desire to be taught and instructed in the knowledge of God; her capableness of understanding; her aptness and willingness to receive any good impression; and also the spiritual besides her own incitements stirring me up hereunto." Doubtless the latter were the main incentives. Rolfe seems to have conceived a genuine passion for the Indian maid, now eighteen and in the early flower of womanhood; and, no doubt, seeing what all this discourse meant, Sir Thomas Dale at once advised that the marriage should take place.

The ceremony was performed without delay, the Emperor having given his consent. He would not come to Jamestown in person, but sent an uncle and two brothers of Pocahontas to attend in his place. The scene was the church at Jamestown, and the time the month of April (1613). Sir Thomas Dale had assiduously labored to impress the truths of Christianity on the Indian maid, and she had renounced her "idolatry," and been baptized. The name of Rebecca was selected for her, no doubt in allusion to the Rebekah of Genesis, and the verse, "The Lord said unto her, two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels." The "Apostle of Virginia," the good Whitaker, seems to have performed the marriage ceremony, which was, no doubt, attended by the colonists from far and near. The scene must have been picturesque. The church was probably decorated with the first flowers, as Lord Delaware had brought that into fashion, and the bride's dusky relatives mingled with the adventurers.

As Sir Thomas Dale had anticipated, the alliance brought the blessing of peace. The tribe of Chickahom-

inies, the fiercest of all the Indians, sent an embassy to conclude a treaty by which they were to become Englishmen and subjects of the English King, and this union of the two races was consummated in the midst of general rejoicing. John Rolfe and his bride "lived civilly and lovingly" together, we are informed, first at Jamestown, then at Rolfe's plantation, near the City of Henricus. Varina was possibly the birthplace of her child, "which she loved most dearly," says a contemporary writer; and the latter spot continued to be her residence until she left Virginia. The most cordial relations continued to exist between herself and Powhatan. He would not visit her, having apparently made a vow not to put himself in the power of the English; but he sent her messages and presents, which indicated his affection for her. This was also seen from an incident of the time, which affords a last glimpse of the eccentric old ruler in his sylvan court.

Sir Thomas Dale sent an embassy to Powhatan with a singular proposal: to confer upon him the hand of a favorite daughter in marriage. The request was strange indeed, more especially on the part of one with a good conscience and a great knowledge in divinity, since the girl was less than twelve, and Sir Thomas had a Lady Dale in England. Raphe Hamor, the ambassador and a truthful gentleman, is, however, explicit. He was sent to Machot to inform the Emperor that his Brother Dale had heard "the bruit of the exquisite perfection of his youngest daughter, and would gladly make her his *nearest companion, wife, and bedfellow.*" He meant to live for the rest of his life in Virginia, he said, and his object was to conclude with Powhatan a "perpetual friendship."

It is impossible to regard the incident otherwise than as a ruse; and it is a very curious commentary upon the men of that time. The message was delivered on the York to the Emperor, who solaced himself with a pipe, and listened in grave silence, but with manifest impatience. Then he briefly responded: he could not give Brother Dale his daughter; she was "as dear as his own life to him, and he delighted in none so much as in her." Besides, he had sold her to a great werowance for two bushels of roanoke, and she had "already gone with him three days' journey." The ambassador urged Powhatan to annul the marriage, but he refused, and there the strange proposition ended. The Emperor asked particularly after Pocahontas and Rolfe, "his daughter and unknown son, and how they lived, loved, and liked." Informed that they were well, and that Pocahontas was so happy that she never wished to return to her own people, the philosophic old ruler "laughed heartily, and said he was very glad of it;" and Master Raphe Hamor soon afterwards took his departure.

Powhatan's message to his Brother Dale was eminently reasonable, and full of wild-wood dignity. The English already had one of his daughters, he said; when she died they should have another, "but she yet liveth." He wished to remain friends with the white people; he was old, and would "gladly end his days in peace." If the English wronged him, his country was large, and he would remove to a distance from them. None of his own people should annoy them, or in any manner disturb them; and he added the kingly assurance, "I, which have power to perform it, have said it."

Such is the last scene in the old chronicles in which Powhatan appears as one of the *dramatis personæ* of Virginia history.

XVII.

LAST DAYS OF POCAHONTAS AND POWHATAN.

The narrative of the career of Pocahontas in Virginia here ends; but her last years and those of the Emperor, Powhatan, ought to be briefly noticed. These two figures, with a third, the figure of Smith, dominate the early annals. His after life has been spoken of; let us say a few words also of the last days of the two persons with whom he was so closely associated.

About three years after her marriage, Pocahontas accompanied her husband on a visit to England. She arrived in London early in the summer of 1616, and was received with great distinction at court. She was treated as "the daughter of a king," and Stith, one of the oldest of the Virginia historians, says that it was a "constant tradition" in his time that "the King became jealous, and was highly offended at Mr. Rolfe for marrying a princess." The statement seems absurd, but according to the theory of the time the alliance was important. If Virginia descended to Pocahontas, as it might do at Powhatan's death, at her own death the kingdom would be "vested in Mr. Rolfe's posterity." The constant tradition is, therefore, not improbable. It exactly accords with the character of James I., and has the right to exist. It is certain that the arrival of Pocahontas caused a great sensation in London. She was the New World personified in the gracious form of a little beauty of twenty-one. It is true that she was a

brown beauty, and her black hair was too straight for the English taste, but this was not noticed. She suddenly became the fashion. The courtiers called on her, and went away with the declaration that they had seen a great many English ladies who were less attractive in face and manners. The curious eyes of the fine gentlemen and ladies of London noticed the fact that there was no trace of awkwardness or embarrassment in her demeanor. Lady Delaware presented her at court, where she was "graciously used" by the King and Queen. They invited her to be present at the masques, and the Bishop of London, who was delighted at the conversion of the young Indian princess to Christianity, gave an entertainment in her honor, which Purchas, the historian, described as full of splendor. It was a curious contrast to the first years of Pocahontas, in the Virginia woods — this fine life of London, with its rich costumes and brilliant flambeaux, its gilded coaches and high revelry; but it does not seem to have affected in any degree the simplicity of her character.

The proof of this is seen in the details of her last interview with Smith, who was in England at the time of her arrival. The wandering soldier, whom she had known in Virginia, was now a celebrity. He had just returned from France, after his capture off the Azores, had received from the King the appointment of "Admiral of New England," and was a favorite with Prince Charles, afterwards the unfortunate Charles I. He was making preparations to sail for New England when Pocahontas arrived at Gravesend, and her presence in England revived all his old affection for her. He wrote a letter to Queen Anne, warmly recommending her to the royal favor, and declared that he would be guilty of

"the deadly poison of ingratitude" if he omitted any occasion to record her merit. More than once she had preserved his life, first by "hazarding the beating out of her brains to save his," and again by stealing through "the dark night and irksome woods" to warn him of an intended attack. Her services to Virginia had been as great as those to himself; she had been the instrument, under God, to preserve the colony from destruction, and he invoked the royal favor as due to her "great spirit, her desert, birth, want, and simplicity." The letter had the desired result, and attracted attention to Pocahontas; and Smith went to call on her near London.

The interview was brief, but of a very curious nature. Smith approached her with deep respect, addressing her as "Lady Rebecca;" but this seemed to offend her, and, covering her face with her hands, she remained for some time silent. When she spoke, it was to reproach him for his formality.

"You did promise Powhatan," she said, "that what was yours should be his. You called him Father, being in his land a stranger — and fear you here *I* should call *you* Father? I tell you, then, I will; and you shall call *me* child." And she added, "They did tell me always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth."

These latter words have suggested the curious question whether Pocahontas had been designedly deceived, either by Rolfe or his friends, on the subject of Smith's death. Had she conceived for the young soldier a warmer sentiment than simple regard, and had that fact explained her absence from Jamestown after his departure? Her age might seem to contradict the

supposition; but the Indian girls married young, and when Smith left Virginia Pocahontas was fifteen. Of her real feelings we know nothing; but some one had certainly produced the conviction in her mind that Smith was dead. She fully believed it up to the time of her arrival in England; and she had married Rolfe under that belief. The romantic view will commend itself to youthful readers, and may be the truth. As to the sentiment of Smith, there is no reason to suppose that he ever indulged in any romance in relation to the Indian maid. His life at Jamestown was hard and passionate; his days were spent in fighting the factions and defending himself from mutineers, and such a life is not propitious to love dreams.

Pocahontas died suddenly at Gravesend, in March, 1617, just as she was on the point of sailing for Virginia. She made "a religious and godly end," and was buried in the parish church, where her name was registered, after the careless fashion of the time, as "Rebecca Wrothe." The church was afterwards burned, and the exact spot of her grave is unmarked. Only a few additional details are known of this beautiful and romantic character. She bore three names — Pocahontas, Amonate, and Matoax, the last being her "real name." It was rarely uttered, as the Indians believed that a knowledge of the real names of persons gave their enemies power to cast spells upon them. Pocahontas, signifying, it is said, "Bright Stream between two Hills," was her household name, and she was Powhatan's "dearest daughter." Her brother, Nantaquaus, and her sisters, Matachanna and Cleopatre, are mentioned. As she was probably born in 1595, she was only twenty-two when she died — a brief and pathetic

career, which has appealed to the human heart in every generation.

John Rolfe returned to Virginia, where he became a prominent official of the colony; and his son, Thomas Rolfe, was taken to London, where he was brought up by an uncle. When he was a young man he came to Virginia, and as "Lieutenant Rolfe" commanded Fort James, on the Chickahominy. Only one other trace is found of him. When he was about twenty-six (1641), we hear of his petition to the Governor for permission to visit his grand-uncle Opechancanough, and his aunt Cleopatre — denizens still, it would seem, of the woods on York River. He married, before this time or afterwards, a young lady in England, became a gentleman of "note and fortune" in Virginia, and some of the most respectable families in the State are descended from him. One of his descendants was John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was proud of his Indian blood. His manner of walking and the peculiar brightness of his eyes are said to have betrayed his origin, and he once said that he came of a race who never forgot or forgave an injury. He was sixth in descent from Pocahontas through Jane Rolfe, her granddaughter; and it is curious that the blood of Powhatan should thus have mingled with that of his old enemies. Dead for many a day, and asleep in his sepulchre at Orapax, the savage old Emperor still spoke in the voice of his great descendant, the orator of Roanoke.

Powhatan does not again appear upon the stage in Virginia. He had abdicated, some time before, in favor of his brother, Opitchapan, and lived the life of a retired sovereign, going from place to place at his pleasure, still venerated by his people, but taking no part in

public affairs. It was Charles V. in private life, — an ex-emperor awaiting the end. The end soon came. Powhatan was now past seventy, and the death of Pocahontas had been a severe blow to him. He went about from Werowocomoco, to Machot, to Orapax, to Powhatan, lamenting her. It was some comfort that her child was living, and he expressed a deep interest in the boy, but was never to see him. He finally ceased his journeys, and retired to Orapax "in the desert." Here he spent his last days, and died in 1618, — a year further remarkable for the death of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Delaware, — just one year after the death of Pocahontas. He was no doubt buried in the immediate vicinity, for about a mile from Orapax was an arbor in the woods, where he kept his treasures "against the time of his death and burial;" and here, near the present Cold Harbor, his dust probably reposes.

Powhatan was a man of ability, and rises to the height of an important historical personage. He was a warrior and statesman both, and may be described in general terms as a subtle diplomat and a relentless enemy. He butchered one of his tribes, the Pianketanks, who rebelled against him, reducing the women and children to slavery, and hanging the scalps of the warriors on a cord, between two trees, near his royal residence. On other occasions he burned his enemies alive, or beat them to death, and was thus not a model of the Christian virtues. He was simply a type of the Indian race in its strongest and harshest development; cunning and treacherous, but a man of large brain and a certain regal dignity; full of pride, persistent resolve, and a born ruler. He loved his children, and was profoundly respected by his people, who recognized his *jus divinum.*

Throughout his land of Powhatan, with his eight thousand subjects and thirty under-kings, he was absolute master, and controlled all things by unwritten custom and the force of his will. He opposed the English as long as possible; made every effort to overcome them and put them to death, or drive them from the country; and finding it impossible to do so, silently gave up the struggle. At last, old and weary of authority, and mourning his dead daughter, he surrendered the sceptre and the rule, and retired to Orapax to die.

It is a picturesque figure of the old years of Virginia, and takes its place beside the figure of Smith, his persistent adversary. The one was the representative Indian of the American forest; the other, the representative Caucasian of the great age of Elizabeth. Between the two hardy forms thus standing on the threshold of Virginia history, we have a third and more gracious figure, — the Indian girl, whose kind heart and brave spirit belong to no clime or race.

XVIII.

VIRGINIA UNDER A WATCH-DOG AND A HAWK.

THESE personal details relating to Pocahontas and Powhatan have carried us forward in the narrative. Let us now go back to the days of the valiant and religious Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal of Virginia, who, when Gates returned to England, became Governor of the colony.

It is a very singular figure, that of the hardy knight, with his martial instincts and love of divinity harmoniously combined. He was a rude antagonist, but a

devout Christian. He "labored long to ground the faith of Jesus Christ" in Pocahontas, and wrote to a friend in London that all his work in the plantation of Virginia was undertaken "for God's cause and his immortal honor." Such is the curious picture. The character of the Marshal exhibited the sharpest contrasts. He was a stalwart soldier and ruler, a student of divinity, and a man of good conscience; but he was a wily diplomatist also, and not above intrigue. He no doubt meant to practice a trick when he applied to Powhatan to give him his daughter in marriage; and the cruelties inflicted on the conspirators paint the harsher phase of the man. But all these singular contrasts mingled in the High Marshal's character, which was brave and politic, harsh and devout, mildly courteous and pitilessly stern. He carried fire and sword into the land of Powhatan; labored to convert Pocahontas, of whom he wrote, "Were it but for the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toils, and present stay well spent;" established the new colony of Varina; ruled all, high and low; and was now going to give an additional proof of his energy, if not of his good conscience.

The rumor came that the French had intruded on the soil of Virginia. The intrusion was a long way off, it is true, as far away as Nova Scotia; but for the French or any others to settle south of the forty-fifth parallel was an encroachment on the sacred soil. At least, Sir Thomas Dale took that view of the matter, and sent an expedition to expel the intruders. It was commanded by Captain Argall, the energetic adventurer who had captured Pocahontas. He sailed for Acadia in 1613, found the French had made a settlement at

Mount Desert Island, fell suddenly on them when they least suspected the presence of danger, and, pursuing them through the woods, shot down or captured the whole body. At one blow the Mount Desert colony was exterminated. Argall carried away with him about fifteen prisoners; the rest he generously permitted to return to France in a fishing vessel.

It would be a waste of time to comment upon this proceeding. It was simple buccaneering. The French had settled in Acadia as early as the year 1604, and by the charter of 1606 the English claimed in the New World only such territory as was not "actually possessed by any Christian prince or people." Now, as the King of France was a Christian prince, and did actually possess Acadia in the year 1606, Argall's expedition was no more defensible than the expeditions of Morgan or any other marauder of the West Indies. But nice scruples no more controlled men in that age than they control them to-day. The Spaniards and French were enemies, and were to be driven from Virginia soil, which for convenience meant the whole of North America.

Argall raised the English flag, and sailed away in triumph. On his way he found other intruders on Virginia territory: some Dutch, who had presumed to erect a trading settlement at the present site of Albany, in New York. He sailed up the Hudson, summoned the commandant to surrender, and the demand was at once complied with. But the worthy Hollanders had no intention to go away. As soon as Argall's sails disappeared on their way to Virginia, the Dutch flag was raised again, and all went on as before. The intruders even extended their sway southward. Soon afterwards (1614), they founded a second trading settlement on

Manhattan Island, at the mouth of the Hudson, which in due time was to become the great city of New York.

Dale was an excellent Governor. Under his firm administration the colony prospered. He was the author, especially, of a new system, which changed the whole aspect of affairs in Virginia. Up to this time, the old bad practice of bringing all things to "the common store" had continued. Through all the first years the colony had groaned under it. It was a premium for idleness, and just suited the drones, who, "presuming that, however the harvest prospered, the general store must maintain them," promptly decided that it was unnecessary to work themselves, since others would work for them. Thirty or forty industrious people had thus been compelled to support four times their number, and a worse evil still had resulted. Virginia was evil spoken of: "from the slothful and idle drones had sprung the manifold imputations Virginia had innocently undergone." This was now done away with; the working bees were no longer to provide for the drones. The old homeless system was abolished at one blow. Every man was to have his own hearth-stone and his own private tract, — three acres of cleared ground, which he was to cultivate himself, bringing two barrels and a half of corn from it to the public granary. All above this was to be his own, and the result was soon seen. Having an individual interest, the settlers labored honestly, and instead of a deficiency there was a surplus. In the past they had been forced to apply to the Indians in time of need; now the Indians applied in turn, and were supplied.

In 1615 this system was extended further. Dale induced the London Company to grant fifty acres in fee simple to each colonist who would clear and settle them,

and pay a nominal rent to the King yearly "at the feast of St. Michael the Archangel," as the old deeds ran. Any one paying into the treasury the sum of twelve pounds ten shillings should be entitled to one hundred acres, to be located where he pleased. And whoever performed a public service to the Company or the colony was to be rewarded with a grant not to exceed two thousand acres.

Thus began in Virginia the absolute tenure of real estate. It rested on a respectable basis: the men who labored and did the state service were to be the landholders.

When, in 1616, Sir Thomas Dale returned to England, in the same ship with Pocahontas, his strong hand had left its impress on the whole fabric of Virginia society. Order everywhere reigned, and the land was at peace. It contained three hundred and fifty inhabitants,—or, probably, heads of families, — and a chain of settlements extended from Varina to the ocean: Henrico, Bermuda, West and Shirley Hundreds, Jamestown, Kiquotan, and Dale's Gift on the sea-coast, near Cape Charles. There was a college for Indian children at the City of Henricus, where the Rev. William Wickham officiated as minister; and Governor George Yeardley, left in charge of the colony, had a house, and for the most part of the time resided there. At the capital, Jamestown, were fifty settlers, under Captain Francis West, and the Rev. Mr. Bucke, of the Sea-Venture, was the minister.

Thus Virginia was growing and developing. The new Governor, Yeardley, was a man of mild character and respectable ability; and in the year 1616 introduced the cultivation of tobacco, which John Rolfe had experi-

mented with some years before. The Indians smoked it, but were obliged to cultivate it, as it did not grow wild; and finding that it was prized in Europe, the settlers began to plant it. The demand steadily increased with the habit of using it, and a few years afterwards it became the great staple of Virginia.

Suddenly Yeardley's rule, which had been "temperate and just, too mild indeed for many of this colony," ended. He was replaced by a personage whose rule was not going to be temperate or mild — Captain Samuel Argall, of Acadian memory. Argall is one of the most dramatic figures of that dramatic age — wily, energetic, rapacious, a human hawk, peering about in search of some prey to pounce on. He was trader, fisherman, intriguer, and a little of the buccaneer; ever going to and fro in search of something to profit by; ready to capture Indian girls, or burn settlements, or "run" a cargo of slaves. He performed this latter exploit, and was nearly the author of the introduction of slavery into America; for he had sailed to the West Indies, captured a number of negroes from the Spaniards, and they were landed in the Bermudas instead of Virginia, only by accident. Argall's restless spirit had carried him back to England, after the Acadian business. There he had intrigued with the Earl of Warwick, the head of the court party, and the result was that in 1617 he was sent to supersede Yeardley, with the title of Deputy Governor and Admiral of Virginia.

When he took the reins it was seen that the days of "temperate and mild" rule had passed away. He revived martial law, and ruled the colony with a rod of iron. He fixed the percentage of profit on goods and

regulated the price of tobacco, attaching the penalty of three years' "slavery to the colony," or public labor, to violations of his edicts. For teaching the Indians the use of fire-arms, the punishment was death to teacher and pupil. Absence from church was visited with a night's imprisonment and a week's "slavery;" for the second offense, a month of slavery; and for the third, a year and a day. These regulations were severe, but the "unruly" element probably required severity, and Argall was not the man to shrink from it. Unfortunately for his good name, he was grasping and unscrupulous in whatever concerned his own private interests. The case of Brewster, manager of Lord Delaware's Virginia estates, is an example. Argall ordered the laborers on the estate to labor on his own, and when Brewster demurred Argall arrested him for mutiny, tried him by court-martial, and condemned him to death. He barely escaped from the hawk's clutches, and got back to England; but once there, he made such an outcry that the Company lost all patience with Argall. He was superseded, but acted with his usual decision. Before the arrival of the new Governor, he loaded a vessel with the proceeds of his "plunder," and sailed away from the colony. To the last, fortune befriended him. He was knighted by James I., as a reward for his public services — otherwise his close adherence to the court party in the Company. The portrait drawn of him here is that which appears on the face of the record. There is no doubt at all that he was rapacious and despotic, but both Dale and Hamor had a high opinion of him. His ability and energy were unquestionable; and he was perhaps only another example of the singular contrasts presented in the characters of the strong men of that strong age.

George Yeardley came back (April 19, 1619) as Sir George Yeardley, Governor-General of Virginia. His friends must have welcomed his mild and honest face, after the hawk visage of Argall; but he brought with him certain documents which made him thrice welcome in Virginia. When their contents were proclaimed, a thrill ran through the colony, and shouts and cheers must have risen from the Varina settlement all along James River to Dale's Gift on the ocean.

Virginia, thenceforward, was to have *representative government.*

XIX.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ASSEMBLY AND CONSTITUTION.

This wonder was the unconscious work of that bitter enemy of free discussion and popular right, King James I.

When the ship bearing the body of the good Admiral Somers from Bermuda reached England, the crew brought with them a large lump of ambergris, which they had found on the islands, and gave glowing descriptions of their fertility and value. This account excited the Company, and they petitioned the King to include the Bermudas in the territory of Virginia. He did so by a new charter in March, 1612, and this was the remote cause of free government in Virginia. The charter, which was the old one of 1609 remodeled, had far more important provisions than the concession of the right to the Bermudas. Virginia had hitherto been governed by the London Council. The Company met only at long intervals, and thus the Council were the real administrators. Now all was changed. Authority

was given the Company to sit once a week, or as often as they chose, and to hold four "General Courts" in the year for the consideration of affairs. It was a dangerous force which the King had unloosed. A little reflection might have shown him that the times were dangerous; that the royal prerogative and popular right were at issue; and that the creation of a great democratic assembly for free discussion was a perilous step. By the charter the Company had "full powers and authority to make such laws and ordinances for the good and welfare of the said plantation as to them, from time to time, should be thought requisite and meet," always provided that the laws and ordinances were not contrary to "the laws and statutes of this our realm of England."

The occasion was tempting. A great question was then agitating the realm of England: whether the will of the King or the rights of the people were to be the "law." The new world was coming, and its shadow ran before. The great quarterly courts met, and the aspiring spirits of the Company, restive under the old order of things and sworn foes to the absolutist principle, proceeded to open and turbulent discussion of the great issue. The King had raised a storm which he could not control. London rang with the proceedings of this great parliament of Virginia adventurers. The meetings were thronged, and the debates were tumultuous. It was a power within a power, and foretold the Long Parliament. "The Virginia Courts are but a seminary to a seditious parliament," the Spanish ambassador told James; and twenty years afterwards the words were seen to be true.

The result of the struggle was a triumph of the Vir-

ginia party over the court party — of popular right over the prerogative of the King. Virginia thenceforward was to have what was substantially free government. The new Governor, Sir George Yeardley, was to summon a "General Assembly," elected by the inhabitants, every free man voting, which was to make laws for the government of the country. Yeardley arrived in April, 1619, and issued his summons in June; and on July 30, 1619, the first legislative body that ever sat in America assembled at Jamestown.

The event was a portentous one. The old world had passed away, and the new was born. Popular right in America had entered on life and the long struggle to hold its own. It might be strangled in the cradle, or done to death before it reached full manhood, but the blessed fact remained that at least it had been born.

We have the list of the old plantations, towns, and hundreds which sent the Burgesses, or borough representatives. They were James City, Charles City, the City of Henricus, Kiccowtan (*sic*) or Hampton, Martin-Brandon, Smythe's Hundred, Martin's Hundred, Argall's Gift, Lawne's and Ward's Plantations, and Flowerdieu Hundred. As two Burgesses were sent by each, the Assembly consisted of twenty-two members; and the body held their session in the old church at Jamestown until they could provide more suitable quarters. We have a few details relating to the appearance of this first Virginia Assembly. They sat with their hats on, as in the English Commons, the members occupying "the choir," with the Governor and Council in the front seats. The speaker, Master John Pory, with clerk and sergeant, faced them, and the session was opened with prayer by Mr. Bucke, after which the Burgesses took the oath of supremacy.

The proceedings were business-like, the era of talk having not yet arrived. The charter brought by Yeardley was read and referred to a committee, who were to report whether it contained anything "not perfectly squaring with the state of the colony, or any law pressing or binding too hard." This was the matter of prime importance, "because this great charter is to bind us and our heirs forever," the Burgesses said. Certain members, irregularly chosen, were excluded from their seats; then the Assembly passed to regular business. Laws were enacted regulating intercourse with the Indians, on matters of agriculture and on religious affairs. Divine services were to be according to the ritual of the English Church, and all persons were to attend church on Sunday, bringing their arms with them. Every male above sixteen was to pay one pound of the best tobacco to discharge the salaries of the Burgesses; and a number of private bills were promptly passed. One of these was that Captain Powell's "lewd and lecherous servant" should be whipped and nailed to the pillory; and this, with the rest, was to be submitted to the home authorities, who were prayed not to take it in bad part if, meanwhile, the laws "do pass current."

The spirit inspiring the Assembly may be seen from their petition to the Company to grant them authority "to allow or disallow of *their* orders of court, as his Majesty hath given *them* power to allow or disallow *our* laws." This was the great original American claim of right — the authority to govern themselves; and Henry's protest against the Stamp Act, a century and a half afterwards, was simply its repetition.

The Assembly adjourned in August (1619), and the

laws were sent to England, where they were regarded as "judiciously carried, but exceeding intricate." They were in truth similar to all regulations passed in new societies, and dealt with local questions which it was necessary to settle; but under all the petty details was the vital fact that at last the representatives of the people had assembled to declare the popular will. A new power was resolutely asserting itself, and even the savages recognized its existence. Opechancanough, who had become Emperor now, sent his petition to the new authority that some corn taken from his people on the Chesapeake might be paid for. That was the past and present face to face — the age of Powhatan and the modern world confronting each other. The old Emperor had appealed to club-law and flint-pointed arrows. The new Emperor appealed for protection to an "act of Assembly."

Smith went away with a depressed heart in 1609, giving up all as lost, and mourning over his futile attempt to found a new society. But he builded better than he knew. Long mouldering under ground, and fated, it seemed, to rot and perish there, life had still lingered in the grain, and here was the result. All the old adversaries hampering him at every step had disappeared. Powhatan, his most dangerous enemy, was dead. The London Council, which he had so long wrangled with, had yielded up its powers to the Company. Virginia was a fact at last, not the mere dream of an enterprising spirit. At Jamestown, where he had cannonaded the rebels, and fed the starving handful, and lived days and nights of peril and anxiety, a peaceful body of legislators had assembled to make laws for a thriving society. In less than ten years from the autumn of 1609 this marvel had been accomplished.

The meeting of the first Assembly in 1619 was followed in 1621 by the formal grant to the Virginians of free government by written charter: "a constitution after their heart's desire," says Beverley. This was the work of Sir Edwin Sandys, the head of the Virginia party, of whom James I. said, when he was spoken of as treasurer, "Choose the devil if you will, but not Sir Edwin Sandys." Under his leadership the Company persisted in their liberal policy. Yeardley's ill health forced him to decline a new appointment. Sir Francis Wyat, a young gentleman of high character, was sent out as Governor; and when he reached Virginia, in October, 1621, he brought the new charter with him.

This old "Ordinance and Constitution" for a Council of State and General Assembly in Virginia is still preserved. Its tone is large and noble. The intent is "by the divine assistance to settle such a form of government as may be to the greatest benefit and comfort of the people, and whereby all injustice, grievances, and oppression may be prevented and kept off as much as possible from the said colony." The Governor is to have a Council to assist him in the administration. He and the Council, together with Burgesses chosen, two from every town, hundred, and plantation, by the inhabitants, are to constitute a *General Assembly*, who are to meet yearly, and decide all matters coming before them by the greatest number of voices; but the Governor is to have a negative voice. No law of the Assembly is to be or continue in force unless it is ratified by a General Court, and returned to them under the Company's seal. But when the government of the colony is once "well framed and settled accordingly

. . . no orders of court afterwards *shall bind the said colony unless they be ratified in like manner in the General Assemblies.*"

This paper bore date July 24, 1621, and is the first charter of free government in America.

XX.

THE MAIDS AND FIRST SLAVES.

About the moment when Virginia thus secured the immense boon of virtual free government, slavery came. This ominous event was preceded by another, which created a great social change — the arrival of a ship's cargo of "maids" to become wives of the colonists. Let us notice, in the first place, the more agreeable incident of the two.

The "maids," as the chronicle styles them, came at the instigation of Sir Edwin Sandys. This wise statesman, now at the head of the Company, devised the plan of sending out a number of respectable young women to marry the Virginia adventurers. He had shown his warm interest in the colony in many ways. What it wanted was immigration, and he took energetic steps to supply it. In one year he sent out twelve hundred and sixty-one new settlers, to whom King James I. added a hundred convicted felons. The Virginia party in the Company protested against this outrage, and the Virginians were bitterly indignant when they found that this poisonous element was to be infused into their society even as servants. But the King persisted, and the felons came. And now with the increasing immigration came a more urgent demand than ever that social order

in the colony should be established on a firm basis. A great change had taken place. In the early years the voyagers to far-off Virginia had been simply "adventurers" — men adventuring to seek their fortunes, but with no intention of settling and passing the remainder of their lives in the new land. They looked upon the country as a place in which they would make no long tarrying, and neither brought their families with them nor established their homes there. They hoped to return in a few years, with improved fortunes, to England; but this was not the spirit that founds new commonwealths. Sandys clearly saw that unless Virginia was looked upon as *home* the enterprise would miscarry, and the best means of making it such was plain to him. What the Virginians required as a stimulus to exertion was to have wives and children depending upon them. With these they would perform honest labor cheerfully, and not look back toward England when the hand was on the plow. Wife and child would make the home in the new land what home had been in the old.

The result was that ninety young women were sent out by Sandys as wives for the settlers — persons of unexceptionable character, who had volunteered for the purpose. A singular feature of the arrangement was that their husbands were to purchase them. The expenditure of the Company in sending them was considerable, and it was required that those who selected them, or were selected by them, should repay the cost of their outfit and passage. This was fixed at one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco — about eighty dollars. On payment of that amount the settler was entitled to a wife.

The whole scheme, which is apt to strike the reader

of to-day as somewhat comic, was entered into by Sandys and his associates in the most earnest spirit. In their regulations for the government of the colony, the Company made strong distinctions in favor of married men. To prevent all objection, the purity of the feminine supply was jealously guarded, and two of the number who transgressed were sent back to England. Every safeguard was thrown around them to make them happy in their new homes. It was ordered: "In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be supplied with husbands. . . . We desire that the marriage be free, according to nature, and we would not have these maids deceived and married to servants, but only such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them, . . . not enforcing them to marry against their wills."

These orders went in the ship with the maids, and seem to have been strictly obeyed. The scheme succeeded to a marvel: there was no difficulty at all in the way of being "presently married." On the arrival of the ship the settlers flocked to Jamestown, and the curious spectacle was presented of suitors going about in the crowd of maids, and selecting or being selected by their future wives. The arrangement seems to have caused no embarrassment, and the odd wooing was soon ended. Offers were made and matches agreed to without loss of time. The men paid for their partners, and were married to them at once; and the happiest results followed. "These new companions were received with such fondness" that they wrote to England, and induced sixty other maids, "young, handsome and chaste," to come out to Virginia for the same purpose.

Soon the wise device of Sir Edwin Sandys bore its fruit. The careless adventurers became "provident fathers of families, solicitous about the prosperity of a country which they now considered as their own." The colony, under the effect of these virtuous home ties, grew to be a settled and well-ordered society; immigration increased; new land patents were constantly applied for; and in three years no less than three thousand five hundred persons went from England to cast their lot in Virginia.

And now, at the very time when Sir Edwin was executing his original project of infusing fresh and lusty blood into the depleted colony, blood of another sort was coming, and coming to stay. Up to this period the only servitude known in Virginia was that of "indented servants." This servitude was temporary and conditional, even in the case of felons like those sent to Virginia by James I. Sometimes the servant entered into the arrangement himself. He was not a slave, but a debtor bound to serve for a term of years, to repay the cost of bringing him to Virginia. But a class of persons in England, nicknamed "spirits," beat up recruits, sold them off to the colonies, and they were transferred there to new masters at a large advance. This was protested against, but the system went on. Prisoners taken at the battles of Dunbar and Worcester were also sent as servants to New England and Virginia, and as late as 1685 men condemned as adherents of Monmouth were disposed of in the same manner. The system was soon regulated by law. The labor of the indented servant was due to his master for the term of the indenture; if cruelly treated he had his recourse to the "Commissioner," or Justice of the

Peace. He could not marry without his master's permission on penalty of a year's additional service. Harboring runaways was a misdemeanor, and the runaway was to serve double the time lost. If he offended a second time he "passed under the statute of incorrigible rogues," and was branded. This brand was the letter R, signifying *Runaway*, burned into his cheek. If he went to the Indians with fire-arms, and left them, he was to suffer death.

This is sufficient to define the social status of the indented servants. They were similar to the "redemptioners" of the banks of the Hudson in the next generation — persons "brought over free, not being able to pay their passage money, and sold to the landed proprietors for a certain number of years." At the end of their terms of service, both the indented servants of the Virginia planter and the redemptioners of the New York patroon became free citizens.

Now (August, 1619), a portentous personage appeared on the soil of North America — the African slave.[1] A Dutch ship sailed up James River, and offered for sale to the planters twenty negroes as slaves. There was to be no trouble about an indenture, or any limitation of the term of service. The negroes were captives, and their owners sold them to repay themselves for their trouble and expense. There seems to have been no difference of opinion as to their right to do so. The negroes were probably regarded as substantially the

[1] The year of the arrival of the first slaves is sometimes stated to have been 1620. The correct date is here given. Rolfe, then at Jamestown, says: "To begin with, *this year*, 1619, *about the last of August*, came in a Dutch man-of-war that sold us twenty negars." The first Assembly had met in July. Thus free government and African slavery were introduced into America nearly at the same moment.

same as indented servants, with the important exception that the servitude was to last during their lives. The planters readily purchased them to cultivate tobacco; they were scattered among the plantations; and from this small nucleus widened, year by year, the great African shadow, out of which were to issue the lightning and thunder of the future.

XXI.

THE MASSACRE.

With the opening of the year 1622 Virginia seemed to be on the highroad to prosperity. There were more than four thousand people in it. The old huddle of huts at Jamestown had streamed away into new settlements everywhere. Along the banks of James River, from a point just below the falls down to Chesapeake Bay, were numerous "plantations," the residences of little groups of settlers, varying from a few families to a hundred persons; and adventurous people had penetrated the country and established "forts" toward the Potomac. The fields smiled with plenty; there was no trace now of the old starving era. Tobacco had suddenly become a great source of revenue, and was assiduously cultivated. Glass and other works were in process of erection. An Indian college had been founded at the City of Henricus. Virginia had representative government, and law and order reigned. To human eyes the foundation of a thriving state had been firmly laid.

Suddenly the one leader among the Indians who seemed to have inherited the brains and courage of

Powhatan struck a heavy blow at all this prosperity. And it was struck at a moment when there was a feeling of profound security everywhere. The Indians were no longer feared, and a lasting peace between the two races seemed to have followed the old turmoil. The red men went in and out of the houses. The whites visited them at their scattered villages, and traded with them for the proceeds of their hunting. They were supplied with fire-arms, and had become excellent shots; Sir George Yeardley had an Indian servant to shoot game for him. In the eyes of the Virginians, these red people were a conquered race — an inferior people, who had at last accepted their fate with resignation, and from whom nothing more was to be feared, since events had decided to whom Virginia belonged.

From this dream they now had a rude waking. Powhatan had died in 1618, and had been succeeded by his brother, Opitchapan, an old and inert man, who was quickly deposed by Opechancanough. The Indian tradition in the time of Beverley was that Opechancanough was not Powhatan's brother, nor a Virginian at all, but a mysterious stranger from Mexico or some southwestern country. But he became the Virginia ruler, and, as soon as he found himself in authority, formed a plot for the extermination of the English. It was laid with great secrecy and skill. The essential point was to wait, and lull the colonists to a sense of security; and this was thoroughly effected. For four years Opechancanough was maturing his scheme, and bringing tribe after tribe into it; and during this time no one of the many Indians acquainted with it betrayed him. He himself acted his part of friend of the English with the

utmost skill. When Argall came he visited Jamestown, and accepted the presents made him with effusion. When Yeardley invaded the Chickahominy tribe, Opechancanough appeared as a peacemaker. This went on until the early spring of 1622, by which time his plans were all matured and he was ready to strike.

A pretext was suddenly afforded him for making the attack. An Indian named Nemattanow, called "Jack o' the Feather" by the English, murdered one of the settlers, and was killed in turn. Opechancanough inflamed his people by representing the death of this Indian as a wanton outrage, and the day of the massacre was fixed upon. To the last moment there was not a cloud to foretell the coming storm. When, about the middle of March, one of the English visited Opechancanough, he sent word to Governor Wyat that he held so firmly to peace that "the sky should fall before he broke it." Some English lost in the woods were furnished with Indian guides. Some of the settlers who had lived with them were allowed to return; and on the very morning of the outbreak the Indians came to the various plantations with presents of game, and breakfasted with the English in the friendliest manner.

The blow fell everywhere at the same hour of the same day, over an extent of one hundred and forty miles. Berkeley's Plantation, at the present "Amphill," a few miles below Richmond, was attacked at the same instant with Southampton Hundred on the Bay. There was no means of resisting in the furthest settlements, and the central authority at Jamestown had only been warned at the last moment. A converted Indian, living with one of the colonists, had revealed the plot on

the night before its execution, and his master hurried to Jamestown with the intelligence. This saved many lives, but there was no time to warn the settlers in remote places. The result was a wholesale butchery.

The Indians savagely attacked them when they least expected it, and no more spared the women and children than the men. Of twenty-four persons at Falling Creek, near Richmond, only a boy and girl escaped. In the upper plantations toward the Falls, including the Henrico settlements, more than eighty were put to death. At Berkeley, afterwards the seat of the Harrison family, they killed the pious George Thorpe, one of the most prominent men of the colony, who had been their warm friend, and had built Opechancanough "a fair house, after the English fashion." He had been warned by his servant, but would not believe there was real danger, and was killed, and his "dead corpse" hacked in a manner "unfitting to be heard with civil ears." At Appomattox, Flower de Hundred, Macocks, Wyanoke, Westover, Powell's-Brooke, Martin's-Brandon, everywhere, the Indian guns, clubs, and tomahawks did their bloody work. Captain Powell, one of Smith's old soldiers, was slain, with his whole family, and his head was cut off. Nathaniel Causie, another of the old first settlers, escaped by dashing out the brains of an Indian who attacked him. Near Warrasqueake, Captain Ralph Hamor, apparently the author of the "True Discourse of Virginia," defended his home and succeeded in beating off the assailants; as did Daniel Gookin, on the eastern shore. Toward the Bay the colonists fought with desperation in the midst of their burning homes, but large numbers were killed. At Martin's Hundred, seventy-three people were butchered. Before sunset

three hundred and forty-seven persons were slain, including six members of the Governor's Council. It was a terrible blow. From the Falls to the Bay, many of the plantations were entirely destroyed, and there was mourning over husband, or wife, or child, or brother, in almost every house.

Bitter rage succeeded, and a fixed resolve to exterminate these wild beasts. The colonists rose in mass, full-armed, and thirsting for blood. They have been denounced for inhumanity for what followed; but the historians, composing their histories in comfortable studies, in the midst of law and order, have failed to do what it seems they ought to have done — put themselves in the place of those early Virginians. They had merciless adversaries. Opechancanough had spared nobody. He had even before the massacre, according to a contemporary writer, "practiced with a King on the Eastern Shore to furnish him with a kind of poison to poison us." He had preferred the bludgeon; and poison and bludgeons were weapons that it was necessary to meet with something stronger than rose-water. An indiscriminate butchery of the Indians followed. They were hunted down in all quarters, as far as the Potomac; and at harvest, by an act of treachery, they were thrown off their guard, and a massacre took place similar to the massacre of the white people in the spring.

When intelligence reached England of the bloody "Indian Massacre," it caused a great sensation, and a spasmodic effort was made to supply the Virginians with arms. It came to nothing, and a proposition made by Smith to the Company, to go out and completely subject the tribes, was not acted upon. His plan was the device of a soldier: to contract the settlements for

the time into the peninsula between the James and York, with the Chickahominy for the western frontier; establish forts on the outposts toward the Rappahannock and Potomac; and patrol the country with flying detachments, to discover and break up further plots. But the colonists were strong enough of themselves. Having recovered from the effect of the blow, they acted with vigor, and the armed parties harrying the woods completely paralyzed any further efforts which the Indians could make.

It was a harsh and bloody business, as such affairs always are, and it was not to be the last. When nearly a hundred years old, and so weak that he was obliged to be carried in a litter, the old ruler Opechancanough was going to strike again.

XXII.

THE FALL OF THE COMPANY.

One other notable event will conclude the history of the Plantation period. While these bloody scenes were in progress in Virginia, a great turmoil was going on in London.

At last the King and Company were at dagger's draw. The antagonism between them was radical, and not to be healed by any compromise. Under the old chaos of commissions and conferences and disputes of every description, we can see one plain fact — that the growing spirit of popular freedom and the *jus divinum* of the past were at deadly issue. The London Company was worse than the House of Commons. At their great quarterly "courts," the hall resounded with bold discussions, and the demand for free inquiry in all direc-

tions. The Court party, headed by the Earl of Warwick and representing the King, were in close grapple with the Country party, headed by the Earl of Southampton and representing the opposition — that is, Virginia. This last had recently triumphed, and the Plantation of Virginia had representative government in consequence of the fact. But this triumph was short-lived. James I. was not a man of ability, but he was opinionated and obstinate. Soon the struggle began again, and this time it was to end in the manner in which all struggles between kings and people generally ended at that time.

James was looking for a pretext to crush the Company, when it was suddenly supplied. A certain captain, Nathaniel Butler, a second edition of Argall, had been Governor of Bermuda, visited Virginia in the winter of 1622, and on his return to England published "The Unmasked Face of our Colony in Virginia," a bitter libel on the country. At this the Court party caught with avidity. They appeared before the King, and arraigned the Company for gross maladministration of Virginia affairs. The representatives of the Virginia or Country party defended the Company, and the interview was a stormy one; but James had already made up his mind. He ordered the records of the Company to be seized, appointed a commission to examine them, and arrested and imprisoned the Deputy Treasurer, Nicholas Ferrar.[1]

[1] This was the excellent man who, after distinguishing himself in the House of Commons, retired to Huntingdonshire, and, "in obedience to a religious fancy which he had long entertained," established there, at Little Gidding, the singular monastic retreat of which so much has been written. In his house eighty persons, sworn to a life of celibacy, passed their time in religious duties, acts of charity, and a constant repetition, day and night, of the English Liturgy, by the light of candles which were never suffered to go out.

This occurred in the spring of 1623, and in the autumn of that year the King sent out a commission to Virginia to collect evidence against the Company. One of these was the Master John Pory, who had been Speaker of the first Virginia Assembly, a roving Bohemian, good-natured, but much too fond of drink, who had traveled in Virginia, and written an account of an interview with "the laughing King of Accomac," on the Eastern Shore. He and his fellow commissioners duly arrived at Jamestown, and demanded that the Assembly should declare their approval of the intended revocation of the Company's charter. The Assembly refused to do so, and denied the authority of the commissioners. When they demanded access to the records, the Assembly would not consent to it, and when Pory bribed the clerk to furnish him with copies the Burgesses condemned the clerk to the pillory, with the loss of his ears, one of which was cut off. Then they entered their formal protest against what they saw all this meant. They sent a member of the Council to the Privy Council in England, to pray that in Virginia "*the Governors may not have absolute power; that they might still retain the liberty of popular assemblies*, than which nothing could more conduce to the public satisfaction and public utility," — the protest which, from that time forward, the Virginia Burgesses continued to make against every successive invasion of their rights.

The King's commissioners gained nothing. They could only go back to England and report that the colony was badly managed, and that all the ills of Virginia sprung from popular government there. It was a general but sufficient report, since it pleased the King and his party. It was not of much importance, however; he

had already struck at the Company. He had suddenly issued a writ of *quo warranto* against them, and suppressed the meetings of the great courts. The writ was tried in the King's Bench, at Trinity term, 1624; decided by the King's judges, as all the world foresaw it would be, in favor of the King; and the London Company fell.

It was a heavy fall for the great party in England representing popular rights. In all London there had been no doubt at all what the issue meant. Royal prerogative and liberal ideas were in direct conflict; the decision of the judges was to decide which should rule in England, and the judges declared that the royal prerogative should rule. It was only twenty-five years afterwards, when the head of Charles I. went to the block, that the Royalists in the halls of the London Company in the year 1624 found what harvest had sprung up from the seed thus sown.

It was a very great corporation which thus fell, and was destroyed at one blow. Its stockholders were about a thousand in number, and embraced fifty noblemen, several hundred knights, and countless gentlemen, merchants, and citizens of the highest rank — the very flower of the kingdom. They had spent one hundred and fifty thousand pounds on Virginia, sent nine thousand colonists thither, and granted the colony free government. Thus America owes them a great debt; but the fact ought not to blind us to the further fact that, in the nature of things, their time had come. A stock-company could not continue to rule a continent three thousand miles off. If we imagine such a company in London ruling the United States of to-day, passing laws for its government, and issuing regulations for the con-

duct of the most intimate affairs in America, we shall have an idea of the anomaly which such a state of things began to present in 1624. The Company, with such men as Edwin Sandys and Southampton at the head of it, no doubt realized that it was an anomaly, and hastened to provide for coming trouble by the gift of the Assembly to Virginia. With that very great gift, which drew upon its head the mortal displeasure of the King, its career ended, and ended nobly.

The career of James was suddenly to end, too; he and the Company were to go together. He set about composing, with his own pen, a new code of laws for Virginia, but, in the midst of his work, death stopped him. He died in March, 1625, and Charles I. became King of England.

XXIII.

THE FIRST VIRGINIA AUTHORS.

THE books written by Virginians during the period of the Plantation demand notice. The literature of a country is a part of its history, since the printed thought moulds opinion; and these writings by the early adventurers have an importance of their own. They are the sole authorities for the first years of American history. What is not found in them remains unknown. Until the coming of the New England Pilgrims there is no American historic writing but that by Englishmen living in Virginia.

The writers are properly classed as Virginia authors, since the character of a book does not depend on the writer's birthplace. It depends much more on his environment. The men of the seventeenth century who

set out in search of adventures had a new experience as they came into the great Chesapeake Bay from the ocean. Right and left were wooded capes, thrusting their low cut-waters into the crawling foam; beyond was the "Mother of Waters," a sea of itself, and the mouths of great rivers descending from blue mountains; and going up the largest of these streams, between the tree-fringed shores, the new-comers saw at last the little group of reed-thatched huts called Jamestown.

Virginia was a new land, and, coming to live in it, the English adventurer was forced to adapt himself to new conditions, which shaped the development of all his faculties. Every object fertilized and planted new ideas in his mind. He was face to face with nature in her freshest loveliness; with pathless woods, broad rivers, and long lines of blue mountains; with sunsets burning with a richer splendor than the sunsets of England, and storms of thunder and lightning such as were "seldom either seen or heard in Europe." He was face to face with peril, too. This group of cabins on the banks of James River was the advance guard of civilization — a sentinel posted on the look-out. It would not do for the little band of English to relax their vigilance. Human wolves were lurking around them, ready to spring upon them at any moment, and life was a hard struggle with disease and famine.

In the midst of such surroundings the characters of the adventurers grew robust and earnest, and their traits are reflected in their writings. They are such as might have been expected: rude and forcible compositions, without the polish and nice finish which are the results of a ripe civilization, but full of passion and a brusque vigor. The involved sentences often stumble, but the

thought is there, and not to be mistaken. The sharp phrases cling to the memory; for the writers have had no time to round their periods and dilute their meaning. Earnest men are seen scratching the quick pages in the huts at Jamestown. Their swords are lying beside them, and what they write is to go in the ships which will sail to-morrow for England. They must hurry and fold the sheets. They will be fortunate if the Indian war-whoop does not burst in suddenly, and terminate their literary occupations.

At the head of these vigorous writers stood John Smith. He was the author of the first books which gave Englishmen an idea of Virginia, and collected the detached narratives of his companions in the "General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," covering the whole history of the colony to 1624. His works, with the dates of publication, were:

I. A True Relation of Virginia. 1608.

II. A Map of Virginia with a Description of the Country, Commodities, People, Government, Religion, etc. 1612.

III. New England's Trials. 1620.

IV. The General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles. 1624.

V. An Accidence or the Pathway to Experience necessary to all Young Seamen. 1625. A Sea Grammar. 1627.

VI. The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith in Europe, Asia, Afric, and America. 1630.

VII. Advertisements for the Inexperienced Planters of New England or Anywhere. 1631.

At the time of his death he was engaged on his "History of the Sea."

Smith's writings bear the impress of a man of large nature, and have the tone of the actor rather than the student. The soldier-author expresses his meaning in the directest manner, with a rugged force often, sometimes with humor, always honestly and without mincing his phrases. Many passages of his works are characterized by a noble and lofty eloquence, like his description of the causes of the rise and fall of the ancient monarchies, which he holds up as an example and warning to his contemporaries. But his books are nearly all narrative, except his "Sea Grammar" and the description of Virginia, and reflect the character of the writer, especially in the prefaces and dedications. More than once he explains why he has taken up his "rough pen," and apologizes for his "poor ragged lines." Sir Robert Cotton and many others had requested him to write an account of his "fatal tragedies," which the playwrights had "racked at their pleasure." So he wrote "for the satisfaction of his friends and of all generous and well disposed readers," and meant to give his old comrades their just dues. "I cannot leave them unburied in the fields," he says, "whose lives begot me the title of a soldier; for as they were companions with me in my dangers, so shall they be partakers with me in this Tombe." Elsewhere he writes: "I have deeply hazarded myself in doing and suffering, and why should I stick to hazard my reputation in recording? . . . Let emulation and envy cease; I ever intended my actions should be upright."

The works of Smith, original and compiled, occupy a prominent place in the literature of his time. They were used by the historian Purchas and others as the basis of their own narratives, and are the most impor

tant authorities on the early history of America. The first accounts, both of Virginia and New England, are contained in the "General History;" and Smith's name as ruler and writer is inseparably connected with the first years of the country.

One of the earliest of the old relations is "A Discourse of the Plantation of the Southern Colony in Virginia," by George Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, and one of the original adventurers. His work is a fragment, but is interesting for its striking description of the sufferings of the colonists in 1607. The writings collected by Smith in the "General History" refer to the same time. The authors were rough soldiers, for the most part, and write vigorously. They have strong loves and hates; praise warmly or denounce bitterly; and having seen what they relate, they describe it vividly. Hence the value of their narratives, which are history in its original essence, and remain the chief original authorities for the events of the settlement.

These first annalists are succeeded by William Strachey, author of a "History of Travel in Virginia Britannia" and "A True Repertory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates." Strachey was a pious man, and takes for his motto, "This shall be written for the generations to come, and the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord." The "History of Travel" was dedicated to Sir Allen Apsley, the father of Lady Hutchinson, and induced him, it is said, to advise the Pilgrim emigration to America. The "True Repertory" suggested "The Tempest," which entitles it to a place in literary history, and is remarkable for the force, almost the magnificence, of its picture of the storm which wrecked the Sea-Venture.

Among the earliest and most interesting works written in the colony was Raphe Hamor's "True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia." This reaches to the summer of 1614, and contains an account of affairs in the colony, and of the expedition of Sir Thomas Dale to restore Pocahontas. Hamor, like Strachey, was wrecked in the Sea-Venture, and came to Virginia in 1610, where he became secretary of the Council. He was "for five years a personal workman there," and writes: "I know no one country yielding without art or industry so many fruits — sure I am, England doth not." Many of his descriptions are enthusiastic. He is struck by "the great fields and woods abounding in strawberries, much fairer and more sweet than ours; maricocks of the fashion of a lemon, whose blossom may admit comparison with our most delightsome and beautiful flowers;" and on the subject of converting the Indians, he breaks forth with, "When these poor heathen shall be brought to entertain the honor of the name and glory of the Gospel of our blessed Saviour they shall cry with the rapture of so inexplicable mercy 'Blessed be the King and Prince of England, and blessed be the English nation and blessed forever be the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth, that sent these English as angels to bring such glad tidings amongst us!'" It was rather a flight of fancy to imagine the poor heathen bursting forth in that manner. At the time the English angels were destroying angels, pursuing them with fire and sword, burning their towns and fishing-wears, and putting them to death.

Some good men, however, had the better aim in view; and while Dale and Argall were sailing to and

fro, doing the hard work of rulers in the new country, a quiet student in the "Rock Hall" parsonage, at the City of Henricus, was writing "Good News from Virginia," — an appeal for the conversion of the Indians, which appeared in London in 1613. The author was that worthy "Apostle of Virginia," Alexander Whitaker, who had left a good estate ("his warm nest") and a quiet parish in England, to come out and do his life-work in Virginia, where work was most needed. We have caught a glimpse of him "exercising" on Saturday nights at Sir Thomas Dale's house, preaching and teaching the catechism on Sunday in the church; and we read his words now, "I will abide in my vocation until I be lawfully called from hence." Three years afterwards he was called. He was drowned in James River; and his title of "Apostle" and this "Good News from Virginia," with its earnest cry: "Awake, you true-hearted Englishmen! remember that the plantation is God's, and the reward your country's," are his epitaph.

Finally, there came to Virginia with Governor Wyat in 1621, George Sandys, brother of Sir Edwin, who translated Ovid's "Metamorphoses," on the banks of James River. Dryden calls him "the best versifier of the former age," and his friend Drayton, when he sailed from England, sent this salute and farewell after him:

> "And worthy George, by industry and use
> Let 's see what lines Virginia will produce,
> Entice the muses thither to repair,
> Entreat them gently; train them to that air:
> For they from hence may thither hap to fly."

This prophecy that Virginia might one day shine in poesy, had at least a beginning of fulfillment. George Sandys enticed his muse to the virgin land, but it was a

bad time for poetic dreams. The very year after his arrival came the Indian massacre. The poet, lost in a dream of Ovid and the fine shapes of Greece, was startled by savage yells. He tells of the interruption, and the conditions under which he wrote. His book was "limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose — sprung from the stock of the ancient Romans but bred in the new world — having wars and tumults to bring it to light instead of the muses." Nevertheless it was brought to light, taken to England and printed there, and admired by the greatest poets of the time. Sandys also translated a part of the Æneid, and wrote "A Paraphrase of the Psalms of David," which Charles I. "delighted to read in, while prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle." He was treasurer of the colony; introduced *the first water-mill into America;* and his portrait is attractive. He was "an accomplished gentleman, with sable silvered hair, eyes mild and intelligent," and in his "slashed doublet and lace collar, was a combination of the scholar, the courtier, and the soldier." Thus the rude first years with their rude soldier-authors writing prose relations had flowered into an Augustan era of lace collars and poesy.

This glance at some of the works written in Virginia during the Plantation period will convey a general idea of their character. It is impossible to speak of them in more detail in this place, and only a careful examination will indicate their merit. They possess not only a special value as the original authorities for the earliest American history, but a virile and sinewy force, which entitles them to rank with the best English literature produced during the seventeenth century.

XXIV.

OUTLINE OF VIRGINIA UNDER JAMES I.

BEFORE passing from the period of the Plantation to that of the Colony, let us see what Virginia was like at the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century. It is only by going away from the world of the present into the world of the past, that we are able to understand the past, to live again in its scenes, and learn any lesson which it has to teach us. Mere statements of historical events in the annals of a people are of secondary value. What we wish is to have a picture of the men themselves; of their daily lives, their occupations, their peculiar views, and all that makes them a distinct study. Any other theory of history is commonplace and conventional.

Let us attempt then to catch a glimpse of this old land and people, — of Virginia and the Virginians at the death of James I. Only a silhouette is possible here; but the outline will be accurate, and based on ample authority.[1] If we take the chronicles for guide-books, and descend James River from near the present city of Richmond to Chesapeake Bay, we shall see, as we float on the broad current, nearly the whole of what was then Virginia pass before us.

This up-country is the frontier. Around the "Falls" on the seven hills, where the capital of Virginia is going to be built in time, adventurous settlers have erected

[1] The details in this chapter are derived from the inestimable volumes of Hening, and the old cotemporary publications which present many indications of the life of the time.

their cabins, encircled with stockades as a defense against Indians. Below, are the plains of what will be Chesterfield, clothed with forest; in front verdurous islands dipping their foliage in the foam of the falls; behind toward the mountains is the Monacan country, that is the unknown. As we float down James River, which is the great artery of the colony, we see first the range of hills on the left bank, once the site of the Emperor Powhatan's summer court, and then of "Nonsuch," the settlement begun by Smith. Here, about fifteen thousand acres are laid out as public land for the use of the "University of Henrico;" but as yet there are few tenants. Passing "Powhatan" or Nonsuch, on its hill, we see yonder on the right bank the settlement of Falling Creek, or rather the blackened brands of the burnt buildings, for the Indians recently destroyed it. Master Berkeley was erecting a furnace here to smelt iron and lead, before the massacre; but he is dead now, and the exact locality of his valuable lead-mine is a secret which has died with him. More than a hundred years hence, an enterprising Virginian, Colonel Byrd of Westover, will be curious about this mine; will bribe a vagrant Indian to secretly drop his tomahawk on the spot, which the Indian declares he can point out; but the tomahawk is not dropped, or drops in the wrong place, and the lead-mine will not be found then, or afterwards.

Passing this old locality, to become the site of "Ampthill," the residence of Archibald Cary, who will threaten to stab Patrick Henry, we glide on by the present Drury's Bluff, which is going to jar one day with the thunder of cannon, and come to the "Corkscrew" and the "Dutch Gap." Here is the City of

Henricus. It has not suffered much from the massacre of 1622; the place was too strong. Without, in "the main," is a palisade two miles in length, reaching from river to river, dotted here and there with the stockade forts of the "commanders;" and across the narrow neck is another palisade still stronger. On the plateau within the peninsula is the city with its three streets, its Indian college, its church, and Dale's old residence rising above the rest. If we follow the winding current, we shall see pass before us Coxendale and Hope-in-Faith; forts Charity, Elizabeth, Patience, and Mount Malado; and Rock Hall, the parsonage of the good Apostle of Virginia, drowned some years since in the James. Here he and the martial Dale talked of converting Pocahontas, catechised the Indian children, and Pocahontas herself came often, no doubt, when she lived in the neighborhood. All are dead now but the High Marshal, who has gone away to England; and we pass on, catching sight of the third settlement at Bermuda, of Flower de Hundred, Wyanoke, Westover, and all the old plantations which keep the same names to-day, nearly three centuries afterwards.

When we look at these old localities in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, they are rude settlements nearly encircled by forest. The houses are primitive, and sentinels are posted, according to law, to watch against an Indian attack. The stalwart planters go to and fro on horseback, looking at their grain and tobacco fields; stopping to exchange words with some vagrant Indian, who has ventured into the settlements; or to give directions to the uncouth laborers with black faces purchased from the Dutch ship at Jamestown. For the African has arrived, and three races are now

on the soil of Virginia: the whites, to remain the dominant race; the blacks, to increase in numbers and enter into politics after a while; the red-faces to fade away toward the sunset, until the Pacific stops them, which will not be for a long time.

Here is the homestead of the planter, on the bank of the river. Let us land and look at the place and its master. It is a house built of wood, protected by a palisade, and the windows have stout shutters, — the palisade is prescribed by law. The interior is ample and conveniently furnished, but Virginia has supplied little. The furniture, the table-service, the books, and almost every article have been imported from England. The books are not paper-bound novels, but ponderous folios or stout duodecimos encased in embossed leather. There is "Purchas his Pilgrimmes" and the "General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," which have recently appeared in London. Less pretending works are lying near the larger: Master Hamor's "True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia," and Master Strachey's "True Repertory" of the wreck of the Sea-Venture, which is said to have furnished material to Master William Shakespeare for his fine drama of "The Tempest." This excellent playwriter is now dead, but yonder is the folio containing his dramas, collected by his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, and brought over in the last ship. This Shakespeare was only a writer of plays, but his plays are entertaining, and will probably remain popular for years to come. The Virginia planters are fond of the drama, and Master Jordan, at Jordan's Point, has named his house "Beggar's Bush," after the play by Fletcher.

Here is the smiling lady of the manor in a huge ruff, with high-heeled shoes and a short skirt, coming to welcome us; and behind her is her spouse, the hearty planter himself. He is a commander, and head of a hundred, so he wears "gold on his clothes" as the law entitles him to do (1621), — others are forbidden that. His official duties are responsible ones. They are to "see that all such orders as heretofore have been, or hereafter shall be given by the Governor and Council, be duly executed and obeyed" in the hundred which he commands (1624). He is also a "commissioner," or justice of the peace, to determine all controversies under the value of one hundred pounds of tobacco. Thus the worthy who advances to meet us is military commander and civil magistrate, executive and judge of the little community: a royalist in sentiment, as everybody is, a Church of England man, and hearty hater of things papistical and of dissent.

He meets us with friendly smiles, and offers us the best he has: beef, bacon, a brown loaf, Indian corn-cakes, strong ale and strong waters — there is no tea or coffee as yet. A pipe of tobacco is also presented, and you are requested to *drink* it, which is the phrase of the time. Sir Walter Raleigh, you are informed, drank a pipe before his execution. This Indian weed is a great solace. The proper manner of preparing and using it is to cut it upon a maple log, to keep it in a "lily pot," which is a jar of white earth, and to light the pipe with a splinter of juniper, or, if you prefer, with a coal of fire in a pair of silver tongs, which are made for the purpose. The weed has had its enemies. In his "Counter-blast to Tobacco" (1616), which is lying yonder, his majesty King James I. writes: "Is it not

the greatest sin of all that you should disable yourself to this shameful imbecility, that you are not able to ride or walk the journey of a Jew's Sabbath, but you must have a reeky coal brought you from the next pot-house, to kindle your tobacco with!" But kings are not infallible, and the *jus divinum* gives no laws to taste. A thousand pounds of the imbecility-producing weed are consumed in England every day now, and in one year (1619) Virginia sent over twenty thousand pounds of it.

If you will tarry with him, the worthy planter tells you, he will show you some good sport. There are plenty of bears, deer, and wolves, in the woods of the Blackwater and Chickahominy, and there is no finer divertisement than to tie a live wolf to your horse's tail, and drag him at full gallop, "never faltering in pace," until he is dead. There is little danger now of meeting Indian enemies in the woods; the massacre, following the massacre, has quite cowed them, and the bloody onslaught of 1622, by the savages, was not so unfortunate, — "it will be good for the Plantation, because now we have just cause to destroy them by all means possible." They ought to be converted, of course, if practicable, and made members of the Church of England; and that was an excellent deed of Master Gabriel Barber, one of the Company, to secretly bestow five hundred and fifty pounds sterling for the purpose, signing his name "Dust and Ashes." But the savages are hard material. "Though many have endeavored by all means they could by kindness, to convert them, they find nothing from them but derision and ridiculous answers; and till their priests or ancients have their throats cut, there is no hope to bring them to conversion" (1621).

As to these new African people with their sooty faces, their introduction is a doubtful good, and about buying and selling people there is a difference of opinion. At home, in England, they cry out against it and go on encouraging it. There are "many complaints against the governors, captains, and officers in Virginia, for buying and selling men and boys;" and luring them to Virginia is "held in England a thing intolerable" (1620). But then the luring goes on, and the home rulers are going to encourage, nay, take open part in this new African business, — and afterwards denounce the Virginia slaveholders as monsters.

As to the indented servants, no one can find fault with *that* system. The Company sends them over, and they labor for a term of years to repay the expense. So the Governor is to have one hundred, the Deputy Governor fifty, the Treasurer the same, and the Marshal more, which pass, at the end of their terms of office, to their successors. It is an excellent means of paying the salaries of the officials, and "we may truly say, in Virginia, we are the happiest people in the world" (1620). Why, indeed, should we not be? We have "a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places known, for large and pleasant navigable rivers; and heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." The colony is now firmly established; the Church of England, the only true worship; we are ready to deal summarily with papists and the dissenting people; law and order prevail, and every freeman, by ancient usage, has a voice in electing the Burgesses, — for which, Virginia House of Burgesses, Heaven be thanked! How did men live without it once? They were mere slaves

of the London Council, the King, and the people sent out as Governors. Now these gentlemen know their place. If they attempt to obstruct the laws, or enact laws of their own for the colony, they will do it at their peril; not his majesty himself shall invade the rights of the Virginians!

If we must leave him the worthy commander offers his barge, and indented or black servants, to row us down the stream. But the west wind will waft us and we continue to float on the James, watching the barges of the planters shooting to and fro, driven by lusty oar-strokes between the landings. These are officers of the government and are rowed by their indented servants, who "ought to be laboring on the public lands." But then Virginia is a long way from England, and their honors, the governors, and the rest, are high dignitaries who are not to be meddled with. As to the indented people, they are little to be considered. They are servants who have no voice in elections. If they run away they will soon (1642) be whipped and branded with the letter R on the cheek, signifying their offense. They are to work in the fields, to take their caps off to their masters; but if they save their earnings they may become landholders at the expiration of their term; and then they may have servants of their own.

The stream is ruffled into silver crests by the west wind as we pass on by all the old plantations — Berkeley, where Master Thorpe was hacked to pieces by the savages, and where a President of the United States will be born a hundred and fifty years hence; by Dale's plantation, where Captain Butler, the author of the libellous "Unmasked Face of Virginia," "plundered Lady Dale's cattle;" by little assemblages of manor-houses,

all defended by palisades, which dot the banks of the great Virginia highway. Here is a group on the shore by the home of a commander. They are whipping a man, and when asked what has been his offense, the reply is grotesque. He has "engaged himself to marry two women at one time;" and the commander is inflicting the punishment directed by Governor Wyat's proclamation for that offense. The said proclamation includes women in the class of offenders — is even chiefly aimed at them and their doings. It "forbids them to contract themselves to two several men at one time;" for women are "yet scarce and in much request, and this offense has become very common, whereby great disquiet arose between parties, and no small trouble to the government." Therefore it must cease, and "every minister should give notice in his church that what man *or woman* soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two several persons at one time . . . . as might entangle or *breed scruples in their consciences*, should for such their offense, either undergo *corporal correction*, or be punished by fine or otherwise, according to *the quality of the person so offending.*"

Thus the law is duly proclaimed, and offenders are to take warning not to cause disquiet, or trouble to the government in that manner, on penalty of being fined or chastised — man or woman. But proper distinctions are to be observed in inflicting the penalty. If persons of "quality" indulge in this dangerous amusement, they are only to be fined; all others are to be corporally corrected with good lashes on the back. It ought to be added that there is no proof whatever that any Virginia "maid" was ever thus corporally corrected; and, in

fact, the probability is that his excellency's proclamation was suddenly extinguished by a burst of Olympian laughter.

Before us, as we continue to descend the James, are Martin-Brandon and other plantations, and the settlements along the Chickahominy, up which Smith went in his barge in the ancient times. A party of horsemen are winding along the bank and disappearing in the woods. They are armed with swords and firelocks, and wear "armor," which is generally used. It is a "coat of mail" of some tough material, made in London, and sufficient to turn an arrow, even a bullet, perhaps. And the horsemen may need protection. They are going in obedience to the law of the Burgesses (1624), to "fall on their adjoining savages as we did the last year" — those "hurt upon service to be cured at the public charge," and the lamed to "be maintained by the country according to his person and quality." This warlike proceeding of harrying the savages is absolutely necessary. They are still dangerous foes, and the law directs "that every dwelling-house shall be palisaded in for defense against the Indians . . . that no man go or send abroad without a sufficient party well armed . . . and that men go not to work in the ground without their arms, and a sentinel upon them." The danger of indulging a sense of security was seen in 1622, and that ought to teach a lesson.

Now, all such plottings are to be summarily crushed. The Virginians are to "go three several marches on the Indians at three several times of the year: first in November, secondly in March, thirdly in July, and to do all manner of spoil and offense to the Indians that may possibly be effected" — from "Weanocke to fflow-

erdieu Hundred, down to Warosquoyacke and Nansamunge; thence to Elizabeth Cittie, Warwicke River, Nutmegg Quarter, and Accawmacke ; thence to Kiskyacke, and places adjoining in Pamunky and the rivers of Chesepeyacke" — once in summer and once "before the frost of Christmas" (1629). If we go with the party of Indian hunters toward Orapax, where Powhatan is buried, we shall see them harry the Chickahominies, hear volleys in the woods, and witness an onset near Cold Harbour ending in an Indian rout. Then the party will come back home to their anxious families, and the country will take care that "those of the poorer sort" who are "lamed" are cured in the Guest Houses at the expense of the public.

The low wave-beaten island of Jamestown now appears, with two or three white-sailed ships lying in front of it, and another slowly approaching, a mere speck as yet, from the direction of the home land. The capital is a group of wooden houses, defended by a palisade and cannon, above which rises the church with its two bells. In this church, for want of a State House, sits the worshipful House of Burgesses. As we draw near the famous island the long wash of the waves seems to bring back the old days when Smith and the first adventurers landed and slept for months under the boughs of trees — when that good soldier cannonaded the mutineers, and the terrible fever wasted the remnant, and the long tragedy of the first years was enacted. All is now changed. In place of the roughly clad soldier going in his boat to explore the Chickahominy, we see commanders in gold-laced clothes passing up and down in their gay barges; and the ferry yonder is bringing a Burgess and his horse over to the capital. The hardy

adventurer of the early time is growing gray far off in London, and his cotemporaries have nearly forgotten him, but this Virginia plantation is "built on his foundation."

If we land and enter James Cittie, as they call it now, we shall have an opportunity of seeing the worshipful Burgesses in session. They are assembled in the old church, with its cedar pews and chancel, and the bells above to summon them if they disobey the drum-beat. Yonder is the choir where my lord De la Warre used to sit in his velvet chair, with the kneeling-cushion near it; and in front of the chancel Pocahontas was married to Master Rolfe. Now the Burgesses hold their meetings here; but it wounds their good Church of England consciences thus to profane the sacred edifice. They will soon pass a law (1624) that in every plantation where the people meet to worship there shall be "a house or room sequestered for that purpose, and not to be for any temporal use whatsoever."

As we enter, the Burgesses are in full session — a miniature parliament of about twenty members; bluff planters in silk coats who have come to James Cittie in their sail-boats or on horseback, with valises strapped behind their saddles. The Governor and Council sit in the choir — worshipful personages brilliant with gold lace — with the Speaker, Clerk, and Sergeant-at-Arms facing them and the Assembly. There is very little talk and no filibustering whatever. These ruddy farmers have come to transact business, and they mean to do their duty as promptly as possible and go back to their plantations. They decree with one voice (1624) "That the Governor shall not lay any taxes or ymppositions, upon the colony, their lands or comodities, *otherway*

than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levyed and ymployed as the said Assembly shall appoynt;" and this is the spirit of the Virginia Burgesses from the earliest times to the Revolution. Then other laws follow. No man in any parish shall "dispose of any of his tobacco *before the minister be satisfied.*" The proclamations "for swearing and drunkenness are confirmed by this Assembly." And "for scandalous speeches against the Governor and Council, Daniel Cugley shall be sentenced to be pilloryd;" but he will be pardoned that he may go and sin no more.

The pillory is an institution. It is good that vile offenders against the law or the respect due to dignitaries should have arms and head held by it and be jeered at by the passers-by. Often after this public exposure the criminal has his ears cut off. Edward Sharpless, clerk of the Council, is now (1624) condemned to suffer that punishment. His crime is that he has furnished Master John Pory, of the King's commission, with a copy of the public records after the Assembly has resolutely refused to produce the originals. The punishment is inflicted in part only. He stands in the pillory for a season, is taken away to jail, and issues thence with one ear and a half, and so that ends.

From this historic James Cittie, which the Virginians will at length grow tired of, preferring Williamsburg for a capital, we float on the ever-widening stream past the forts, the hundreds, the lingering Indian wigwams, across the bay to Dale's Gift, where Cape Charles, named from unfortunate Charles I., pushes its prow into the Atlantic. This is the ocean entrance to the Mother of Waters, where Smith and his men in the

barge parted with the Phœnix; and the adjacent islands still bear his name. They are making salt here, as in other places they are "trying glass," and attempting the manufacture of silk, which the Virginians believe is going to become a source of untold wealth to them.

Crossing the Chesapeake, homeward again, we pass the village of the "laughing king of Accomac," go by Cheskiac, near the present Yorktown, and ascend the York to Werowocomoco, where the Emperor used to live. The glories of the chief place of council have departed. *Ichabod* is written on its hearth-stones, if it ever had any; on the famous "Powhatan's Chimney," and the mysterious shrine of Uttamussac, standing once on its sand hills, by which the braves darted in their canoes, dropping copper into the stream, to propitiate the "One Alone, called Kiwassa," their terrible deity. Emperor Powhatan is gathered to his fathers and sleeps at Orapax, but his successor, Opechancanough, is still the lord of this country, and is going to assert his rights. He is probably somewhere in the vicinity of Machot, at the head of the river, but to visit him would be an imprudence. Bonfires have not gone out of fashion, and cords between trees are still ready to hold scalps. There is little hope of succor in this remote region of the York. It is still the nest of the imperial régime, and the Virginians have unpleasant associations with it. A few adventurous explorers, however, have pushed into the country and gone on toward the Potomac. Traveling northward, we should come on "forts" well defended by palisades, behind which, and looking through loopholes, keen-eyed hunter-traders, rifle in hand, live on the watch. The life is dangerous, but that is an attraction, as it will continue to be, centuries afterwards, on

the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Love of gold and the wild side of life are strong passions.

Passing from the head of York across the upper Chickahominy, back to the Falls, now Richmond, we have had a glimpse, at least, of what was then Virginia. A little society huddled together in the peninsula between the James and York; dependencies reaching into the wilds; on the rivers gold-laced commanders rowed swiftly by indented servants; on the outposts pioneers watching against attack; everywhere strong contrasts of white, red, and black; the society composite but harmonious; the Church of England the only religion, though dissenters will soon intrude; the test oath against papacy demanded of every new-comer and official; the Assembly protesting against the claim of the Governor to tax them by proclamation; men in armor going to harry the Indian settlements in spring and autumn; public officials losing their ears; double engagements between men and maids punished with fine or whipping, — this is the queer old society which we have looked at. The whole is English in warp and woof. These Virginians of the early time read English books, wear English clothes, eat from English plates with English knives and forks, and follow England in all things. Their church is the Church of England; the Governor is the representative of the King of England; his Council is the English House of Lords, and the Burgesses the English Parliament.

But if socially aristocratic, the small society is politically republican. The *ancient usage* holds, that "all freemen" shall have a voice in elections. The Virginians recognize the great truth that the gold lace is only the guinea stamp, — the manhood of the free citizen is

the real gold. Thus, in this new society which is going to be denounced as an "aristocracy," all free men are equally entitled to say who shall be the law-makers, and what shall be the law. Socially they are unequal, but it is the business of each to see to that. Brains and energy are free to hew out the pathway to fortune. The man who serves the colony shall have two thousand acres of good land. Let him build his house, plow the soil, husband his revenue, purchase servants, roll in his coach, sit in the Burgesses — the way is open.

In this old Virginia of the days of James I., the pedantic King, there are few institutes of learning. The "University" of the City of Henricus is in fact the only one in operation. Any culture which the Virginians have they brought with them from England, or will obtain from their parents or the minister of the parish. The planters have good books and read them, but few of them essay literary composition. They are much fonder of the pursuits of agriculture and the management of public affairs; the tongue and sword are more popular instruments than the pen. This arises from their isolated country life and the absence of attrition. Except Jamestown and the City of Henricus, there are no towns in Virginia. The planters dislike them. Have they not their warehouses at the wharves on the rivers, approached by long shaky trestle-works, running out to unload or load the ships? These ships take away their tobacco to London, and bring them back every article of convenience or luxury. That is enough; towns are useless; they are even hateful inventions; men jostle against each other in streets; the freedom of life is lost; it is much better to live on a great plantation and be monarch of all. In other words, the Virgin-

ian of this time, and of all times, guards his separate individuality, and has the English passion for landed possessions, and the personal rule of the territorial lord. The old historian Beverley described the people in his day as "not minding anything but to be masters of great tracts of land — lords of vast territory." To coop up such men in towns is to do violence to their instincts. So the worshipful House of Burgesses may create towns and cities on paper if they choose; they will have a hard time getting themselves established.

This is an outline of that old race and time, as the records paint it. With all its faults it is picturesque and attractive. It has its ugly traits, intolerance in religion, class-pride, and strong prejudices; but it has also the virtues of kindness and courage, of simplicity, good-faith, and hospitality. The Virginians have been censured as men of impulse and a restive pride. Let the other side be seen too. Under the pride and impulse were endurance, moderation, and dignity in the day of calamity. If this is doubted, the history of the people since the year 1865 ought to show its justice.

The rapid likeness here drawn of the Virginians during the Plantation period will serve for their portrait during the rest of the century. Growth followed, not change. They were simply a society of Englishmen, of the age of Shakespeare, taken out of England, and set down in Virginia. There they worked out the problem of living under new conditions. But they were Englishmen still, with the vices and virtues of the original stock, and Virginia was essentially what it has been styled, a continuation of England.

II. THE COLONY.

I.

THE NEW ERA.

With the death of James I. Virginia enters on a new era. The struggling plantation has become a prosperous colony. The "hundreds" clustering along the rivers are giving way to "shires" and "counties." Better than all other things, the land has now its *Constitution for a Council of State and General Assembly.* His Majesty Charles I. is soon going to greet his "trusty and well-beloved Burgesses of the Grand Assembly of Virginia," having something to gain from them; and the trusty Burgesses are thenceforth officially recognized as a branch of the government.

Thus an enormous change had come. In all the past years a few Englishmen had been struggling to obtain a foot-hold in the new land, under many and great discouragements: discouragements of physical conditions, for they were not yet acclimated, and fevers wasted them; of a conflict of authority, for there was no sure knowledge how they were to be ruled; of Indian onslaughts, threatening the very life of the colony. Men's minds were thus unsettled, and they knew not what would be the end of all this turmoil. Fearful of the present, doubtful of the future, for a long time without wife or child or the humanizing influences of home, these

men were not laying the foundations of a new commonwealth after the right fashion. They were wrangling in Virginia and longing for old England again, and that was the worst of all signs for the future.

Now all this had passed away. The old days when the turbulent factions fought at Jamestown had gone into oblivion. The issue of the Virginia business no longer depended on the courage and ability of one man, hampered by ignorant or worthless superiors. The wrangle was over, and the furious combatants were quiet at last. Peace had come and stable rule, followed by the blessed boon of virtual free government; and the little band of adventurers, without home ties, and ruled by masters three thousand miles away, had become a society of honest husbands and fathers, governed by laws made by their own representatives in their own capital of Jamestown.

The change was unspeakable, and the new era was otherwise in vivid contrast with the old. The political passions which had been smouldering under the surface in all the years of the past reign gathered hour by hour a fiercer heat. With the reign of Charles I. begins the definite conflict between the *jus divinum* and popular right, which, dividing England into two great factions, necessarily extended its influence to America. In the New England colonies, by this time established, the people sided generally with the opponents of Church and King; but in the South public sentiment was very different. "Whole for monarchy" was the phrase in which a writer of the time described Virginia; but the description was only roughly accurate. Men's minds were divided in Virginia, as they were divided in England. "Cavaliers" as the great majority of the people

were, a considerable minority sympathized with the Commonwealth when it came. As the muttering of the English storm swept across the Atlantic, the hearts of men were stirred. In the rising tide the old landmarks of opinion began to totter. The new ideas found advocates even in strait-laced Virginia, and the friends of the new order of things, elsewhere, sought to cheer on the work. This narrative will show the persistent effort made to establish dissent in the colony of Virginia. Puritan New England, sympathizing with the Roundheads, will send her pastors to Church of England Virginia, sympathizing with the King; dissenters and churchmen will come to hot quarrel; and the *odium theologicum* will add a new venom to political hatred.

As the days pass on, the great change in public sentiment becomes clearly defined. Everywhere under the events is the fermentation of new ideas. The old and new seem in conflict, but are really in harmony. The colony is firm for monarchy, but fiercely jealous of its rights. In defense of them it will depose the King's Governor, and train cannon on the Commonwealth's ships. The historians will not see what this means, though it seems they might. Their attention is concentrated on the singular question, Was Virginia "Cavalier" or not? Each paints those former Virginians from his own point of view. The shield is silver or it is gold as they look at it from opposite sides. The Virginians were Cavaliers; they were not Cavaliers at all. They were Roundheads to a man; there were no Roundheads among them. They were passionate royalists and churchmen; see how they defied the Commonwealth and persecuted the dissenters! They were republicans and king-haters; see how they fought

for free government, and were ever wrangling with James and Charles, or the viceroys who represented them! One writer, excellent Dr. Hawks, laboriously establishes what is evident, — that the Cavalier element was dominant. Another, worthy Mr. Grigsby, grows angry at the very intimation, and exclaims, "The Cavalier was essentially a slave, a compound slave, a slave to the King and a slave to the Church. I look with contempt on the miserable figment which seeks to trace the distinguishing points of the Virginia character to the influence of those butterflies of the British aristocracy."

So the wrangle goes on, and yet there seems to be really nothing to wrangle about. The Virginians were simply English people living in America, who were resolved to have their rights. They were Cavaliers if the word meant royalists and adherents of the Church of England. They would defend King and Church — the one from his enemies, and the other from dissent and popery; but they meant to defend themselves too, — to take up arms against either King or Commonwealth, if that was necessary to protect their rights. It is essential to keep this fact in view, if the reader wishes to understand the history of the people at this period and in all periods. *Jealousy of right* went before all. The dusty records, often so obscure and complicated with small events, clearly demonstrate that the Virginians were ready to make war on the monarchy and Parliament alike if they were oppressed. An incident about to be related will show the feeling in the reign of Charles I., and Bacon's rebellion in the next generation will paint the Virginians of the time of Charles II. They levied war on his Majesty as the English people had done on his

father, and the Virginia revolution of 1676 was nearly an exact repetition of the English revolution of 1640.

Such was the central political idea and attitude toward England of the Virginians at the beginning of the reign of Charles I. Kingsmen and churchmen, they had a profound respect for Church and King; but their own rights also must be respected. On that point the passionate jealousy never slept, and from this rooted sentiment resulted, as the years went on, the long antagonism, the incessant protests, and the steady development of republican ideas, which a century and a half afterwards culminated in the American Revolution. Out of that rose the Republic; but the ponderous cornerstone had been laid five generations before.

II.

THE THRUSTING OUT OF SIR JOHN HARVEY.

For many years now, Virginia is full of commotion. Events and personages crowd each other, pushing to the front and demanding attention, but few deserve it. A great writer has said that the history of a prince is not an account of all that he has performed, but of all that is worthy of being transmitted to posterity. It is not desirable to study a mere jumble of unimportant events. The mind becomes submerged in these minute details, and all historic perspective is lost. The picture which should have its foreground and background becomes a flat canvas — a mere conglomeration of discordant trifles, which thrust themselves upon the attention and fatally weary it. A bookful of events is not a history, any more than a wagon-load of building

material is a house. The work of building remains, with such art as the artisan possesses, and it is certain that there is a proper position for each part of the material.

What we stumble over in the dusty Virginia records, and find neither profitable nor entertaining, are the old local and temporary antagonisms: the wrangles about tobacco monopolies; the jarring discussions as to land-patents; the announcement that this or that honorable is appointed to this or that office, and dies in this or that year. It is not exciting, and does not expand the mind. The trivial details have no interest. A multitude of small events rise like rockets, explode, and disappear, leaving no traces. The figures of governors come and go in long procession; they play their parts, and make their exits, and are forgotten. What they perform is unimportant and may as well remain unrecorded. Life is too short to read all that. Only the personages and events rising to prominence are worthy of notice.

One such specially prominent event of the time arrests attention, but, before coming to it, another of lesser importance will be glanced at. About 1625, for the exact date is lost, and the occurrence is "veiled in singular obscurity" — Governor Francis Wyat fought a battle with the Indians. The only authority is the historian Burk, who quotes his "Ancient MSS."— three folio volumes of historical papers collected by the Earl of Southampton, and purchased by Colonel Byrd of Westover. What may be seen through the "obscurity" is briefly this: Opitchapan, brother of Powhatan (we hear nothing of Opechancanough), marched on the Virginians, or they marched on him, and a com-

bat followed. The Indian force was "eight hundred bowmen," and Wyat commanded the Virginians in person. The fight took place on the York or Pamunkey, and sixteen Virginians were killed; but the Indians were routed and pursued into the woods; whereupon Governor Wyat went back to Jamestown. This is all that we know of that old transaction. The Virginians thought their history unimportant, — they think so still, — and rarely printed anything. But for the Earl of Southampton, who interested himself in so trifling a subject as the history of Virginia, and the master of Westover, who thought his descendants might like to know something of it, the "singular obscurity" veiling Wyat's battle would be black darkness.

The procession of rulers now begins and goes on its way. Francis Wyat sails for England, and mild George Yeardley resumes authority. When he dies, as he soon does (1627), he is followed by Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware, who gives way in turn (1628) to his Excellency John Pott, who is either a doctor of laws or of medicine. His rule is brief and uneventful, but his name will live. He was tried for cattle-stealing after his term had expired (1630), and fought his foes to the last. He attempted to prove one of the witnesses against him "an hypocrite, by a story of Gusman of Alfrach, the rogue," says the chronicle. But the court was deaf to his oratory and literary illustrations. In the words of an amiable historian, "we note with surprise and pain" that the thirteen jurors found him guilty; and the question of his punishment was referred to his majesty in England. What resulted we are not informed, but "Dr. Pott" takes his place in history.

In the year 1629, comes Sir John Harvey, who is worth more attention. He was heartily execrated by the Virginians, whom he fleeced like so many sheep; and what followed is the most significant event in the history of Virginia during the first half of the century. The portrait of Governor Harvey is accurately drawn in the words of one of the historians: he was "extortionate, unjust, and arbitrary; issued proclamations in derogation of the legislative powers of the Assembly; disbursed the Colonial revenues without check or responsibility; and multiplied penalties and exactments and appropriated fines to his own use." Of his personal deportment Beverley says "he was so haughty and furious to the Council and the best gentlemen of the country, that his tyranny grew at last insupportable."

The picture is sufficiently black to explain the sudden collision which now took place; but historians groping about in the obscurity have guessed at other causes. The discussion rests with them on the question, What were Harvey's real political tendencies? In the famous Maryland imbroglio, soon to be noticed, was he the friend of Baltimore, or of Clayborne? The mystery seems no mystery.

Sir John Harvey not only insulted everybody and put the public revenues into his own pocket, which was exasperating, but he put his hands into the pockets of the Virginia planters individually. He was mastered by the greed of gold. He granted lands to all comers, for a consideration; and many of these grants *covered tracts belonging to individual planters.* It was not to be expected that people like the Virginians would submit to that. They did not; on the contrary they rose in revolution.

Scarcely more than a line is given to what followed, in the old archives; a chance-discovered leaf is all that records it. All we know is this: An Assembly was called — it is not said by whom — to "hear complaints against the Governor," and this was to meet in May (1635). But swift action preceded it. Toward the end of April the Virginians grew weary of their miniature Charles I. The Council met, and this is the brief record of what ensued: —

"On the 28th of April, 1635, Sr. John Harvey thrust out of his government, and Capt. John West acts as Governor till the King's pleasure known."

As to the manner in which Sir John received the notification of this action, in his executive mansion at Jamestown, we have no information. Probably with scowls and improper expressions, together with threats of certain consequences which would fall on the traitors who thus insolently defied the King by "thrusting out" his representative. He would go to England and make formal complaint to his majesty; and in this the Assembly, which promptly met, acquiesced. They would also send their own representatives with the evidence of his Honor's wrong-doings.

Both Governor and witnesses went, and Harvey laid the case before Charles I. The King did not hesitate for a moment. To "thrust out" his representative was regarded, as Sir John had predicted, in the light of open rebellion. Only one crime could be greater: to thrust his own royal self from the throne of England, which followed a few years afterwards. The King even refused to admit the Virginia commissioners to an audience. He dismissed the whole inquiry, and ordered Sir John Harvey to go back and resume his post of Governor.

This is the fullest statement now possible of the famous old occurrence — "the thrusting out of Sir John Harvey." It was a miniature deposition of royalty, and foretold what was coming on English soil. The only difference lay in the fact that there was a power too strong for the Virginians. They were obliged to take back their hard ruler, and make the best of a bad business. But still the incident had its results. The times were plainly growing dangerous in all parts of his majesty's dominions, and Harvey was soon removed. Sir Francis Wyat, who had returned to Virginia, was made Governor, and ruled for two years, when one of the most conspicuous figures of Virginia history appeared upon the stage.

This was Sir William Berkeley. His appearance was another proof that the unsettled Plantation period was finally at an end. The procession of rulers stops, and for more than thirty years this one figure stands in the foreground of Virginia history.

III.

THE PURITANS.

Let us look at these people who have just deposed Sir John Harvey. They and the country are changing outwardly, but remain essentially the same. The old commanders of hundreds are replaced now by lieutenants of shires; the commissioners, by justices of the peace, who hold monthly courts; and at Jamestown, four times yearly, sits the great General Court, consisting of the Governor and the Council, to hear appeals.

There are eight "shires" in Virginia now (1634):

James City, Henrico, Charles City, Elizabeth City, Warwick River, Warrosquoyake, Charles River, and Accawmacke. Over each of these is placed a "Lieutenant, the same as in England, to take care of the war against Indians." For no one knows when these wild people, lurking in the woods beyond the York, will be seized with another madness, to rise and butcher the white people. They are not yet gone; and resemble "the wolves, which do haunt and frequent the plantations," which everybody is to be rewarded for putting to death (1646). Opechancanough is still alive, though he is nearly a hundred years old now, and he is a man of ability. If the lieutenants of shires do not keep watch he will some day fall suddenly on the remote, perhaps the near settlements of the colony, and put all to death.

But at present there seems to be no danger of that. The whole land is in repose. The indented servants and slaves are working on the great estates, which are strictly entailed on the eldest son, by the good old English law; certain artisans are busy trying experiments in making glass; vine-growing is in progress, with a view to Virginia wine; and the rivers are full of ships which sail tranquilly to and fro, bringing all that is needed by the peaceful little society. The country is beautiful, the climate charming, and there are no jars in the social machinery. Everybody knows his place, and there are no schools or printing to make poor people "dissatisfied." It is true that there is some difference of opinion, even upon a subject so very plain; and a large-hearted man has endowed a *free school*,[1] but this

[1] Benjamin Sym, who, in 1634, devises two hundred acres of land on the Pocoson River, with the milk and increase of eight milch cows,

is a notable exception. There are a few "old field-schools," log huts in the fields or woods, and these rural academies are going to educate some of the greatest men of North America. But the only liberal education open to all is the teaching and catechizing by ministers of the Church.

These ministers have onerous duties, and are not sufficiently considered by the Virginians. There is a great "scarcity of pastors," and some of the "cures" extend over fifty miles; but every Sunday they must "preach in the forenoon and catechize in the afternoon;" and they must not "give themselves to excess in drinking, or riot, playing at dice, cards, or any unlawful game, but at all times convenient, hear or read somewhat of the Holy Scriptures, always doing the things which shall appertain to honesty" (1632). Thus the clergy are regulated by law, and the people shall also do what appertains to honesty and good behavior. Henry Coleman shall be "excommunicated for forty days, for using scornful speeches and *putting on his hat in church*, when, according to an order of court, he was to acknowledge, and ask forgiveness for an offense" (1634).

As to conformity and "uniformity" in church worship, that has been settled for a long time; the whole colony of Virginia is to conform "both in canons and constitution, to the Church of England, as near as may be" (1624–32). And when the hard times come in England, the last Wednesday in every month is to be

"for the maintenance of a learned honest man, to keep upon the said ground a *Free School* for the education and instruction of the children of the adjoining parishes of Elizabeth City, and Kiquotan from Mary's Mount, downward to the Pocoson River." There had been but one other before this, the "East India School," begun in 1621, and the first in America, but the massacre paralyzed it. This one lived.

"set apart for a day of fasting and humiliation, and wholly dedicated to prayers and preaching" (1645), lest the Roundhead people overthrow the Church and King. They hold riot now in England, but steps have been taken, sometime since, to exclude these factionists and the hated papists from the "Kingdom of Virginia." They are not to defile the soil. The commander of the fort at Point Comfort, on the arrival of any ship, shall go on board, take a list of the passengers, "and administer to them *the oath of supremacy and allegiance*, which if any shall refuse to take, that he commit him to imprisonment" (1632), to be dealt with thereafter as the authorities shall determine, — most likely ordered to depart as unfit for the time and place.

The planters live tranquilly on their large estates along the banks of the river; entertain friends or strangers, sit as magistrates, and choose their Burgesses, — every free man voting. For they still have their "Grand Assembly." There is a hiatus in the records, and the body disappears from view from the year 1623 to the year 1628. But the provincial archives were often lost, as in the case of those recording the proceedings of the old first Assembly of 1619, which were only discovered by accident. From this time forward we have the records, and we may see the provincial Parliament meeting "at divine service in the roome where they sitt, at the third beatinge of the drum, an hower after sunrise, at James Citty." Those not present at prayers, are to be fined one shilling; if they do not attend later, they are to pay two shillings and sixpence; and if they appear not at all, they are to be "fined by the whole bodie of the Assembly" (1632). They are informally, soon to be formally, recognized by

his Majesty, the King. At the beginning of his reign, Charles I. had announced his intention of governing Virginia *personally*, as his father had done before him. But this decision he reconsidered. In 1628, he wished to monopolize the Virginia tobacco, and wrote to the Governor and Council proposing that arrangement, to consider which, a "General Assembly" was to be summoned, — but they were not included in the superscription of the missive. Nevertheless, "the Governor and Councell *with the Burgesses of the severall plantations*" replied to the King (March 26, 1628). They protested against the tobacco monopoly, and refused their sanction, when no more is heard of it.

These collisions with the royal Governors and the King's Majesty himself produce little disturbance in the daily lives of the planters. They go about on horseback, over the bad country roads, attending to their affairs, or making journeys, — except on Sundays, when "no person, or persons, shall take a voyage uppon the same, except it be to church, or for some other causes of extreme necessitie" (1643); or they are rowed in barges, or sail in "sloops," to and from the capital, — passing the time in gay talk, or grumbling, after the English fashion, at this or that grievance. They are chiefly solicitous about the tobacco crop, but take time to indulge in denunciation of Governor Harvey, who is granting away their lands; at the Papists who persist in evading the laws against them; and at the Puritan people who have come to create disturbance in the colony.

These Puritans, the planters say, are as bad as the Papists, and there are too many of them in Virginia. In fact they begin to constitute a real element in the population. The first came in 1619, and the Daniel

Gookin, who bravely defended his house at "Mary's Mount" during the Indian massacre, was doubtless a Puritan. His son of the same name was; he was driven away from Virginia for non-conformity; went to Boston, where he became a man of distinction; and thence to England, where he consulted with Oliver Cromwell, and no doubt gave a very bad character to the Virginians. In these years the Puritan people are struggling to gain a foothold. They will insist on intruding themselves on the good old cavaliers of the good old cavalier colony of Virginia. Why are they not satisfied with their country of New England? They have been notified that their presence in Virginia is not desired. The pioneers of 1619 were to have been followed by a large body, but his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury had very properly induced his Majesty to issue his proclamation against them. The first comers had obstinately remained in spite of their ill welcome; and now (1642) in response to the petition of these Virginia dissenters, the Puritan city of Boston sends a supply of "pastors" to Virginia. They come with letters of recommendation to the Honorable Governor, Sir William Berkeley, and are preaching in all parts of the colony to numbers of people who flock to hear them. Nevertheless they are not to be tolerated. In the next year (1643), the Assembly will decree that "for the preservation of the purity of doctrine and unity of the church, all ministers whatsoever which shall reside in the colony, are *to be conformable to the orders and constitutions of the Church of England* and the laws therein established, and not otherwise to be admitted *to teach or preach publicly or privately*; and that the Governor and Council do take care that *all*

non-conformists upon notice to them shall be compelled to depart out of the colony with all convenience."

This fulmination the Church of England Virginians hoped would extinguish the heresy and heretics. The law was rigidly enforced. The dissenters, or "Independents," as they styled themselves, had a large congregation, probably in Nansemond; and said that in Virginia "one thousand of the people were, by conjecture, of a similar mind." If this conjecture was correct, about seven per cent. of the people sympathized with dissent. But the pastors had to go; their enemies were too strong for them. Some were fined, others imprisoned; nearly all were driven out of the colony and retired to Maryland or New England; and that was the end of dissent for the time in Virginia.

Why waste time in comment? That frightful intolerance will no doubt shock the Virginians of to-day who read of it. It is a very old story, which the writer of history has ever to repeat. That age scarcely knew the meaning of the word tolerance; scarce anywhere did anybody practice it — Catholic Maryland was nearly its only refuge. The Virginia adherents of Monarchy and Episcopacy fought the "Independents" who came to their soil, just as the Independents of New England fought the Church of England people there. It was all wretchedly narrow and shallow, of course, and we wonder at it to-day, seeing clearly, now, that religious freedom is the corner-stone not only of good government, but of society; that without it the state grows gangrened and all progress stops. But the old-time Virginians would not or could not see that, — then or for long years afterwards.

Would the reader like to see what they decreed even in the next century, when one might have fancied that "enlightenment had come?" The new thunder was not aimed at the old Puritans now, but at themselves. "If any person brought up in the Christian religion," said the Burgesses (1705), "shall by writing, printing, teaching or advised speaking *deny the being of a God or the Holy Trinity, or shall assert or maintain that there are more Gods than one, or shall deny the Christian religion to be true, or the holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be of divine authority,*" such person or persons should be "disabled in law to hold any office or employment, ecclesiastical, civil, or military." And if a second time tried and convicted, the atheists, pantheists, evolutionists, agnostics, or infidels should be *outlawed;* should not sue for their rights in any court; or be guardians or executors; or execute any deeds or make any wills; and should "*suffer three years' imprisonment without bail or mainprise.*" The friends of the development and other theories are fortunate in living in the nineteenth century. Skepticism was not in vogue in those old days of the Virginia colony, and Mr. Mill, Mr. Darwin, Mr. Spencer and their disciples would have had a hard time of it.

So the former Virginians could not bear the Puritan intruders — to return to the earlier times. They persecuted them without mercy, and would have them go to prison, or out of the country. These honest people thought that it was their duty to check the spread of a creed which they believed to be false; that the true faith and worship were so unspeakably important that they ought to be protected by force. That pernicious stuff deceived the first minds of the time, not only in

Virginia, but everywhere. But even if there had been the least semblance of truth in it, it never attained its end. Dissent only grew more embittered and struck its roots deeper, since persecution fertilizes.

But in things evil there is often the good motive stirring beneath. Disgust at this black poison of intolerance ought not to blind us to what it sprung from. Here, as in New England, it was the rank outgrowth as of noxious weeds from a strong soil of faith. These men at least *believed.* Life, which in this weary world of to-day is so vain a thing to many — a flitting gleam fading away into ever-deepening shadow — was an earnest affair to the men of that century. They were not half believers or no believers at all, with the "sick hurry, the divided aims and the strange disease of modern life" as the modern poet sings. They were very far, indeed, from that. The flying mists and primordial germs gave them no trouble. Languid or fierce doubt never disturbed them. They believed with all their might, these intolerant ancestors of the tolerant men of to-day who believe in nothing. The vast and wretched blunder, and all the sin and folly of forcing their faith on other people, are now plain. But looking at the world of this nineteenth century when Faith, the white maid, is laughed at in the market-place, one is tempted to envy the epoch when men fought for her, and committed crime for love of her.

IV.

CLAYBORNE, "THE REBEL."

THUS these excellent narrow-minded Virginians, of the seventeenth century, followed the wont of their contemporaries, putting those who differed with them in jail, or ordering them to go out of the country; and it was not the Puritan dissenters only who fell under their displeasure. They were even more severe on the unlucky Roman Catholics, and had already seized the occasion, a little while before, to show their rooted aversion for things papistical.

Sir George Calvert, Baron Baltimore, a popish recusant of high character, came to Virginia in 1630, with the object of looking at the country and securing a retreat for the free exercise of his religion. He was not a bigot, just the opposite in fact, and his enterprise was not an unworthy one. Obloquy and persecution were the lot of Roman Catholics in England, and the worthy Baron came to Virginia, as the Pilgrim settlers came to Massachusetts, — to live in peace. But he found only enemies in Virginia, as in England. As soon as his ship entered the capes, a stir ran through the colony. How he succeeded in passing that watch-dog, the "Captain of the Fort," at Point Comfort, without taking the oath of supremacy, is not explained in the archives; but he did pass by safely, without being brought to by the thunder of cannon, and arrived at Jamestown.

Here he found the Assembly sitting, but they gave him scant welcome. The same stubborn spirit of intolerance met him, which afterwards drove away the Puri-

tan dissenters. The Assembly required him to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, which he naturally declined to do, and a disgraceful scene followed. A crowd had assembled, and fierce opposition was shown to the Baron's further tarrying at Jamestown. A man insulted and threatened him, but at this treatment of a guest, the Virginians suddenly revolted. The records tell us what followed: "March 25, 1630, Thomas Tindall to be pilloried two hours, for *giving my Lord Baltimore the lie and threatening to knock him down.*" It was the pendant of that other decree of the Burgesses (1640), that Stephen Reekes should be pilloried, fined, and imprisoned, for uttering the puritanic scoff, that "His Majesty was at confession with the Lord of Canterbury," Archbishop Laud. There was thus no doubt at all about the religious sentiments of the Virginians. Papists were to be given the lie, and good citizens ought to knock them down. Some Irishmen had just been banished to the West Indies, for professing the Romish faith, and now the presence of his Roman Catholic Lordship was really too much. The Assembly might put them in the pillory for insulting and threatening him; but he had warning.

There was some reason, on other grounds, for not welcoming the good Baron Baltimore very warmly. He had come to explore Virginia with the view of possessing himself of a part of it. After his Jamestown experience, he sailed up Chesapeake Bay, found the country attractive, and returning to England obtained from the King a grant of the territory, now the State of Maryland. He died in London soon afterwards, but the patent was confirmed to his son Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore; and Cecilius sent out his brother Leonard Calvert (1634) with twenty "gentlemen" and

two or three hundred "laborers" who founded a Roman Catholic colony on the banks of the Chesapeake, and named it Maryland after "Queen Mary," as the Cavaliers called Queen Henrietta Maria.

Trouble followed. The Virginians cried out that the Maryland grant was an invasion of their vested rights under their charter. It was impracticable to declare war on the King and drive out the intruders; but when a great public sentiment moves a people, leaders are ready. There was living at the time, in Virginia, a certain gentleman named William Clayborne, a man of resolute temper and great ability. That is the true portrait of the famous "Rebel" who now grew so prominent; and it would be amusing, if it were not so tiresome, to read all the caricatures of the worthy historians who have professed to draw his likeness. In the eyes of Mr. Burk, he is "an unprincipled incendiary, and an execrable villain;" in the estimation of Mr. Howison, "a turbulent character who was captured, brought to trial, and found guilty on *the grave charges* of murder and sedition;" and even worthy Dr. Hawks calls him "a felon-convict who had escaped from justice in Maryland during the reign of Charles I."

It will probably surprise the reader to hear that this felon-convict, found guilty of murder, piracy, and other crimes, was a prominent gentleman of the King's Council, "Secretary of State of this Kingdom" of Virginia, and the owner of land in Maryland, by indubitable patent from King Charles I., addressed (1631) to "our trusty and well-beloved William Clayborne" of our Council in Virginia. Not to busy ourselves further with the historians, this William Clayborne was a gentleman of position, a man of energy, with strong pas-

sions, thought himself wronged, and never rested in harrying his enemies. Under the King's patent he made a settlement on Kent Island in the Chesapeake, opposite the present city of Annapolis, "with a band," says a modern writer; but the object of the band was simply to trade with the Indians. The band must have been numerous, since this "Isle of Kent" speedily (1632) sent a Burgess to the Virginia Assembly. But suddenly arose misunderstandings between the resolute "Rebel" and Leonard Calvert. The Rebel must go away from Kent Island; it was part of Maryland. True, "the right of his Lordship's patent was yet undetermined in England," — but the Rebel must go away.

Clayborne resisted. He was in his right, he said. He was on *Virginia* territory by the King's patent, the owner of Kent Island, and he meant to stay there. He would also sail to and fro in his trading-ship, the Longtail, to traffic with the Indians; if he was attacked he would defend himself. The moment came that was to decide matters. Leonard Calvert suddenly seized the Longtail, and Clayborne sent a swift pinnace with fourteen fighting men to recapture her. A battle followed in the Potomac River (1634). Two Maryland pinnaces came to meet Clayborne's; sudden musket-shots rattled; three of his men were killed, and the Calvert fleet went back in triumph, with the captured Kent Island pinnace, and the remnant of its crew, to St. Mary's, the Maryland capital.

Thus the fates had frowned on the Rebel. He was driven from Kent Island, and escaped to Virginia, but Sir John Harvey refused to surrender him. Then he went to England; and it was during his absence there,

that he was indicted and tried, on the very "grave charges" indeed, of murder and piracy, by Calvert, and became a rebel and felon-convict.

This is the first act of the drama of Clayborne the Rebel; the second will not take up much space; and the third and last will be reserved for its proper place in this narrative. This was the second: the energetic rebel improved his stay in England. He so arranged matters there, that his Majesty warned Cecilius, Lord Baltimore (1638), that "William Clayborne and other planters in Kentish Island, should in no sort be interrupted by you, or any other in your right, but rather encouraged to proceed in so good a work." His Majesty is a little irate. His Lordship's people have "slain three of our subjects there" (in the fight of the pinnaces), "and by force possessed themselves, by night, of that (Kent) Island,"—all which sounds very much as if the Rebel were standing behind his Majesty, and prompting him. But the rosy dreams of Clayborne were as suddenly dispelled. In the very next year the Lords Commissioners of Plantations decide point-blank against his claims; and he is back in Virginia nursing his wrath to keep it warm. Calvert is in possession of Maryland, but his enemy is dangerous. The times in England are out of joint, and there is little leisure there to think of the far colonies. Also, Berkeley, the Virginia Governor, has gone to see the King, and Clayborne suddenly strikes at Calvert. At the head of a band of "insurgents," he attacks Maryland (1645), drives out Leonard Calvert, seizes the government of the province, and is lord and master—for a time. Calvert flies to Virginia, a poor viceroy without a kingdom; but again the scenes shift. Governor Berkeley has returned,

and sides with Calvert against Clayborne. Calvert goes back to Maryland, and violently expels the Rebel Clayborne: and here, as we are told, "this singular contest ended," — at least for the time.

These incidents have been dwelt on in some detail. If this "singular contest" had been simply the struggle of one man against his enemies, for profit or revenge, the subject would not be worth so much notice. The important fact is, that, under the surface, was the bitter antagonism between the Maryland Roman Catholics and the Puritan refugees from Virginia. The political passions and agitations of that time were bad enough, but the religious hatreds were far worse. Never was social fabric established on a larger or more liberal foundation than that of Maryland. All sects were protected, and the very oath of the Governor was: "I will not, by myself, or any other, directly or indirectly, *molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.*" This had naturally attracted the Puritans, both of New England and Virginia; and their first act in Maryland was to come to blows with their hosts. It was natural, if not commendable. In England the non-conformists were attacking the Establishment and the King. In Maryland they were attacking Popery and Calvert, the King's friend.

The explanation of Clayborne's success in his "singular contest" with the Marylanders, was simply the fact that he had become the leader of the Puritan party, and wielded its full power. He made religious hatred the instrument of his private vengeance; and whether "rebel" as his enemies called him, or not, was a far-sighted leader. His adversaries had triumphed for the moment, but he was not at all disheartened. Far from

yielding, he was to nurse his enmity and reappear in due time as one of the Parliamentary Commissioners to receive the surrender of Virginia; then to set out once more, in the bustling times of the Commonwealth, for Maryland, thirsting for vengeance for his lost pinnace and his Kent Island.

V.

THE LAST EMPEROR.

Sir William Berkeley came to Virginia in 1642 — the era of convulsions. He was thenceforth for about thirty-five years, with short intermissions, to be the chief Virginia actor. His *personnel* and character are thus interesting.

He was at this time about forty, and a man of charming manners. His politeness was proverbial, and delighted the Virginians, who had a weakness for courtliness. He belonged to an ancient English family; believed in monarchy, as a devotee believes in his saint; and brought to the little capital at Jamestown all the graces, amenities, and well-bred ways which at that time were articles of faith with the Cavaliers. He was certainly a Cavalier of cavaliers, taking that word to signify an adherent of monarchy and the Established Church. For these, this smiling gentleman, with his easy and friendly air, was going to fight like a tiger or a ruffian. The glove was of velvet, but under it was the iron hand which would fall inexorably alike on the New England Puritans and the followers of Bacon. He had the courage of his convictions, as such men generally have. Banishment for dissenters; shot and the halter for rebels; that was his theory of right. In the

nature of things such people deserved swift and bloody punishment, and Berkeley inflicted it without pity. For the rest, he was a man of culture, with a fondness for literary composition. He wrote a "Discourse and View of Virginia," and Pepys saw his tragi-comedy, "The Lost Lady," acted in London. Thus the Cavalier ruler was an author also.

He lived at "Greenspring," an estate of about a thousand acres, not far from Jamestown. Here he had plate, servants, carriages, seventy horses, and fifteen hundred apple-trees, besides apricots, peaches, pears, quinces, and "mellicottons." When afterwards, in the stormy times, the poor Cavaliers flocked to Virginia to find a place of refuge, he entertained them after a royal fashion in this Greenspring manor-house. As to the Virginians, they were all welcome, so that they did not belong to the Independents, haters of Church and King. The "true men" he received gladly, welcoming them with courtly smiles, bowing low in silk and lace; and the portly planter, as much an "aristocrat" perhaps as himself, would be ushered in and feasted; and over the canary there would be vituperation of the enemies of his Majesty and the Church, which the malignants were even now seeking to overthrow.

He was not at all a small or mean man, this Sir William Berkeley, who enjoys now but an indifferent reputation; he was simply a merciless zealot. He slew Bacon's followers without pity, and would have hung Bacon himself, — he was the King's representative. As a man he was very much liked, and some of the best of the Virginians were his warm friends. He loved his wife with a lasting affection; she was a lady of Warwick County whom he had married soon after his ar-

rival; and left all his property, real and personal, to this "dear and most virtuous wife, the Lady ffrances Berkeley;" adding in the fullness of his heart, "If God had blessed me with a far greater estate I would have given it all to my Most Dearly beloved wife."

With the coming of this passionate royalist came also the full and formal recognition of free government. Both James and Charles had looked sidewise at the Virginia Assembly, and merely tolerated it. Now a movement was begun to reëstablish the old London Company; the Virginians protested hotly; and Charles I., who had fled to York for refuge from his angry Parliament, wrote (July 5, 1642) to his good Virginians that they should not be alienated from his "immediate protection." This was flattering, but would have been unsatisfactory save for a single circumstance. The King's letter was addressed to "Our trusty and well-beloved our Governor, Council and *Burgesses of the Grand Assembly of Virginia.*" Thus the grant of free government made to Virginia by the Company was for the first time formally recognized in an official paper from the King, promising that the Company should never be restored.

Soon Berkeley gave the Puritan pastors due notice what they had to expect from him. He promptly issued his proclamation in accordance with the act of expulsion against them passed by the Assembly. Thenceforth he was regarded by them, and very justly, as their most dangerous adversary. "The hearts of the people," they said, "were much inflamed by desire after the ordinances," but the Governor, Sir William Berkeley, was "a courtier and very malignant toward the way of the churches." The malignant courtier was unfortunately the executive; and had we in those days

visited Nansemond, on lower James River, we might have witnessed a singular spectacle.

A crowd of stern-faced people are gathered in their log meeting-house around their pastors, who read to them the Governor's proclamation, that they are not permitted to "teach or preach publicly or privately," and shall "depart the colony with all convenience." So decrees the Virginia Assembly, and we may see the angry faces and hear the muttered anathemas. They must go, but there is a place of refuge, they are told by the resolute-looking man yonder, William Clayborne, the Rebel, who goes about among them. Maryland is a free country, for all its Romish abominations, if Protestant Virginia is so hostile to them. If they will come with him, he will show them where they may live in peace, — which ends unfortunately, however, in hot conflict with the Marylanders, Clayborne leading the guests against their entertainers.

And now an event took place which was to test the energy of the smiling courtier of Greenspring. The Indians had not gone yet. In spite of all, they still occupied the country along the York and Pamunkey. They had looked on at the gradual extension of the English power with the old fierce jealousy; and now, more than twenty years after the massacre of 1622, resolved to repeat that stern protest against the extinction of their race. Their leader was the same Opechancanough, called the brother of Powhatan by some, but by others said to be a mysterious stranger from Mexico, or other remote locality. He had wrested the rule from old Opitchapan, to whom Powhatan had left his kingdom, and though nothing is heard of him in the great battle of the eight hundred bowmen with Wyat,

he was still Emperor. He was now nearly a hundred years old, and greatly emaciated. His eyes had closed from age, and he could only see when one of his people raised his eyelids. He was not able to walk, and was carried about in a litter. It is a striking picture. His old unshrinking courage still burned in the breast of the savage Emperor, and his twenty years of brooding in the York woods brought him to the resolution to make a last attack on the English.

The attack was made (April 18, 1644).[1] Those searching for grounds to explain it have found them in the encroachments of Sir John Harvey on the Indian territories; others said that some of the colonists told Opechancanough of the civil war in England, and that "now was his time or never, to root out all the English." The latter seems absurd, whether the crime is attributed to Cavalier or Puritan, since the Indian hatchet would have spared neither. No doubt the affair was the result of blind hatred, and Opechancanough's age warned him not to defer it. He suddenly threw himself on the settlers along the upper waters of the York and Pamunkey, and before the English could resist, about three hundred of them were killed. But that was the end of it. Either from the resolute stand made, or Opechancanough's loss of efficiency, the Indians retreated. Meantime couriers had carried the news to Berkeley, at Jamestown. He got together a body of horse, marched rapidly to the scene, and pursuing the savages into the woods, routed them everywhere, and captured Opechancanough. He was carried

[1] The date of this onslaught is variously given in the histories. It is verified by the law of the Burgesses in the spring of 1645 "that the *eighteenth day of April* be yearly celebrated by thanksgiving *for our deliverance from the hands of the savages.*"

in his litter to Jamestown, and Berkeley intended to send him to England as a trophy of his prowess. But this last indignity was spared the old ruler: his life suddenly ended. He was fierce and unsubdued to the last. When a crowd gathered round him, at Jamestown, to stare at him, he resented it as an affront to a man of his dignity; and said to Berkeley, with august pride, that if it "had been his fortune to take Sir William Berkeley prisoner, he would have disdained to make a show of him." He was, soon afterwards, shot in the back, by one of his guards, to revenge some personal spite, it seems; and of this wound he died, — an ignoble fate for the great successor of Powhatan.

This ended, for the time at least, the long struggle of nearly forty years, between the English and the Indians.

The man just dead at Jamestown, had seen the beginning and the ending, and after him there was no one of sufficient ability to carry on an offensive war. His successor, Necotowance, styling himself "King of the Indians," — for even the old imperial title seemed to have gone with the last Emperor, — made a treaty by which he agreed to hold his authority from the King of England, and deliver to Berkeley an annual tribute of twenty beaver skins, at the "going of the geese," which was winter. The tribes were to hold, as their hunting ground, the lands north of York River; and no Indian was to come south of it, except as a messenger, wearing a badge of striped cloth; if any did so, the punishment was death. It is true that for a white man to be found on Indian ground was felony; but that was soon conveniently forgotten. The Indian power in Virginia was again broken for the time, and then all again was quiet until the Commonwealth ships came to cannonade Jamestown.

VI.

A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF VIRGINIA.

It was a prosperous and thriving society, this little colony of Virginia, as the half century was coming to an end. We have a picture of it in "A Perfect Description of Virginia" (London, 1649); a full-length portrait drawn by one who had lived in the colony.

The writer glows with enthusiasm; Virginia is the earthly Paradise. It is "full of trees," and the hum of bees; of "rare colored parraketoes, and one bird we call the *mockbird*, for he will imitate all other birds' notes; yea, the owls and nightingales." In this happy Virginia there is "nothing wanting to produce plenty, health, and wealth." As to the bleak outside country of New England, "there is not much in *that* land." It is so fearful a desert, that, "except *a herring be put into the hole you set the corn or maize in, it will not come up!*" Why do people continue to go to this frightful region, when the southern Paradise awaits them?

In this Eden of Virginia, according to the enthusiastic writer, there were now (about 1648) fifteen thousand Englishmen, and three hundred imported African slaves; twenty thousand head of cattle, plenty of horses and other stock; and the inhabitants were busy with their large crops of wheat, tobacco, and Indian corn, which yielded "five hundred fold." There were great hopes of making the best silk; and mulberry trees must be planted, and a certain "George, the Armenian," was to be rewarded by the Burgesses, for instructing people in the silk manufacture. A thousand colonists lived on

the Eastern Shore, and the bay and rivers were white with ships: at Christmas, 1647, there were in James River, ten vessels from London, two from Bristol, twelve from Holland, and seven from New England. A regular trade had begun with the northern Virginians of Massachusetts Bay. The hardy "Pilgrims" had come thither in 1620, and founded their polity, as they had the right to do; what the elder Virginia of the south grumbled at was, that intruders had occupied the country south of Cape Cod, her northern boundary. The obstinate Dutchmen who had defied Argall, and remained at Albany, had come down to Manhattan Island; and in fact all that region, extending into Connecticut, was claimed by them. At this the Virginians cry out. These "Hollanders have *stolen into* a river called *Hudson's River, in the limits of Virginia;* have built forts there, called Prince Maurice and New Netherlands," and defy all comers. They trade in furs to the value of £10,000 sterling; and "thus are the English *nosed and out-traded* by the Dutch." Then a colony of Swedes had settled on the Delaware; and Maryland, like the rest, was an invasion of Virginia right.

Thus the once great empire of Virginia was falling a prey to these strangers; dissent on one hand and papacy on the other, were attacking the Church; and none could tell how this unhappy state of affairs would end. As late as the spring of 1660, Virginia makes her protest against this disintegration. Governor Stuyvesant, of "Knickerbocker" fame, writes from Fort Amsterdam, to the Governor of Virginia, proposing a friendly league, and the acknowledgment of the Dutch title by Berkeley. But that gentleman replies, in guarded phrase, with his most charming courtesy, that he shall

be "ever ready to comply with Governor Stuyvesant in all acts of neighborly friendship; but truly, Sir, you desire me to do that, concerning your letter, and *claims to land, in the northern part of America, which I am incapable to do.*" He is "the servant of the Assembly," he says: when God shall be pleased in his mercy to dissipate the unnatural troubles in England, his Majesty will attend to matters, and decide to whom Manhattan belongs.

Virginia remains quiet and prosperous in spite of the furious conflict in England. Hearts burn, no doubt, when those ships from London and Bristol bring tidings of the great wrestle between King and Parliament, which is yet doubtful. But the King's strength is plainly failing, and the Virginia royalists go about with hanging heads, sad at heart; and the heads of the other faction who sympathize with the Parliament, begin to rise joyfully. The times are gloomy for the old Cavaliers of the King; above all for Sir William Berkeley, who has been to England (1644) to see the King in his dark hour, and now, at his Greenspring country house, broods over the coming fate. But he does not lose heart, and is going to stand or fall for the object of his idolatry, — the *jus divinum*. When the end comes, and the great tide of fugitive cavalierdom rolls toward Virginia, he will receive the desolate exiles with open arms and purse. His friends will be as ardent; for "refugees" are the representatives of a cause, and are to be welcomed. Colonel Norwood, of the King's party, flies from England (1649) and comes to the Eastern Shore; and thenceforward makes a sort of progress through the old plantations. Stephen Charlton, of Northampton, dresses him up in a suit of his own clothes. Captain

Yeardley receives him joyfully; so do Squire Ludlow, and Captain Wormley, who makes him royally welcome at his house in York. A company of guests are already "feasting and carousing there;" Sir Thomas Lunsford, Sir Henry Chicheley, Sir Philip Honeywood, and Colonel Hammond, — friends of the King. All this we read in the "Voyage of Colonel Norwood," written by the Colonel himself, who then goes on to Greenspring, well "mounted" by his friend Wormley, — he knows he will find the friend of friends there. Berkeley, his near relation, takes him into his house as an honored guest, and will soon send him off to Holland to solicit from his Majesty, *Charles the Second*, the place of Treasurer of Virginia; which Clayborne, the rebel and Puritan, shall hold no longer.

For the blow that struck a sudden chill to all true Cavalier hearts has fallen. In this cold month of January, 1649, Charles I. has gone to the block; and the Virginia Cavaliers in fancy, like the little company at Windsor in reality, follow the black velvet coffin, covered with snow-flakes, to its resting-place, and are in despair.

VII.

THE SURRENDER.

THE execution of Charles I. was a very great shock to the Virginians. A shudder convulsed society, and few but extremists approved it. The proceeding in a political point of view was a blunder. The character of the King as husband and father was such as to make good men respect him, and to slay him was impolitic, since death sanctifies.

In Virginia, as in England, men had been arrayed against each other, but the Virginia Commonwealth's-men revolted from the scene in front of Whitehall, which had reversed the Revolution and made the Restoration possible. This sentiment was probably general, and the royalist exiles flying to America appealed strongly to the sympathies even of political enemies. They were persons of rank "among the nobility, clergy, and gentry . . . men of the first rate who wanted not money nor credit, and had fled from their native country as from a place infected with the plague," reduced to "horrors and despairs at the bloody and bitter stroke of the King's assassination, at his palace of Whitehall." So the passionate old chronicle runs, — and one ship brought (September, 1649) three hundred and thirty. This crowd of refugees met everywhere, as has been shown, with the warmest reception. Every house was "a hostelry," and they had "choice of hosts without money or its value." We have seen Sir Thomas Lunsford and his companions "feasting and carousing" at Captain Wormley's; and it is easy to fancy the scenes, — the disconsolate Cavaliers telling their stories of battle and adventure; of the fierce wrestles with Cromwell's pikemen; the blood dropping through the Whitehall scaffold, — and the groups of Virginians around them, men, women, and children listening, pale and in tears, to the woful tale. Even those who had no sympathy with the King's cause felt the magnetism. The exiles everywhere met with evidences of regard instead of hostility. Right or wrong, they had fought for their cause to the end; and that has made men admire even their adversaries in all ages. There is nothing to show that any Virginia Roundhead gave an ill reception to any

one Cavalier. The men of the opposing sides were often of the same blood; and the Virginians of the other faction received them with the welcome due to misfortune.

When the Burgesses met in October, 1649, they hastened to give voice to the general horror and indignation. The first act of the session comes direct to the point: speaks of Charles I. as "the late most excellent and now undoubtedly sainted King;" and threatens that "what person soever shall go about to defend or maintain the late traitorous proceedings against the aforesaid King of most happy memory, shall be adjudged an accessory *post factum*, to the death of the aforesaid King, and shall be proceeded against for the same, according to the known laws of England." Thus the execution of Charles was treason, and those defending it should be punished with death. The same penalty was denounced against all persons who shall "by words or speeches, endeavor to insinuate any doubt, scruple, or question, of, or concerning the undoubted and inherent right of *his Majesty that now is* to the colony of Virginia, and all other his Majesty's dominions." His Majesty that now is, was the boy who was wandering about nearly shelterless, on the Continent, afterwards Charles II. But the Virginians did not insert that word "afterwards." From the moment when the head of his father rolled on the scaffold, Charles II., King of England, and all other his Majesty's dominions, sprung suddenly into existence *jure divino*.

Looking back now at this action of the Virginia Burgesses, it is impossible not to see that the death of Charles I. caused an enormous reaction in his favor, and was an immense blow struck in support of the monarchic idea. The Virginians had never been bigoted

monarchists. They had resisted the King's demand for the tobacco monopoly; had "thrust out" his representative Harvey; and made their protest against his illegal assumptions as systematically as his hostile Parliament had done. But his tragic end suddenly buried these old animosities in the profoundest oblivion. The ruler whom they had resisted so obstinately, was now "sacred" and "sainted." Whosoever said he was not should be put to death. And whosoever went about maintaining that the boy at the Hague was not the real King of England and Virginia, should be punished in like manner, as a traitor.

This proceeding was dangerous. England was in the hands of the revolutionists, and at their head was Cromwell. That great ruler had a long arm and was not to be trifled with. From the moment that the Virginia Burgesses, speaking for Virginia, declared that Charles II. was King of England and Virginia, they were in contumacy, and the English cannon were ready to argue with them. It seemed that their action could come to nothing. No persons elsewhere on the North American continent moved to support it or had the least idea of doing so. New England, to a man nearly, sympathized with the new authority in England. The Dutch and Swedes were not English, and cared little for English affairs. Maryland shuddered for a moment, but gave assurances of fidelity to the Parliament. Thus Virginia stood alone, and spoke for herself; and what she said was, that the execution of Charles I. was treason, and that the person entitled to authority in Virginia was his son Charles II.

The reply of Parliament to the Virginia defiance duly came. In October, 1650, just a year after the law of

the Burgesses, the Long Parliament passed an act prohibiting trade with Virginia and the West Indies; and as many persons inhabiting Virginia had been guilty of rebellion against the English Commonwealth, such persons were declared to be notorious traitors, and a fleet was sent to suppress them. Every provision was made. Four Commissioners were appointed to go out and receive the surrender of Virginia; and among these was the persistent Clayborne "the rebel," now a full-fledged Commonwealth's man, who came with one eye on Virginia and the other upon Maryland. There was nothing of extreme severity in the instructions of the Commissioners. If the recalcitrant Virginians submitted quietly they were to be treated as brethren. All who acknowledged the Commonwealth were to receive full pardon for past acts. If Virginia resisted, then war. An appeal was to be made to the friends of the Parliament to rise in arms; and the slaves and indented servants of the King's adherents, on joining the forces, were to be discharged and set free from their former masters.

It was not until March, 1652, that the English ships reached the Virginia waters, when one of them, a frigate, sailed up to Jamestown, to demand the surrender of the colony. This did not seem to be the purpose of the Virginians. The approach of the ships was known, and the friends of the King had been notified. At Berkeley's summons they had hastened to Jamestown, and the place was put in a state of defense. Cannon were posted, muskets distributed, and some Dutch ships at the port used as forts. By the Act of Parliament prohibiting foreign trade with Virginia, these were liable to capture by the English fleet, and their cargoes

were taken on shore, and replaced by cannon. Then Berkeley and his men awaited what was to follow.

At the moment when the broadsides seemed about to begin, the captain of the frigate sent a boat ashore to demand a surrender. A long discussion took place between him and the Virginians, and a curious circumstance is said to have ended it. The English captain privately informed two members of the Council that he had on board his frigate valuable goods consigned to them. If there was no trouble these would reach their owners, if there was trouble they would not. Was this bribery, or is it true? It is impossible now to say. The only authority for it is Beverley, and he is often inaccurate. What is certain is, that the Virginians, after solemn and prolonged discussion, determined to surrender. We have official authority for this hesitation. The Commissioners themselves reported that the "Burgesses of all the several plantations being called to advise and assist therein, *upon long and serious debate*, and in sad contemplation of the great miseries and certain destruction," etc. In a word, the chief men of Virginia having considered the demand of the Parliament, agreed, much against their will, and only "to prevent the ruin and destruction of the Plantation," to surrender to the Commonwealth.

This would seem to be a plainly stated historical occurrence; and yet some historians cannot understand it. Even Mr. Bancroft, followed by Mr. Campbell, adopts the statement of Clarendon, and says that "no sooner had the Guinea frigate *anchored in the waters of the Chesapeake*, than all thoughts of resistance were laid aside." Opposed to them we have Beverley, Marshall, Robertson, and others, — above all, the English Commis-

sioners who were present. If the Virginians suddenly lost heart when the English ships anchored in the Chesapeake, they must have regained it as suddenly, since the Commissioners reported that "having brought a fleet and force before James Cittie, in Virginia," they found "*a force raised by the Governor and country to make opposition against the said fleet.*"[1] It seems so plain, from the record, that the Virginians meant to fight, and only gave up the intent after long and serious consultation, that one is surprised to find the contrary stated as the truth. There seems no trouble at all in understanding the transaction. The Virginians did not wish to surrender to the Parliament, preferring to fight, but finding that their enemy was too powerful, they surrendered.

The "Articles at the Surrender of the Country" is a remarkable paper. The parties treat as between crowned heads. Virginia was to obey the Commonwealth, but this submission was to "be acknowledged a voluntary act, not forced nor constrained by a conquest upon the country." The people were "to enjoy such freedoms and privileges as belong to the freeborn people of England;" the Grand Assembly was to continue; there was to be a "total indemnity for all acts, words, or writings, done or spoken against the Parliament of England"; the colony was to have free trade with all nations, in spite of the Navigation Act; the Virginia Assembly alone was to have the right to tax Virginia; and all persons refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the English Commonwealth should have a year to

[1] The report of the Commissioners and other documents relating to the surrender, are preserved in Hening's Statutes at Large, and set all doubt at rest.

dispose of their property and depart out of the colony. The strangest article of all was that in reference to the hated Prayer-Book. The Virginians were to go on using it for the space of one year, only provided, that "those things which relate to Kingship be not used publicly." As to the "total remission and indemnity," to be extended to everybody, Sir William Berkeley and his advisers were expressly included in it. Neither he nor his Council were to be obliged to swear fealty to the Commonwealth for a year; nor be "censured for praying for, or speaking well of, the King in their private houses;" and were to be allowed to sell their property and go whither they pleased. Then this grand finale comes, signed by Bennett, Clayborne, and Curtis, the Parliamentary Commissioners: "We have granted an act of indemnity and oblivion to all the inhabitants of this Colony, from all words, actions, or writings, that have been spoken, acted, or writ against the Parliament, or Commonwealth of England, or any other person, from the beginning of the world to this day."

Some of these articles were not ratified by the Long Parliament, which was dissolved soon afterwards; notably that engaging that no taxes or impositions should be laid on Virginia without the consent of the Assembly. Otherwise they remained the terms on which the surrender was made, and were respected. If any persons fancied that the Virginia royalists would be proscribed, and their leader, Sir William Berkeley, beheaded like Charles I., for his armed resistance to Parliament, they were agreeably, or disagreeably disappointed. Since the scene in front of Whitehall, beheading was out of fashion, and there was to be no confiscation of property, or any vengeance whatever, since

there was little to avenge. A general amnesty covered all. A single ceremony sufficed to blot out all the misdeeds of the past, — an oath of allegiance to the Parliament. As to that there was to be no discussion. Those refusing to take it were to go away and stay away from Virginia.

VIII.

VIRGINIA UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.

Thus in the short hours of a March day Virginia passed from the King under the Commonwealth. By the scratch of a pen in the fingers of a few men in black coats, this ancient dominion of royalty had become the new dominion of the Parliament.

There was no sudden convulsion of society, or even the least confusion. The old went and the new came as mildly and peacefully as one hour succeeds another on a May morning. The haughty Cavalier Berkeley, in his silk and lace, goes away to Greenspring, and the short-haired people, called by their enemies "Roundheads" for that reason, are the masters. Berkeley afterwards spoke bitterly of these scenes at Jamestown. He burst forth in his address to the Burgesses, speaking of the Parliamentarians, with, "they sent a small power to force my submission, which, finding me defenseless, was quietly (God pardon me!) effected." And one of his followers growled out that the Parliament ships had "reduced the colony under the power (*but never to the obedience*) of the Usurper." But there was absolutely nothing for the fiery old Cavalier to do but to submit. He sold his "house in James Cittie, the westernmost of the three brick houses I there built," and went away to

his Greenspring manor, and on one pretext or another remained in Virginia. Every poor friend of the King found his house and purse open; the days were spent, no doubt, in lamenting the hard times and in drinking confusion to Noll and his traitorous crew; and all through the times of the Commonwealth, the bitter Cavalier was permitted to remain undisturbed.

This was strange, it may be said, since this man had hated the very names of Puritan and Commonwealth, with a perfect hatred; had issued his proclamation denouncing the friends of the party now in power; had fully approved when they were pilloried for deriding the King; and had risen in armed defiance of the Parliament. The same party in England had beheaded the King and confiscated the estates of his followers. Why was Berkeley, the King's viceroy, left in peace, and none of his adherents persecuted? The true explanation may be indicated in a very few words. The mass of the Virginia population, and a vast preponderance of the wealth and influence of the colony were Cavalier, — always taking the word to mean friendly to Church and King. The Commonwealth's men now in power had little personal enmity toward their opponents, as in England. There were few vengeances to wreak, or old scores to settle; and to have attempted to outrage the great body of Cavalier planters would have been absurd. Such outrage might be dangerous. Revolutions were uncertain. The Roundheads were up to-day, but they might be down to-morrow. The King's friends might regain the ascendency. But strongest perhaps of all, was the feeling that their adversaries were good Virginians like themselves. They were willing to accept rule under Cromwell or the

Parliament, but meant to maintain that the true source of authority in Virginia was the Assembly. And it would be ill in these troubled days to attempt to persecute men who had fought with them for the same principle, — that Virginia was to be ruled by Virginians. This will explain why the revolution in Virginia was conducted in a manner so peaceful. Personal rancor and religious animosity were both wanting; the great mass of the Commonwealth's men had as little sympathy with the nonconformists as the King's men, and there was no wish whatever to proscribe their opponents. The main thing was to reach harbor in the midst of the storm; and grave men cast about them for anchorage, and found it. "After long and serious debate, and advice taken for the settling of Virginia, it was unanimously voted and concluded (April 30, 1652), that Mr. Richard Bennett, Esq., be Governor for this ensuing year."

Bennett, the relative of a London merchant, and a Roundhead, was a man of consideration who had been driven from Virginia with other dissenters, and taken refuge in Maryland, where he became the leader of the Puritans. He was one of the few prominent men who might be said to have good grounds for personal rancor against the King's men; but he displayed none. Clayborne the rebel was made Secretary of State, and among the Councillors were Colonels Yeardley and Ludlow, probably relatives of the Captain Yeardley and Squire Ludlow who had so warmly welcomed the royalist refugees. The government was to be provisional until further advices from "the States," — England. Meanwhile all was to flow from the Assembly; that fact was to be distinctly understood. "The

right of election of all officers of this colony shall appertain to *the Burgesses, the representatives of the people.*" It was the lifelong claim, to govern themselves, which the exigencies of the time had only fortified and made more emphatic.

The new order of things went on quietly, with little jar in the machinery. The first House of Burgesses under the Commonwealth (April, 1652), numbered thirty-five persons, and represented thirteen "counties."[1] They were for the most part new men, as was natural under the circumstances, but in many counties some of the old Cavalier Burgesses were returned. The proceedings were harmonious, and indicated no other desire than to transact the public business and go about their own. A few fulminations make a small stir. "Mr. John Hammond, Burgess for the lower parish of Isle of Wight," — afterwards (1656) the author of "Leah and Rachel," or Virginia and Maryland, — is found to be "notoriously known a scandalous person, and a frequent disturber of the peace by libel and other illegal practices;" and the worshipful Burgesses accord-

[1] Up to 1633 the Burgesses represented *hundreds* and *plantations;* in 1634 these were erected into eight *shires* "to be governed as the shires in England." In 1643 the *counties* are formed, which is henceforth the designation. The thirteen counties at the beginning of the ascendency of the Commonwealth (1652), it may be noted for the satisfaction of Virginia antiquaries, were: —

Henrico.	Warwick.
Charles City.	York.
James City.	Northampton.
Isle of Wight.	Northumberland.
Nansemond.	Gloucester.
Lower Norfolk.	Lancaster.
Elizabeth City.	

Surry was added in the next year. *Northampton* was a new name for the old Accomac.

ingly, "conceive it fit he be expelled the House." Also Mr. James Pyland, Burgess from the same county, is to be "removed out of the House and committed to answer his mutinous and rebellious declarations, and blasphemous catechism," — which declarations and catechism remain undiscoverable mysteries. Others were fined and imprisoned "for speaking contemptuously of the government;" and truculent William Hatcher, former Burgess from Henrico, and King's man, is summarily dealt with. For saying of Mr. Speaker Hill, Roundhead, that "the mouth of this House was a Devil," he is sentenced to acknowledge his offense on his knees before this Assembly; which he accordingly does. A brief commotion on the Eastern Shore against the new authority is alluded to, but nothing more is heard of it, and all is quiet.

The truth is, to repeat, that there was little disposition to persecute anybody, or arouse bitter blood. If any people were persecuted, they were the members of the legal fraternity, or, as the act calls them, the "mercenarie attorneys." The question as to these mercenary people had tormented the time. They had been tossed to and fro like shuttlecocks at the various Assemblies. In 1642 they are allowed to practice, but their fees are limited. In 1645 they are "expelled from office." In 1647 they are forbidden to "take any fee," — the court is "either to open the cause for a weak party or appoint some fit man out of the people to do it." In 1656 all the acts are repealed, and the attorneys are to be licensed. But last, now (1658), since these mercenary attorneys "maintain suits in law to the great prejudice and charge of the inhabitants of this colony," they are not to "plead in any court, or give council in any cause or controversy, for any kind of reward or profit," on

penalty of five thousand pounds of tobacco for every offense. The law ends with a flout at the poor mercenary attorneys. They shall swear when they appear in a cause, that they have not violated this act, "because the breakers thereof, *through their subtilty, cannot easily be discerned.*" Thus the minds of the old Virginians seem to have been in a state of dire confusion as to how these subtle people ought to be treated.

So the new government went on its way, fairly pleasing all but the attorneys and those malcontents who grumble at every act of a political opponent. This class protested that Virginia was at the last gasp; that the act of Parliament of 1651 prohibiting free trade was crushing the colony; and yet by non-enforcement of the law, Virginia appears to have continued to trade with all the world. The old annals seem to show that Cromwell respected the terms of surrender and left the colony to manage its own affairs. The Virginia government was confessedly provisional. Its "looseness and unsettledness" were recognized. When the Great Protector died the Virginians were told that he had "come to some resolutions for supplying of that defect," which would duly have been done "if the Lord had continued life and health to his said Highness;" and his successor Richard consoled them with the promise that the "settlement of that colony is not neglected."

The Virginians did not receive this tranquillizing assurance with any great enthusiasm. All they asked was to be let alone. By the wise neglect of the great ruler, who was the real King of England after the dissolution of the Long Parliament, they were allowed to choose their own governors and govern themselves without English interference. Whether Cromwell meant to

formally take Virginia into his own hands or not is uncertain. It is certain that he never did so. Richard Bennett was succeeded in March, 1655, by Edward Digges, who was succeeded in 1656 by Samuel Matthews, all elected by the Burgesses.[1]

These three Governors, who filled the whole period of the Commonwealth, were all worthy persons. The last, "Captain Samuel Matthews" (the title Captain probably indicated that he had been commander of a hundred), was "an old planter of nearly forty years' standing, a most deserving Commonwealth's man, who kept a good house, lived bravely, and was a true lover of Virginia," — which is a good epitaph. It paints the members of a class with whom Virginians are familiar — men living on landed estates with their families and swarming dependents, keeping open house and welcoming all comers, ruddy of face, hearty of bearing, loving good eating and drinking, managing their own affairs well, and competent to manage the affairs of the public. One fact in the past career of the worthy Commonwealth's man ought not to be forgotten — he had persecuted the Puritans. Let us hear Mr. John Hammond, the author of "Leah and Rachel." "And there was in Virginia a certain people congregated into a church, calling themselves Independents, which, daily increasing, several consultations were had by the state of that Colony how to suppress and extinguish them," so they were "banished, clapt up in prison and disarmed *by one Colonel Samuel Matthews, then a Coun-*

[1] It would be lost time to notice all the misstatements on this and other passages of Virginia history. Cromwell appointed none of the Governors. He is loosely said to have "named" them, but even that rests on vague authority. He was much too busy at home to find time for these small American matters.

sellor in Virginia." It was this former Puritan persecutor who was now the Commonwealth Governor.

Only once did the "old planter" and the Burgesses come into collision, and that was probably owing to the fact that William Clayborne, the restless rebel, was his Secretary of State. The incident is amusing. The practice had been to admit the Governor and Council to seats in the Burgesses; but in 1658 the House rescinded that law and excluded them. Thereupon the worthy Matthews, after the royal fashion, dissolved them. The issue was portentous. Were the old kingly days to come back? The Virginians promptly rebelled. They forbade their members to leave Jamestown; declared the House still "whole and entire;" prescribed an oath of secrecy as to their proceedings; and remained in session. The issue was forced, and honest Samuel Matthews gives way so far as to say he will refer all to Cromwell. But this does not suit the Virginians. "The answer returned is unsatisfactory," they reply. They are "the *representatives of the people*, not dissolvable by any power yet extant in Virginia but our own." They alone have the power to appoint or remove Governors; and the sheriff of James City is peremptorily ordered not to "execute any warrant, precept or command directed to you from any other power or person than the Speaker of this Honourable House: hereof fail not as you will answer the contrary at your peril." To end, Colonel William Clayborne, "*late*" Secretary of State, shall surrender the public records; and "Coll. Clayborne being sent for by the Sergeant at Arms," has to deliver them, and takes his receipt and discharge.

The revolution begins and ends in precisely three days.

On the first day of April (1658) the Burgesses are dissolved, but refuse to disperse. On the second they depose the Governor, but invent a device which will please everybody. Here is the whole ingenious proceeding in the words of the actors: —

I. "We, the said Burgesses, do declare that we have in ourselves the full power of the election and appointment of all officers in this country until such time as we shall have order to the contrary from the supreme power in England.

II. "That all former election of Governor and Council be void and null.

III. "That the power of Governor for the future shall be conferred on Coll. Samuel Matthews, Esq., who *by us* shall be invested with all the just rights and privileges belonging to the Governor and Captain General of Virginia."

All this is done on the day after the dissolution. There is to be no misunderstanding. They, the Burgesses, elected Governor Matthews; they depose Governor Matthews; they reëlect Governor Matthews, who "*by us*" shall be reinvested with the powers of Governor of Virginia. And on the third of April the "old planter and true lover of Virginia" cheerfully assented and took the oath.

The cordial relations between the old-new ruler and his parliament were not again interrupted. The bloodless three days of revolution had placed things on an intelligible basis. Governor Matthews continued to rule Virginia until the Restoration was in sight, when, as though not wishing to behold that spectacle, the old planter and deserving Commonwealth's man expired.

IX.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEVERN.

VIRGINIA remained tranquil during the entire period of the Commonwealth with the exception of one year, which was marked by a bloody disaster. This and a still bloodier incident with which she was connected will now be related.

In the midst of profound quiet intelligence reached Jamestown (1656) that new trouble with the Indians was probably near. About seven hundred Ricahecrians, a tribe living beyond the Blue Ridge, had come down from the mountains, and established themselves near James River Falls, in the neighborhood of the present city of Richmond. That meant danger to the border families, possibly to the lower settlements; and the Burgesses promptly sent a force to drive them away. The officer in command was Colonel Edward Hill, former Speaker, and called a "devil" by Mr. William Hatcher. The result of the campaign was melancholy. Colonel Hill marched on the Indians at the head of the Virginians and a hundred braves of the friendly Pamunkey tribe, commanded by their chief Totopotomoi. A battle took place near Richmond, and either by surprise or from incapacity, Hill was routed by the Ricahecrians. Totopotomoi was killed, and the whole force retreated in disorder, after which we hear no more of the Ricahecrians, who probably went back to their mountains.

The other incident which disturbed the harmony of the Commonwealth régime was more important. A bat-

tle was fought, followed by bloody executions, which decided for the time, at least, the fate of Maryland. The chief actor in this fierce business was that same William Clayborne, "the rebel," who had so harried Leonard Calvert. Calvert had now disappeared, but Governor Stone, representing Lord Baltimore, occupied his seat and was a King's man. So Clayborne and his brother commissioners, after receiving the surrender of Virginia, sailed for Maryland (April, 1652) under the broad authority from Parliament to reduce "all the plantations within the Bay of the Chesapeake."

What followed in Maryland is a vivid picture of the times, and belongs to a history of the Virginians, since Virginia and the Virginia governors were concerned in it. The state of things was curious. The "beauty and extraordinary goodness" of this good land of Maryland had attracted covetous eyes. She was the younger sister of Virginia, the Rachel of the contemporary pamphlet, "Leah and Rachel," signifying Virginia and Maryland. "Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful and well favored," says the book of Genesis, "and Laban said, It is better that I give her to thee than that I should give her to another man." Who the successful wooer should be, for the hand of Rachel, was now to be decided. Church of England Virginia claimed this fair domain under her original charter. Lord Baltimore, the Roman Catholic, claimed it by the King's patent. The Puritans who had gone thither claimed it by right of occupancy. And Clayborne, the rebel, claiming Kent Island as a free gift from Charles I., meant to assert his right to that, and in these days of trouble gain control of the whole country. There never had been the least doubt in the mind of anybody who knew this

stalwart rebel and politician what his real motives were. He wanted Maryland, caring little, it seems, for the success of this or that religious sect; and his brother Commissioners were of the same mind. "It was not religiou," says a contemporary writer, "it was not punctilios these Commissioners stood upon: it was *that sweete, that rich, that large country they aimed at.*"

The poor Catholics were thus caught between the upper and the nether millstone. They had the Parliament, the Puritans, and the Church of England men all against them; and it would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy to see how partisan writers have distorted the facts. Certain historians can see no merit whatever in the unlucky Roman Catholics. They are black sheep who ought of right to be fleeced by the saintly. They are always in the wrong. The duty of the Lord's anointed is to denounce their mummeries and exterminate them. Clayborne, the Puritan leader, is always in the right when he tramples on them and puts them to the sword. They are to be allowed freedom of conscience — *except as to popery.* And yet they complain! — they, the followers of the most intolerant of all churches.

The truth is that the Roman Catholics of Maryland were the only tolerant people of that frightfully intolerant age. The Governor, it has been seen, was forced to swear that he "would not molest any person believing in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion." But their toleration was accounted to them for a crime. The Puritan party were their sworn foes, and candid Mr. Bancroft says, "had neither the gratitude to respect the rights of the government by which they had been received and fostered, nor magnanimity to continue

the toleration to which alone they were indebted for their residence in the colony;" for the furthest reach of their toleration when they came into power was to "confirm the freedom of conscience, provided the liberty were not extended to '*popery, prelacy, or licentiousness*' *of opinion!*" One reads this grim piece of humor with a queer sensation. There should be perfect freedom of religion — except for Catholics, Church of England people, and others who differed with themselves in theology!

Spite of all the fatal bias of the old historians, the truth seems to be perfectly plain. The Catholics were in their right, and Clayborne and the rest were not. Neither the famous rebel, nor the Protestants of any description had any rights in Maryland save what were granted them by the Catholics. What they acquired beyond this, they acquired by force. Clayborne's claim to Kent Island had been formally repudiated by the Commissioners of Plantations, and thenceforth he was an agitator only; nor were his Puritan or Church of England followers any better. But the times were in disorder; the Puritan element had grown powerful; and the hardy rebel grasped it and struck at his enemies with it.

What followed in these years, from 1652 to the end of the Commonwealth, was civil war. The restless foe of Baltimore had been checkmated often, but a new game had begun. Baltimore's friend, the King, was dead; the Parliament was in power; and Clayborne, the emissary of this Parliament, will go and take his own again. The blow was struck at once. As soon as Berkeley was driven from Jamestown, Clayborne sailed, as we have seen, in his frigate for St. Mary's; put the strong hand on Stone, Baltimore's Deputy Governor,

and only permitted him to remain in nominal authority, on his promise to issue writs in the name of the "Keepers of the Liberty of England," and to obey the officers appointed by him, Clayborne (June, 1652).

But suddenly the scene changed. These Keepers of the Liberty of England, the English Parliament, were hustled out by Cromwell, and Stone rose in rebellion, declaring that the authority under which Clayborne had acted no longer existed. Thereupon the determined rebel, who had returned to Virginia, hurried back; compelled Stone to submit; and ended the whole business by appointing his own men to govern Maryland.

His own men were naturally Puritans, and the Puritan element is now fully in power. The revel at once begins, for parties two hundred years ago were no better nor worse than parties to-day. The Puritans choose an Assembly, which meets at Patuxent and disfranchises the Catholics — that is to say, everybody is to be tolerated; but he must not be a Catholic or a Church of England man. So Maryland is at last in the hands of the Claybornites.

But Cromwell will have his say in that. The grim ruler of England interposes his fiat (January, 1654). Governor Bennett of Virginia, and those acting under his authority, are "to forbear disturbing the Lord Baltimore or his officers or people in Maryland." Also Clayborne and the other Commissioners are "*not to busy themselves about religion*, but to settle the civil government;" which civil government seems to be tolerably well settled by disfranchising the Catholics. Thus, his Highness the Lord Protector does not mean to disown Lord Baltimore, who has recognized his authority. It is only afterwards (September, 1655) that he writes:

"It was not at all intended by us that we should have *a stop put to the proceedings of those Commissioners*," — which proceedings of those Commissioners had overturned Lord Baltimore!

Such was the curious entanglement and vast confusion in the affairs of poor "Rachel" Maryland. But the Protector's half-disallowance of the Puritan revel is enough for Baltimore. Before this last decree is fulminated, he writes to Governor Stone, upbraiding him for yielding; orders him to resist in arms; and civil war begins (1654), this time to be more or less decisive.

Nearly all the old records of these events are by Puritan writers, and many historians following them have adopted their point of view, and their partisan coloring. To do so is not to write history. What seems plain is this: that in the fierce struggle which now took place between the Catholic proprietors and the Puritan and other intruders, the right, from first to last, was with the Catholics. Both parties had wrangled for a long time; from the moment, indeed, when Clayborne's pinnace had gone out into the Potomac to fight, more than twenty years before. Now the last collision came — a good, bloody battle, which was to decide to whom Maryland belonged.

The battle was fought at the mouth of the Severn, in the vicinity of the present city of Annapolis (March 25, 1654). The Puritan settlements were chiefly on the Severn, the Patuxent, and the Isle of Kent. Anne Arundel, which they had new-named Providence, — now Annapolis, — was their headquarters. The Roman Catholic capital was St. Mary's, on the south coast, near the mouth of the Potomac.

In these last days of March, when the spring was near, Stone, sailing up from St. Mary's, attacked the followers of Clayborne, and was routed utterly, with a loss of twenty killed and a considerable number wounded. This is nearly all that we know about the battle. Stone himself was "shot in many places," and the remains of his force scattered, or were captured. The old Puritan chronicler describing the scene, exclaims joyfully, "All the place was strewed with *Papist beads*, where they fled." Maryland now belonged to the Puritans, and as the age was matter-of-fact, and opposition to the strongest was necessarily treason, the Catholic leaders were sentenced to death, and four of them were then and there executed. Stone's life was only saved by the intercession of some personal friends. As to the "Jesuit fathers," we are told that they were "hotly pursued and escaped to Virginia where they inhabited a mean low hut," — which seems to have been a pleasant reflection.

This was the end of the Maryland business. Clayborne the rebel, the real head and front of everything, had at last succeeded in his twenty years' struggle. But the battle of the Severn was indecisive in the long run. The whirligig of time was to bring round its revenges. The unlucky Catholics were under the ban for years; and Cromwell would do nothing for them, — in fact, he had promptly declared, after the Severn defeat, that the proceedings of "those Commissioners" were *not to stop*. But still, there was his friend Baltimore, and he would not "settle the country, by declaring his determinate will," as he was besought to do.

But the day of trouble came for him, too, at last. The year 1658 arrived, and the Great Protector was about

to drop the sceptre. The Commonwealth of England was not the Commonwealth of the first ardent years. Englishmen were growing weary of it, and coming events cast long shadows. The Restoration was at hand, and Cromwell's life near its end. The Puritans of Maryland could look for no more support from him, and then tolerance became the fashion again. It was a real tolerance now, and the Catholics once more raised their heads. In March, 1658, the Catholics of St. Mary's and the Puritans of St. Leonard's consulted, and the province was surrendered to Lord Baltimore. In the autumn of the same year the great Lord Protector passed away; in 1660 Charles II. resumed authority, and the province returned to its old allegiance; and the long civil convulsion was followed by profound repose.

Of this curious civil war, William Clayborne, the Virginian, was as much the controlling spirit as Cromwell was the controlling spirit of the revolution in England. His character must appear from the narrative. He was a man of strong will; a politician of the first ability; haughty, implacable, "faithful to his friends, and faithful to his enemies," as was said of another person; and whether a conscientious Puritan or not, had the acumen to see the political importance of that element at the time, and the skill to use it as a weapon. By the aid of it he aimed to achieve his ends — the redress of his personal grievances, the overthrow of his adversaries, and the control of the province of Maryland. All these objects he attained. The ground crumbled under his feet at last, and the King's-men at the Restoration promptly turned him out of his place in the Virginia Council even; power had already escaped from his grasp in Maryland. But he fought his ene-

mies to the last, this "execrable incendiary and felon-convict" of the historical imagination. Among the tall figures of the epoch in which he lived, he is one of the tallest and the haughtiest.

X.

THE KING'S-MEN UP AGAIN.

SUDDENLY, with the coming of the spring of 1660, all things changed in Virginia. The King was returning to his own again. The Cavaliers, who had been sulking for years under the mild rule of the Commonwealth, threw up their hats and cheered, and indulged in outbursts of joyous enthusiasm, from Flower de Hundred to the Capes on the ocean.

It was rather grotesque. One might have supposed that for all these eight years past they had labored under dire oppression; that they had dodged here and there to escape persecution; and that they saw in the smiling young man of thirty, with his silk coat[1] and curling periwig, who was returning to London in the midst of shouting crowds, their deliverer from all this despotism. The smiling young man cared very little about them. He was thinking a great deal more about taking his ease with his mistresses, than of regulating the affairs of his good subjects of Virginia. When he did give them his attention it was to cripple their commerce, and grant the richest lands in the colony to his favorites.

This was yet in the future. The sentiment of the Virginians in favor of royalty was strong and confiding.

[1] The tradition was that Charles II. wore at his coronation a coat or robe of Virginia silk.

Then they had achieved their main point. The representatives, in the colony, of the psalm-singing fanatics of England with their nasal cant and hateful dissent would go now. Silk, and lace, and curling hair would be once more the fashion; the close-cropped wretches in black coats and round hats would fade into the background; and the good old Cavaliers, like the King, would have their own again.

There is no doubt that in Virginia the feeling of joy at the Restoration was enormous. The King's-men suddenly became prominent again. The plantations resounded with revelry. Men, women, and children hailed the new era with immense joy; and Berkeley waiting at Greenspring, as Charles II. had waited at the Hague, returned in triumph, by a vote of the Burgesses, to his place of Governor.

The events of this time have much exercised the historians. Some maintain that the Virginians were good Commonwealth's-men, who submitted to the new régime with reluctant growls. Others will have it that they were all King's-men and "proclaimed" the royal darling of their hearts two years before the English Restoration. Neither statement has any foundation. The great body of the Virginia population was unquestionably Cavalier, and the restoration of the royal authority in England was accompanied by its restoration in Virginia; but the latter did not precede the former. There is no doubt whatever that if the Virginians could have restored the King earlier they would have done so; and Berkeley, who is known to have been in close communication and consultation with the leading Cavaliers, had sent word to Charles II. in Holland, toward the end of the Commonwealth, that he would raise his flag in Vir-

ginia if there was a prospect of success. This incident has been called in question. It is testified to by William Lee, Sheriff of London, and a cousin of Richard Lee, Berkeley's emissary, as a fact within his knowledge. Charles declined the offer, but was always grateful to the Virginians. The country is said to have derived from the incident its name of the "Old Dominion," where the King was King, or might have been, before he was King in England; and the motto of the old Virginia shield, "En dat Virginia quartam," in allusion to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia, is supposed to have also originated at this time.

As to the "proclamation," in any sense, of the King about 1658, that is not established and is improbable. Berkeley did not even "proclaim" him when he returned to power in March, 1660. The facts are clearly shown by the records and may be briefly stated.

Cromwell died in September, 1658, and Richard Cromwell, his successor, resigned the government in April of the next year. There was thus an interregnum during which no settled authority of any description existed in England; and Governor Matthews having died in the same year (1659), there was none in Virginia. During this period of suspense and *quasi* chaos, the General Assembly was the only depositary of authority. This was recognized and prompt action taken. There was nothing to do but elect a Governor, and the only question was, a Commonwealth's Governor or a royal Governor? There was no Commonwealth, or it had no head; the Cavalier sentiment in Virginia was overpowering; and the Virginians did what might have been expected: they elected Berkeley, who, in 1650, had received a new commission as Governor from Charles II., then at Breda.

It is only necessary to glance at the old records to see the whole process of the business. In March, 1660, the planters assemble at Jamestown, and their first Act defines the whole situation: "Whereas by reason of the late distractions (which God in his mercy putt a suddaine period to), there being in England noe resident absolute and gen'll confessed power, — be it enacted and confirmed: *That the supreame power of the Government of this country shall be resident in the Assembly*, and that *all writts issue in the name of the Grand Assembly of Virginia* until such a command or commission come out of England, as shall be by the Assembly adjudged lawfull." And the second act declares, "that the honourable Sir William Berkeley bee Governour and Captain Gen'll of Virginia." He is to govern according to English and Virginia law; to call an Assembly once in two years, or oftener if he sees cause; is not to dissolve the Assembly without the consent of a majority of the members; and all writs are to issue "in the name of the Grand Assembly of Virginia," — not in the King's.

Thus Berkeley resumed office, as what he called himself, "the servant of the Assembly." In the absence of orders from some "resident absolute and general confessed power" in England, the Assembly was the only source of authority. Berkeley therefore accepted his authority from it, not from the King; and said in his address before the House: "I do therefore in the presence of God and you, make this safe protestation for us all, that if any supreme settled power appears I will immediately lay down my commission; but will live most submissively obedient to any power God shall set over me, as the experience of eight years has showed I have done."

All this would seem to be quite plain — that Berkeley was invested with power as "Governor and Captain General of Virginia" by the Burgesses of Virginia, and held his office from them. It is true that it was nearly the same as holding it from the King. The Assembly was full Cavalier, and a single word in their assertion of authority revealed their thought. They assumed the government of Virginia in the absence of any "*resident*" confessed power in England. The non-resident confessed power was Charles II., then on the Continent, and they thus acknowledged him. When he came to his throne again in May following this March, he sent Berkeley a new commission; and in October of the same year (1660), the ruler of Virginia is again "the Right Honourable Sir William Berkeley, *his Majesties Governor.*"

So the exile of Greenspring, after all his ups and downs, comes back to his Jamestown "State House," and will remain there in peace until Bacon marches to thrust him out, and put the torch to it.

XI.

VIRGINIA ON THE EVE OF THE REBELLION.

VIRGINIA had thus come back to the royal fold, not suspecting that she was about to be fleeced. As yet, however, there were no heart-burnings, and the only event which disturbed the harmony of the time was without significance.

This was the "Oliverian Plot," as it was called at the time, in September, 1663. A number of indented servants conspired to "anticipate the period of their

freedom," and made an appointment to assemble at Poplar Spring in Gloucester, with what precise designs it is now impossible to discover. They were betrayed by one of their number; and Berkeley promptly arrested all who had assembled, four of whom were duly hanged. No men of any consideration were engaged in the plot, and its only result was that the Burgesses ordered that thenceforth twenty guardsmen and an officer should attend upon the House and the Governor (1663).

The stigma of the time was the merciless intolerance towards the Friends, or Quakers. Here as elsewhere in America they were treated with a harshness which disgraces the epoch. They were denounced as "turbulent people teaching lies, miracles, false visions and prophecies," as disorganizers and enemies of society. They were to be fined for non-attendance on the services of the Established Church. They were not to attend their own conventicles, and no ship-master was to bring them into the colony. No person was to receive them into his house; and Mr. John Porter, Burgess from Lower Norfolk, charged with being "loving to the Quakers,' was dismissed from the Assembly as one unworthy to sit in it. The poor Quakers were to go out of Virginia and no more were to come in. If they insisted on returning they were to be treated as felons.

There were other classes of people, also, who were looked upon with the same evil eye; among them the new sect of Baptists, "schismatical persons so averse to the established religion, and so filled with the newfangled conceits of their heretical inventions as to refuse to have their children baptized." Their own ceremony was, of course, a mockery, and all refusing "in con tempt of the divine sacrament of baptism to carry

their child to a lawful minister to have them baptized, shall be amerced two thousand pounds of tobacco" (1662). It is scarce worth while to take up further space with these unhappy persecutions. The poor apology of the Virginians was that other people were no better.

For about ten years now the Colony goes on its way in a humdrum fashion, passing laws for the regulation of its internal affairs. The King's pardon is not to extend to such persons as plant tobacco contrary to the Virginia statute (1661). In each county are to be built houses for "educating poor children in the knowledge of spinning, weaving, and other useful occupations" (1668). Rogues are to be held in awe, and "women causing scandalous suits" are to be "ducked." To accomplish these just ends "a pillory, a pair of stocks, a whipping-post, and a ducking-stool" shall be set up "neere the court house in every county." The ducking-stool is a pole with a seat upon one end so balanced on a pivot, near some convenient pond or stream, that the offender, placed on the seat, may be once, twice, or thrice dipped down and "ducked" for her offense. This dire punishment is not for the mere harmless circulators of interesting personal gossip, but for "brabling women who often slander and scandalize their neighbours, for which their poore husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suits and cast in great damages." These are to be "punished by ducking" — a melancholy proof that even in these Arcadian days the tongue required control.

A single event of political importance marks this period: the restriction of the elective franchise to "ffreeholders and housekeepers" (1670). This is attributed

as usual to the perverse King's-men as an original invention of theirs to abridge human freedom; and yet a glance at the record might have shown the historians that the Commonwealth's-men first "cut down the sacred right of suffrage" in Virginia. The record is plain and brief. From the first years to 1655 all the settlers had a voice in public affairs: first in the daily matters of the hundreds, and after 1619 in electing Burgesses. No proposition was ever made to change this "ancient usage." But in 1655 it was changed by the men of the Commonwealth. In that year the Burgesses declared that none but "housekeepers, whether freeholders, leaseholders, or otherwise tenants," should be "capeable to elect Burgesses." One year afterwards (1656) the ancient usage was restored, and all "freemen" were allowed to vote, since it was "something hard and unagreeable to reason that any person shall pay equal taxes, and yet have no vote in elections;" but the freemen must not vote "in a tumultuous way." Such was the record of the Commonwealth. In 1670 the King's-men restored the first act, restricting the suffrage again. The reason is stated. The "usual way of choosing burgesses by the votes of *all persons who, having served their time, are freemen of this country*," produced "tumults at the election." Therefore it would be better to follow the English fashion and "grant a voyce in such election only to such as by their estates, real or personal, have interest enough to tye them to the endeavour of the publique good." So, after this time none but "ffreeholders and housekeepers" were to vote.

The reason for this invasion of the "sacred right," first by the Commonwealth's-men, then by the King's-men, lies on the surface. The persons who had "served

their time" as indented servants, had "little interest in the country;" they were making disturbances at the elections. Voters ought to be men of good character, and have such a stake in the colony as would tie them to the endeavor of the public good. This was thenceforth the determinate sentiment, and the law remained settled, with the exception of one year (1676), when Bacon's Assembly changed it, and declared that "freemen" should again vote. This was swept away by the general repeal of all "Bacon's laws;" and the freehold restriction remained the law of Virginia nearly to the present time.

Thus this enormous question, which convulses the modern world, already convulsed those old Virginians. First, all freemen vote; then only freeholders; then the freemen again; then the freeholders only, again; then freemen once more; and finally, only the freeholders.

We have now reached the year 1670, and a great civil convulsion is at hand. Virginia is about to be shaken as by an earthquake; to writhe under intestine war; and it is interesting to know the condition of the country. This is ascertainable from Governor Berkeley's response to the inquiries of the Lords Commissioners of Foreign Plantations, a document which has fortunately been preserved. Virginia, he states, is ruled by a Governor and sixteen Councillors, commissioned by his Majesty; and a Grand Assembly, consisting of two Burgesses from each county, meets annually, which levies taxes, hears appeals, and passes laws of all descriptions, which are to be sent to the Lord Chancellor for his approval, as in accordance with the laws of the realm. There are forty thousand people in Vir-

ginia now, of whom six thousand are white servants and two thousand negro slaves. Since 1619, when they first came, the negroes have grown an hundred-fold; chiefly by natural increase, since but two or three ships bringing new slaves have come in seven years. About fifteen hundred white servants, mostly English, a few Scotch, and fewer Irish, came yearly.

The freemen of Virginia number more than "eight thousand horse," and are bound to muster monthly in every county, to be ready for the Indians; but the Indians are "absolutely subjected, so that there is no fear of them." There are five forts in Virginia, mounted with thirty cannon: two on James River, and one on the three other rivers of York, Rappahannock, and Potomeck, "but God knows we have neither skill or ability to make or maintain them." As to ships trading to Virginia, near eighty come out yearly from England and Ireland, and a few "ketches" from New England. Virginia has never yet had, at one time, more than two small ones, of not more than twenty tons burden. The cause of this deplorable fact is that Virginia is ground down by the "mighty and destructive obstructions" of the navigation law which crushes her. Neither "small or great vessels are built here, for we are most obedient to all laws, whilst the New England men break through and trade to any place that their interest leads them to."

As to the Church, there are forty-eight parishes, and the ministers are well paid. They are not always exemplary people: "The worst are sent us, and we have had few that we could boast of since Cromwell's tyranny drove divers men hither." It would be better "if they would pray oftener and preach less."

There is no public system of education; every man teaches his own children; but this is not so lamentable. And then Sir William Berkeley winds up his account of the Virginia colony with the famous expression of his private opinion on education and the vile invention of printing: "I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best governments. God keep us from both." This venomous tirade was the outburst of a man who worshiped the monarchic idea, and had the acumen to see that free thought was its enemy. He seems to have held his views conscientiously. The man was not a truckler, fitting his opinions to promote his fortunes. He was a bigot in politics as other men were in religion.

A notable feature of this report is the statement of the large increase in the population. In 1650 there were only about fifteen thousand people in Virginia; in 1670 there were forty thousand. Thus, in twenty years the population had nearly trebled, a remarkable rate of increase. What was the explanation of it? The reply is easy. The execution of Charles I. in 1649 had driven great numbers of his friends to Virginia. It was the promised land of "distressed Cavaliers," as the old narratives called them, and they flowed to Virginia in a steady stream during the Commonwealth period. This might have been expected. In England was the fierce struggle of the factions, friends of the army and friends of the Parliament, who agreed at least upon one point: that all adherents of Charles Stuart, the tyrant, were to be crushed. Thus England was no

place for the King's-men. The pleasant fields were no longer pleasant. The old home was no longer home. At any moment the tramp of a Roundhead detachment, coming to arrest them, might intrude on the silence of the manor-houses. There was no safety for them in the home-land, and it was natural to go and look for it in Virginia. Good Cavaliers like themselves abounded there. The land was cheap and the climate delightful; the Church in which they worshiped was still open; on the banks of the great rivers they might acquire landed estates, if they could pay the small price for them, and hunt the fox, and toast the King, and talk with old comrades who had preceded them of Marston Moor, and the fearful Naseby, and how the good cause had gone down in blood. In Virginia there were no enemies to lurk, and eavesdrop, and betray them. The Commonwealth's-men were in power, but they interfered with nobody. They might look sidewise at Sir William Berkeley, who had no right to remain longer in the Colony, but they did not order him out of it. They might hate the Book of Common Prayer, which was to be used for only a year after the surrender; but it was still used in the churches, and the Commonwealth's-men turned their eyes in another direction, refusing to notice the fact.

Thus, Virginia, "the last country belonging to England that submitted to obedience to the Commonwealth," was the place for the Cavalier people. It was a haven of refuge in the pitiless storm; and all through the feverish years of the Commonwealth, when the home-land was so dreary, the "distressed" fugitives were stealing out of the country, and sailing with sad or glad hearts Virginiaward. Some were penniless, but had

friends or relations there. Others had saved something from the wreck. Many of them were persons of rank, since that class of people ran special danger in England, and Virginia narrowly escaped becoming a place of refuge for a person of the highest rank of all, — Queen Henrietta Maria herself. She is said to have resolved to sail for Virginia in a fleet commanded by Sir William Davenant, in 1651, not long after the King's execution. She did not do so; but the poet set out, and was captured by the ships of the Parliament. The intercession of his brother poet, Milton, is said to have alone saved his life. Thus, Virginia came near seeing on her soil the "Little Queen" of Charles I., and the author of "Gondibert," "rare Sir William Davenant," who boasted that he was the son of Shakespeare.

Of the extent of the Cavalier immigration between 1650 and 1670 there can be no doubt whatever. It was so large and respectable in character that the King's-men speedily took the direction of social and political affairs. Few Commonwealth's-men came to a country where the air was full of Church and King influences; and the Cavaliers were completely in the ascendency. The fact would seem to be unmistakable on the face of the record, but it has been called in question; it has even been said that the old society was largely made up of servants and felons. The statement is wholly unfounded. It is true that in 1670 there were two thousand slaves and six thousand white servants in Virginia, but there were thirty-two thousand free people; and the servants were merely servants, a class disfranchised by law. As to the number of "felons," Jefferson placed the whole number sent over, from the time of the settlement to the year 1787, at less than

two thousand; and the whole number of such persons and their descendants in that year at four thousand, which, he said, was "little more than one thousandth part of the whole inhabitants." Nothing in fact is plainer than that the servant or felon element in Virginia society counted socially and politically for nothing.

The character of the King's-men who came over during the Commonwealth period has also been a subject of discussion. They have been called, even by Virginia writers, as we have seen, "butterflies of aristocracy," who had no influence in affairs or in giving its coloring to Virginia society. The facts entirely contradict the view. They and their descendants were the leaders in public affairs, and exercised a controlling influence upon the community. Washington was the great-grandson of a royalist who took refuge in Virginia during the Commonwealth. George Mason was the descendant of a colonel who fought for Charles II. Edmund Pendleton was of royalist origin, and lived and died the most uncompromising of Churchmen. Richard Henry Lee, who moved the Declaration, was of the family of Richard Lee, who had gone to invite Charles II. to Virginia. Peyton, and Edmund Randolph, President of the First Congress, and Attorney-General, were of an old royalist family. Archibald Cary, who threatened to stab Patrick Henry if he was made dictator, was a relative of Lord Falkland, and heir apparent at his death to the barony of Hunsdon. Madison and Monroe were descended from royalist families, — the first from a refugee of 1653, the last from a captain in the army of Charles I. And Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, afterwards the great leaders of demo-

cratic opinion, were of Church and King blood, since the father of Henry was a loyal officer who "drank the King's health at the head of his regiment;" and the mothers of both were Church of England women, descended from royalist families.

The point may seem unduly elaborated. But it is well to establish the disputed questions of history, and this one has been disputed. One of the highest authorities in American history has described the Cavalier element in Virginia as only "perceptible." It was really so strong as to control all things, — the forms of society, of religion, and the direction of public affairs. The fact was so plain that he who ran might read it.

XII.

THE HIDDEN FIRES.

THE "Great Rebellion in Virginia" burst forth in 1676, just one hundred years before another great rebellion of which it was the prophecy. Nothing succeeds like success, and history is polite to victors; to those who fail it is merciless. The English and American rebellions of 1640, 1688, and 1776, are the English and American "revolutions." The rising of the Virginians in 1676, which was precisely similar, is the great "rebellion," since it met with disaster.

What led to this political revolution ending in an open defiance of the Crown, may seem insufficient to account for it. The two main grievances were the English navigation acts, and the grant of authority to two English noblemen to sell land-titles and manage other matters in Virginia. But under these apparently mild causes of

complaint was a vast mass of real oppression and a whole world of misery and suppressed rage.

The trade laws were the prime grievance. When Charles II. returned to his own again, the old law of the Commonwealth (1651) was reënacted: that the English colonies, including Virginia, should only trade with England in English ships manned by Englishmen. There was this vital difference however: the law of the Commonwealth seems not to have been enforced, and the law of the Restoration was enforced without mercy. Cromwell had apparently respected the terms of the Virginia surrender of 1652, or, for reasons of his own, chose to shut his eyes to the fact that Virginia was trading with all the world. Charles II. and his advisers kept their eyes wide open, and would neither permit this foreign trade, nor even any trade with the other colonies without a heavy excise. The whole commerce of Virginia was thus held in the inexorable clutch of England. It was a huge and grinding monopoly. The great staple, tobacco — the very currency of the colony, — and all other produce, came to the one market, England, to humbly ask the one purchaser what he would be good enough to pay for them.

This was not only a political wrong, — it was an enormous blunder. The system crippled the colony, and by discouraging production decreased the English revenue. The first principles of political economy seemed to be unknown to the statesmen of the time. To profit from Virginia they ground down Virginia. Instead of friends they were enemies who caught her by the throat and cried "pay that thou owest." Exports were loaded with a heavy duty both in Virginia and England. Before the outward-bound ship could sail past Point Com-

fort to the ocean there was the "castle duty" to pay, and, if she did not stop, the thunder of cannon brought her to. When the ship reached England there was the English duty, too, — and matters were so arranged that all this burden fell on the Virginia producer. Even the trade with the other colonies was hampered with the same fetters; and, crowning outrage of all, a great swarm of collectors and other officials received the money and put it in their own pockets.

Virginia was thus loaded with a weight which brought her to her knees; but unfortunately that humble attitude did not disarm her English friends. Charles II., and his ministers would hear of no change in the law. What the officials in England and Virginia wanted was money, and Virginia was ground down to the earth to supply it. At last a sort of despair came. The planters resorted to "stints" and "plant cutting" to diminish or destroy the tobacco crop, and thus enhance the price. This did not effect the object. In 1670 and the years following the price fell almost to nothing, and still the crushing duty was subtracted from this nothing. Then the Virginia planter found himself a beggar. Tobacco was his source of revenue. It clothed himself, his wife and children, and defrayed all his expenses beyond mere subsistence. When the inexorable London merchant under the inexorable English law snatched it away from him, he and his family were to go in rags.

This was enough to exasperate a people as restive as the Virginians; but unfortunately this was not all. In the dark days following the execution of Charles I., his wandering son on the continent, who was theoretically King of England, had granted to some "distressed cavaliers" of the time, the region of country called the

"Northern Neck," between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, as a place of refuge from the ire of the Commonwealth's-men. This grant was afterward recalled; but in 1673 the King granted to the Earl of Arlington and Lord Culpeper, two of his favorites, "all that entire tract, territory, region, and dominion of land and water commonly called *Virginia*, together with the territory of *Accomack*," to be held by the said noblemen for the space of thirty-one years, at a yearly rent of forty shillings to be paid on "the feast day of St. Michael the Arch Angell." They were to have all the quit-rents and lands escheated to the crown; to make conveyances in fee simple; and manage all things after their pleasure. No holder of land by valid title was to be disturbed, but with this single exception they were to be the masters in Virginia.

This portentous grant raised a great outcry. The two foreign lords had become the owners of Virginia with her forty thousand people. All the honest men honestly in possession of escheated lands were liable to be turned out of their houses at a moment's warning. The revenues of the colony were to be received by the new owners of it. They were to appoint public officers, to lay off new counties, and present to the parishes. In broad sweep and minute detail, the King's patent was an enormity. By a scratch of the royal pen, Virginia, which had been so faithful to him, was conveyed away, as a man conveys away his private estate, to two of the trickiest courtiers of the English court.

The Burgesses promptly sent commissioners to protest against this outrage. There was a long wrangle with the King's officials, but Charles II. was too care-

less to feel ill-humor. He had no desire to wrong his faithful Virginians: "Those quit rents had never come into the royal exchequer," he said; he had meant them for "the benefit of that our colony." He was "graciously inclined to favor his said subjects of Virginia," and would grant them a new charter for "the settlement and confirmation of all things" after their wishes. But suddenly the perverse Virginians took matters into their own hands. The new charter was drafted and then "passing through the offices," when "the news of Bacon's rebellion stopped it in the Hamper Office," which was the Destruction Office.

To these grievances were added the confinement of the suffrage to freeholders (1670), which disfranchised a large number of persons; and the failure of Governor Berkeley to protect the frontier from the Indians. These "heathen," as they were then styled, had begun to threaten the colony. Their jealousy had probably been aroused by an expedition made by Captain Henry Batte beyond the Alleghanies, probably as far as the New River country (about 1670). To this was added intense resentment, the result of a collision in the summer of 1675. A party of Doegs attacked the frontier in Stafford and committed outrages; were pursued into Maryland by a large force of Virginians; and stood at bay in an old palisaded fort on the present site of Washington. Here six Indian chiefs were killed in defiance of a flag of truce, and the rest on a moonlight night made a rush and escaped to the Blue Ridge Mountains. Here they inflamed all the border tribes by an account of their wrongs; committed barbarous outrages on the frontier families; and the men of the lowland rose in their wrath and demanded to be led against

them. In the spring of 1676 five hundred men were ready to march, when Governor Berkeley disbanded them, alleging that the frontier forts were sufficient protection for the people.

This action was received by the Virginians with sullen indignation. The forts were utterly useless, they said, and his Honor was fearful that war with the Indians would injure his monopoly in the trade in beaver-skins. But Berkeley was not thinking of his beaver-skins. He objected to commissioning an armed force on more serious grounds. The country was in a flame, and the Virginians were becoming desperate. After overthrowing the Indians it was probable that the restive planters would ask themselves whether there were not others to overthrow. What was plain to Sir William Berkeley was that he was standing on a volcano: he was naturally indisposed to unloose the hidden fires; and the Virginians, finding that they had friends nowhere, began to look to themselves.

Such was the state of public feeling in May, 1676. Let us now glance at the stage of the approaching drama. Virginia was still the narrow strip of country between the Potomac and the Nottaway, from the bay to the head of Tidewater. From "James Cittie," the centre, a town of less than twenty houses, radiated the population growing ever sparser toward the extremities. Beyond the Chesapeake was the "Kingdom of Accomack," a populous region of sand and surf, fertile fields and rich oyster-beds, of sailors and 'longshoremen who had seen Clayborne pass in his pinnaces, going to attack the Baltimoreans. Across the peninsula from "James Cittie" were the rich counties of York and Gloucester, along the banks of the great river where Powhatan had held

court in his "Chief Place of Council." He has gone away for a long time now, and Werowocomoco and the famous Uttamussac shrine have disappeared. The houses of the planters peep from the woods, and life has become easy and luxurious; it was here, as we have seen, that the exiled Cavaliers were "feasting and carousing." This was indeed the heart of the colony; Virginia, with her forty thousand people, was condensed there. Beyond, toward the Potomac, the Nottaway, and the mountains, the dwellings grew gradually farther apart and were inhabited by borderers who watched, gun in hand, against the savages.

We may take in thus, at a glance, that old Virginia of 1676, a little garden spot cut out of the American wilderness between the ocean and the Blue Ridge. In the Lowland, well-to-do planters traveling to Jamestown on horseback, or going thither in their sloops; higher up "well-armed housekeepers" living in log-houses; and on the border the pioneers in their stockade forts. It is everywhere an English society, swearing allegiance to the King upon every occasion, but ready in the same breath to swear revolution and fight for the latter oath against the former. They have endured the wretched state of affairs for a great many years now; the general rejoicing at the King's return has quite disappeared; and the Virginians are ready to rise against him.

This brief statement will indicate the situation of affairs in the spring of 1676. The country was ripe for rebellion: the slumbering fires ready to flame at the touch of a finger. At this moment a popular young man applied to Sir William Berkeley for a commission to march against the Indians; the commission was refused; and Virginia rose in revolution.

XIII.

THE OUTFLAME.

VIRGINIA was warned of what was coming by three *ominous presages:* one, "a large comet streaming like a horse-tail westward;" another, "fflights of wild pigeons nigh a quarter of the mid-hemisphere, and of their length was no visible end," which reminded old planters of the same phenomenon just before they were attacked by Opechancanough; and the third presage was "swarms of flies about an inch long, and as big as the top of a man's little finger, which ate the new-sprouted leaves from the tops of the trees." There could be no manner of doubt that these ominous apparitions of comets, pigeons, and locusts foretold disaster; and in 1676 the furies duly descended on unhappy Virginia.

The Great Rebellion which now flamed out is so curious and important an event that it deserves minute attention. We may pass over whole decades of Virginia history without losing much. The wrangles of governors, and assemblies, and all the petty incidents of the times, are of no importance or interest. But here, every hour is crowded with events full of strong passion and shaping great issues. The figures are heroic; the *dénoûment* tragic. This Rebellion is the most striking occurrence in American history, for the first century and a half after the settlement of the country. It was armed defiance of England, and bore a curiously close resemblance to the passionate struggle which had preceded it on English soil. Here, as there, the people rose against oppression, levied armies, chose a leader,

fought battles, and succumbed at last, and were punished by shot or halter. Thus this singular American revolution of the seventeenth century, following its English prototype, is an event thrusting itself upon the attention, and it is necessary to follow it in detail. Twenty years of the Commonwealth and the Restoration have been summed up in a general statement. Twenty weeks of this year, 1676, will contain more matter to instruct and interest.

The central figure of the great military and political drama which now began was a young Englishman who had come to live in Virginia a few years before, — Nathaniel Bacon. He had "not yet arrived to thirty years," and when the rebellion began was probably about twenty-eight. His family seem to have belonged to the English gentry, as he was a cousin of Lord Culpeper, and married a daughter of Sir John Duke. He was said to have "run out his patrimony in England and exhausted the most part of what he brought to Virginia," whither he had come about 1672, and settled at "Curles" on upper James River, below Varina. One of his family had preceded him, and was a member of the King's Council, — Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., "a very rich, politick man and childless, who designed him for his heir."

The high estimate of Bacon's ability may be seen from his appointment to a place in the Council. This was a position of great dignity, rarely conferred upon any but men of mature age and large estate; and Bacon was still young, and his estate only respectable. His personal character is seen on the face of his public career. He was impulsive and subject to fits of passion, or, as the old writers say, "of a precipitate disposition."

When he grew angry he was "impetuous (like delirious)," and tossed his arms and stormed, as at Jamestown, where he cried violently: "Damn my blood! I'll kill Governor, Council, Assembly, and all; and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood!" When calm he was extremely courteous; in an interview with one of the Burgesses, he "came *stooping to the ground*, and said, 'Pray, sir, do me the honor to write a line for me.'" His personal praises were sounded even by people who had no sympathy with his public proceedings. They described him as "a man of quality and merit, brave and eloquent, . . . but a young man, yet he was master and owner of those inducements which constitute a compleat man (as to intrinsecalls), wisdom to apprehend and discretion to chuse." This picture does not seem to have been overdrawn. Bacon soon became immensely popular, and was "crowned the Darling of the people's hopes and desires, as the only man fit in Virginia to put a stop to the bloody resolution of the Heathen," the Indian massacres.

This is the portrait, if not of a "compleat man," at least of a complete popular leader. Young, ardent, violent when aroused, but amiable and cordial at other times, recklessly brave, extremely politic, of remarkable eloquence as a public speaker, this was a man fitted by his very faults to become the head of a popular movement, which always demands that its leader shall not be a person of negative traits. As to Bacon's motives, it is improbable that his reduced fortunes had anything to do with his career, since he had nothing to gain by the rising, which he must have seen would probably lead to the confiscation of his estate and the loss of his head. Add the further fact that men like himself rarely look

to profit, and nearly always to fame. Bacon, no doubt, acted under the spur of indignation, and with a natural enjoyment of the fact of leadership. And yet he was said not to be the real leader. He was compared to "a wheel agitated by the weight of thoughtful Mr. Lawrence," an astuter man. But if thoughtful Mr. Lawrence, or any one else, agitated the wheel, its momentum soon came to direct the whole machinery.

This is an outline of the man who is going to become the Virginia Cromwell. In May, 1676, Bacon is at his Curles plantation, just below the old City of Henricus, living quietly on his estate with Elizabeth, his wife. He has another estate in the suburbs of the present city of Richmond, the situation of which is pointed out by the name of "Bacon Quarter Branch," which is still used. Here his servants and an overseer live, and he can easily go thither in a morning's journey on horseback or in his barge, unless he objects to being rowed seven miles around the Dutch Gap peninsula. Such is his position in the spring of this year. When not visiting his upper plantation, or attending the Council at Jamestown, he is at Curles living the life of a planter; entertaining his neighbors; denouncing the trade-laws and the grants to Arlington and Culpeper, the Governor for his lukewarmness in defending the borderers from the Indians, with a word, perhaps, to the more trifling wrong of disfranchising the freedmen. On these grievances he no doubt enlarges, over the walnuts and the wine, to his visitors, his "precipitate impetuous disposition" leading him to cry out especially at the Indian policy; for he is "a gentleman with a perfect antipathy to Indians." The report is that they mean to renew their outrages on the upper waters of the rivers; if they as-

sail *him* he will make war on them, with or without authority, "commission or no commission."

The hour was at hand when this resolution of Bacon's was to be tested. Suddenly intelligence reached him (May, 1676) that the Indians had attacked his estate at the Falls, killed his overseer and one of his servants, and were going to carry fire and hatchet through the frontier. The planters ran to arms, and hastened from house to house to combine against these dangerous enemies. All was confusion, and the chronicle sums up the chief difficulty, — they were "without a head." Who was to lead them? It was a serious question, since it was doubtful if Governor Berkeley would commission anybody. But the Indians were still ravaging the country; a crowd of armed horsemen had assembled; and Bacon was clamorously called to take command. His energy was well known, and the savages had attacked his lands; so he was offered the leadership, and at once accepted it. He made a speech full of "bold and vehement spirit," which one of the old historians is obliging enough to reconstruct for us from his imagination; enlarged on "the grievances of the times," — an ominous indication of coming events; and making publication of the cause of the assemblage, sent to Governor Berkeley asking for a commission.

Thus, all things up to this moment were done decently and in order. They would await Sir William's reply, — to govern themselves accordingly or not. It came promptly. Berkeley did not refuse the commission, but, what amounted to the same thing, he did not send it. Mr. Bacon was notified in a "polite and complimentary" manner that the times were troubled; that the issue of his business might be dangerous; that, unhappily, the

character and *the fortunes* of Mr. Bacon might become imperiled if he proceeded. The commission was thus refused, and the Governor's action is concisely explained by the old writers. He "doubted Bacon's temper, as he appeared *popularly inclined, — a constitution not consistent with the times or the people's dispositions.*" This was the real explanation; the complimentary expressions went for nothing; "the veil was too thin to impose on Mr. Bacon." He was at the head of a force, "most good housekeepers, well armed;" the Indians were still ravaging; and having sent another messenger to Jamestown to thank the Governor for *the promised commission*, Bacon set out at the head of his well-armed housekeepers to attack the Indians.

Thus the game had begun between the man of twenty-eight and the man of seventy, — the popular leader and the representative of the King. The old Cavalier attempted to end it by striking a sudden blow at his adversary. Bacon and his men were marching through the woods of Charles City, when an emissary of the Governor's came in hot haste with a proclamation. Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., and his deluded followers were denounced as rebels, and ordered to disperse. If they persisted in their illegal proceedings, it would be at their peril. The blow shook the resolutions of some of the armed housekeepers, and "those of estates obeyed." The number of these falterers is not known, since Bacon's force is not. In the discordant chronicles it is estimated at from seventy to three hundred. The last number is improbable; if it was the true number, the proportion of faint-hearted was immense. If the force was seventy, it was small, since fifty-seven horsemen remained steadfast.

At the head of this force, Bacon advanced rapidly on the Falls, and found the Indians intrenched on a hill east of the present city of Richmond. A parley ensued, and the attack was delayed, but a shot was fired from Bacon's rear, which was followed by an assault on the hill. The Virginians "waded shoulder deep" through a stream in front; stormed and set fire to the Indian stockade, blew up four thousand pounds of powder, which the savages had in some manner come into possession of; and completely routed them, killing one hundred and fifty, with a loss of only three of their own party. This was the famous "Battle of Bloody Run;" so called, it is said from the fact that the blood of the Indians ran down into the stream beneath the hill. The historians fight over the event as Bacon fought over the palisade: one maintaining that he only fought here afterwards, and others that he never fought here at all, since this was the scene of the Ricahecrian combat. It is not very important, but the statement of Bacon himself, a week or two afterwards, seems to settle the controversy.

The main point is that the Indians were routed and driven toward the mountains. The frontier was for the time safe from their further depredations, and General Bacon marched back at his leisure, — "slowly" is the adjective used in the chronicle, — at the head of his well-armed housekeepers, toward lower James River, followed by a picturesque procession of "Indian captives."

Such was the first act of the drama of Bacon's Rebellion, — a fight that was to lead to more fighting. The curtain descended upon one scene, only to rise abruptly on the next.

XIV.

BACON'S ARREST.

Sir William Berkeley had not remained quiet during these audacious proceedings. He had been openly defied. Rebellion had suddenly burst forth in his good kingdom of Virginia, as it had burst forth in England against his royal master, thirty years before.

There was nothing to do but fight it, and the aged knight was not wanting in courage. He raised a force of horsemen, and set out from Jamestown in pursuit of Bacon; but suddenly news reached him that there were enemies in his rear. The alarming intelligence came that the whole lower country had risen in revolt. The news of Bacon's application for a commission and his subsequent proceedings had flown on the wings of the wind; the people rose to support him; and to meet this new danger, Berkeley countermarched his horsemen and hurried back to Jamestown.

Here he found all in tumult. The whole tier of counties along lower James River and the York were in rebellion. A civil war was imminent; and Sir William met it like a statesmen; that is to say, he did not defy it, but quietly controlled it. Were the border forts so great a subject of complaint? The said forts should be dismantled. Had the planters conceived the singular idea that the then House of Burgesses *did not represent the people*, since the same House had been continued by prorogation since 1660, and had become the Virginia Long Parliament? Well, the House should be dissolved and writs issued for a new election. He

kept all his promises. Orders were issued for dismantling the obnoxious forts, and the writs were at once sent out.

Bacon, who had returned to his manor of Curles, was now going to repeat his defiance of the Governor. He offered himself as one of the candidates to represent Henrico in the Burgesses, and was "unanimously chosen," freedmen illegally voting for him along with the freeholders. In some of the counties freedmen were even elected Burgesses, which indicates the popular aversion to the restriction of suffrage.

The Burgesses were to meet early in June, for the necessity of their assemblage was urgent. The members hurried to the capital on horseback, fording the bridgeless streams, or in their "sloops," like the member from distant Stafford County, Mr. "T. M.," who afterwards wrote a stirring narrative of what followed. Bacon also came in his sloop. Embarking at Curles with "about thirty gentlemen besides," who had been prominent in the up-country rising, he sailed down James River, and arrived at Jamestown. Bad fortune awaited him. His presence as a Burgess was an open defiance. The cannon of a ship lying at anchor in front of the capital were trained on his sloop, and the high sheriff, who was in the ship, sent an order to Bacon to come on board. Another account says that his sloop was "shot at and forced to fly up the river," when he was pursued and taken prisoner; but this is less reliable.[1] In either case, he was arrested, with his companions, some of whom were put in irons; and the

[1] It is the statement of the "Breviarie and Conclusion," but that was written from hearsay. "T. M." of Stafford was present at Jamestown when Bacon was arrested.

sheriff conducted him to Governor Berkeley, in the State House.

The interview between the hardy adversaries is described by the chronicle in a very few words; but these give us a sufficient idea of it. The two men were equally restive and haughty, but controlled their tempers. Berkeley said coldly, —

"Mr. Bacon, have you forgot to be a gentleman?"

"No, may it please your honor," Bacon replied as briefly.

"Then I'll take your parole," said Berkeley. And that is all we know of the interview.

The moderation of the aged Cavalier was due to a very simple circumstance. Jamestown was in turmoil. The Burgesses, almost all of whom were in sympathy with Bacon, were hourly arriving; and a great crowd of people from the surrounding counties which had just revolted, as well as friends of the cause from above, were flocking into the town. The House of Burgesses, to meet on the instant, would probably have something to say about the arrest of one of their number. Thus the fiery old ruler, having uttered his taunt to Bacon, "Have you forgot to be a gentleman," ended by taking his parole, which was virtually his release from arrest.

It is necessary to notice these *minutiæ;* the events are framed in them. It was a striking picture, this confrontation of two remarkable men: one a youth, the leader of revolution; the other a graybeard, sworn to crush it. This narrative will therefore follow, step by step, what took place in these days; rejecting nothing, not even the undignified historic fact that Bacon lodged at the hostelry of "thoughtful Mr. Lawrence." Much seems to have come of that.

The vital question now was what was to be done with the impetuous youth. He had defied the government, and some course must be taken in reference to him. If he would confess that he had sinned, and promise to behave better in future, he might be pardoned. His crime was great; but then he was a member of the intractable House of Burgesses now, and it was necessary to be forgiving. If he humbly acknowledged his offense, he should be restored to his seat in the Council (not the Burgesses), a commission should be given him to go and fight the Indians, and all would be harmony again. The only trouble was to make the erect youth bend his back. He must get down on his knees, and the idea of that was quite hateful to him. But he was brought to consent to it at last, through the persuasion of his old cousin, the "very rich, politic man," Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., member of the Council. This lover of peace, who was fond of his "uneasy cousin," the young rebel, prevailed on him, "not without much pains," to make a written recantation, and read it on his knees. Bacon consented, but it must not be to the Governor, but *at the bar of the Assembly.* This understood, the politic elder "compiled it ready to his hand," and the ceremony followed. It took place in the State House: the date (June 5, 1676) shows the hurry of events. In about one week all these shifting scenes had passed in Virginia. Between the last days of May and these first days of June Bacon had been denounced as a rebel; had marched and defeated the savages; had stood for the Burgesses and appeared at Jamestown; had been arrested and as quickly paroled; and now was about to confess on his knees that he was a great offender. The old Cavalier Berkeley was going to make

an imposing scene of it. Bacon was not to go up-stairs to the room where the House sat, and make his confession only to the Burgesses. Berkeley sent them a message to attend him in the Council Chamber below, on public business; and when they came made them an address on the Indian troubles, specially denouncing the murder of the six chiefs in Maryland, though Colonel Washington, who had commanded the forces there, was present. Of the murdered chiefs Sir William said, "with a pathetic emphasis," that "if they had killed my grandfather and grandmother, my father and mother and all my friends, yet if they had come to treat of peace, they ought to have gone in peace;" when he abruptly sat down. But this was not the great business of the day. A short silence followed, when the Governor again rose, and said with grim humor, —

"If there be joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now, for we have a penitent sinner come before us. Call Mr. Bacon."

Bacon came in, with a paper in his hand, and knelt down at the bar of the Assembly. He then read aloud from the paper a confession that he had been guilty of "unlawful, mutinous, and rebellious practices," and promised that if he were pardoned he would "demean himself dutifully, faithfully, and peaceably," under a penalty of two thousand pounds sterling; and would bind his whole estate for his good behavior for one year. When he had finished, Sir William Berkeley said, —

"God forgive you; I forgive you," — repeating the words three times.

"And all that were with him," said Colonel Cole, of the Council, referring, it is said, to the thirty gentlemen in the sloop, twenty or more of whom were still in irons.

"Yes, and all that were with him," Berkeley replied. He then rose suddenly to his feet and addressed Bacon, who had probably gotten up already from his knees.

"Mr. Bacon," he exclaimed, "if you will live civilly but till next quarter-day, — but till next quarter day," repeating the words, "I'll promise to restore you to your place there!" pointing to the seat which Bacon generally occupied during the sessions of the Council. What reply Bacon made is not recorded. He probably agreed to "live civilly," for he was permitted to return at once to his accustomed chair. The Assembly went back to its room up-stairs, but Bacon did not go with them. He was not one of that body now, since he was restored to his place in the Council; and "T. M.," Burgess from Stafford, passing by the door, "saw Mr. Bacon *on his quondam seat with the Governor and Council*, which seemed a marvellous indulgence to one whom he had so lately proscribed as a rebel."

So all was peace at last, and there were to be no more heart-burnings. Blessed harmony was to replace the wrangling, and general amnesty to heal old sores. The repentant rebel was forgiven and restored to his seat in the Council (to keep him out of the Burgesses), and as he had promised to live civilly he deserved to be treated civilly and have his commission. This was Saturday; the peaceful Sabbath would quiet all minds; on Monday he should be commissioned "General of the Indian Wars" — perhaps.

XV.

A SCENE IN THE BURGESSES.

It may interest the reader to look in now on the Burgesses, up-stairs in the State House, and find how they were engaged a few days afterwards, when the "bruit ran about the town 'Bacon is fled! Bacon is fled!'" It is almost the only picture we have of that famous old body of Virginia planters. We scarcely know more of their ways than that, in addressing the Speaker, the custom was *to take off the hat.* Here is the chance photograph of these honest people.

Sir William Berkeley, after the scene of Bacon's confession, had dismissed them with the injunction to "consider of means of security from the Indian insults, advising us to beware of two rogues amongst us, naming Lawrence and Drummond." These were known friends of Bacon's and afterwards leaders in the rebellion; but the Burgesses did not obey Sir William's directions, like a dutiful Parliament, and consider the Indian matters. They "took this opportunity to endeavor *the redressing several grievances the country was then laboring under;* and motions were made for *inspecting the public revenues, the collectors accounts, etc.*" A committee was in process of appointment for that improper and rebellious purpose, when pressing messages came from the Governor "to meddle with nothing till the Indian business was dispatcht." The "debate rose high" at this arbitrary invasion of privilege, growls resounded and fulminations were uttered by the disgusted Baconians; but they were overruled, and Mr. T. M., who tells us of all this, says

briefly, "I have not heard that *those inspections* have since then been insisted upon."

Then another struggle takes place between the Baconians and the Berkeleyans. A committee is appointed to consider the Indian affairs, when a Berkeleyan moves that the Governor be requested "to assign *two of his Council* to sit with and assist us in our debates as had been usual." Thereat the Baconians are "silent, looking each at other with discontented faces." So the committee is to deliberate under the eye and influence of the Governor and the Council; whereupon Mr. T. M. of Stafford speaks up bravely in his quiet way. His humble opinion is that the committee had better report to the House first, before requesting the presence of the Counselors, when the House "would clearly see on what points to give the Governor and Council that trouble *if, perhaps, it might be needfull.*"

These "few words raised an uproar." The Berkeleyans cried out that it had been customary for the Council to sit with the House, and "ought not to be omitted." Thereat "Mr. Presly, my neighbor an old Assembly-man, sitting next me, rose up and (in a blundering manner replied): 'Tis true it has been customary, *but if we have any bad customes amongst us we are come here to mend 'em!*'"

This rough witticism of the old Assembly-man "sets the House in a laughter," but the whole matter is "huddled off without coming to a vote"; and so, groans poor T. M. of Stafford, we "must submit to be *overawed and have every carpt at expression carried streight to the Governor.*"

This trivial incident strikes the key note of Bacon's Assembly, which followed the Virginia Long Parliament of 1660–76. It is the mouth piece of the new times,

"much infected" with rebellion; restive, disposed to inquire into public grievances; to resent attempts to overawe it; and to burst into approving laughter at the "blundering" statement that "if we have any bad customs amongst us we have come here to mend 'em."

To linger a little longer with these honest Virginia Burgesses: a curious and very picturesque scene followed this brief passage-of-arms as to bad old customs. The Burgesses are considering Indian affairs and have a distinguished visitor present, the "Queen of Pamunkey," who has been summoned, it seems, to say how many Indian guides and fighting-men she would supply the Virginians with against the frontier tribes. She was the queen of the neighboring Indians who had made the solemn treaty of 1645, and had received, or received afterwards, from Charles II., a present of a silver "frontlet" with a coat-of-arms upon it inscribed "The Queen of Pamunkey — Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia, — *Honi soit qui mal y pense;*" evil be to him who presumed to find fault with his Majesty's recognition of his royal cousin. The appearance of the Indian queen on this occasion was picturesque. Around her forehead she wore a plait of white and black wampum by way of crown. Her dress was a robe of buckskin with the hair outward decorated with fringes from the shoulders to the feet. She entered the long room, where the Burgesses were sitting, "with a comportment graceful to admiration, grave court-like gestures and a majestic air on her face;" an interpreter on her right, and on her left, her son, a stripling of twenty, whose father was said to be an English Colonel. After a little urging she sat down at the end of the long committee table, when

the chairman asked her "What men she would lend us for guides in the wilderness and to assist us against our enemy Indians?"

At this she turned to the interpreter, pretending not to understand English. She wished her son to reply, but he declined to do so, when the Queen, "after a little musing, with an earnest passionate countenance, as if tears were ready to gush out, and a fervent sort of expression," burst forth in her own language. She spoke "with a high shrill voice and vehement passion," but no one understood her. One expression she constantly repeated, "Totapotamoi chepiack! Totapotamoi chepiack!" At this, one of the Burgesses, Colonel Hill, son of the commander defeated by the Ricahecrians twenty years before, shook his head, and being asked "what was the matter?" replied, that "all she said was true to our shame; his father was General in that battle, where Totapotamoi, her husband, had led a hundred Indians to the help of the English, and was there slain." He added that the Indian Queen was now upbraiding them for giving her no compensation for the death of her husband: her vehement cry, "Totapotamoi chepiack!" signified "Totapotamoi is dead!"

The poor Queen of Pamunkey "harangued about a quarter of an hour," but they scarce understood her. "Our morose chairman" remained unmoved, and when she ended "rudely pushed again" his previous question: "What Indians will you now contribute?" The Queen made no reply, preserving a "disdainful" silence, with her head turned away. When the question was asked for the third time, she looked toward the speaker and said, "with a low slighting voice," that she would furnish *six*. Further importuned she re-

mained "sullen," but at last said "twelve." Then she rose and without taking further notice of any one walked out of the room.

These chance-preserved scenes in the old Burgesses are worth attention. They paint the men and times, which we wish above all to see. In Hening we have the record of the public acts of this famous "Baconian" Assembly; their redress of grievances, their extension of suffrage again, and their somewhat mild ventilation of official corruptions. It is only on some such page as this that we see the men themselves; hear their blundering jests and laughter; and have them before us gravely listening, in committee, to the high shrill voice of the poor Queen of Pamunkey who upbraids them for having forgotten her dead husband.

Let us come back now to "General Bacon" as people are beginning to call him, as they spoke of "General Cromwell" in the old times in England so similar to these Virginia times. The scene in the Burgesses occurred in the days immediately following the famous ceremony of the public confession. That event took place on Saturday, and on Monday Bacon was to have his commission. But on Monday no commission comes. Tuesday and Wednesday follow and yet no commission.

Bacon is lodging all this time at a house of public entertainment kept by the wife of a certain "thoughtful Mr. Lawrence," one of the Burgesses representing Jamestown. It is the custom of householders there to open their houses to the Burgesses during the sessions of the Assembly, from which they make great profits, for they charge "extraordinary rates." And Mr. Lawrence needs money. He has been ruined by Governor Berkeley. Some years before he had been "partially

treated at law for a considerable estate, on behalf of a corrupt favourite" of his Excellency's. He had thus lost his estate, and as he had "complained loudly," the Governor "bore him a grudge." The grudge was cordially reciprocated, and when Mr. Lawrence referred to Sir William he spoke of that functionary as "the old treacherous villain." There was thus animosity on both sides, and Berkeley had warned the Burgesses against "the rogue Lawrence," as a treason-monger. He was a dangerous man, in fact; not by any means an ordinary tavern-keeper, though he kept an ordinary. He was a graduate of Oxford, "and for wit, learning, and sobriety, was equaled there by few," — though some called in question his private morals. He manifested "abundance of uneasiness in the sense of his hard usage" by Governor Berkeley, and perhaps meant to "improve that Indian quarrel to the service of his animosities;" but he was "nicely honest, affable, and without blemish, in his conversation and dealings." He had married a rich widow who kept the ordinary, to which resorted people "of the best quality." His "parts with his even temper made his converse coveted by persons of all ranks," and into these he instilled his own views on public subjects. To sum up all, this thoughtful Mr. Lawrence was "at the bottom of" everything; and "the received opinion in Virginia" was that "Mr. Bacon and his adherents were but wheels agitated by the weight" of this subtle foe of Sir William Berkeley.

This portrait of Lawrence is given in the words of one who knew him well. It leaves nothing in the dark. The Oxford man has been wronged by the Governor, hates him, will do him an ill turn if possible, and

regain his lost estate by fishing in the troubled waters of rebellion. At his ordinary, therefore, he goes to and fro affable and smiling, filtrating his rebellious poison into men of all ranks; and now Mr. Bacon, lodging with him, while awaiting his promised commission, is to have the full outpouring.

How far the impetuous "young stranger," Mr. Bacon, came to meet his "subtle" friend, is not known. It is tolerably certain that of his own motion, or urged by Lawrence, he resolved to get out of Jamestown and open war on the Governor. It was obvious that he was not going to have any commission. It was exceedingly doubtful, indeed, whether he would be permitted to leave the Capital; and much "disgusted, but dissembling the same so well as he could," he resorted to policy, and going to the Governor, begged leave of him "to dispense with his services at the Council table, *to visit his wife, who, as she informed him, was indisposed.*"

Berkeley listened to this request in silence, and said at last that he must consult his Council. He did so, and they advised him not to allow Bacon to go; but "after some contest with his thoughts" the Governor gave him permission. The reason for this liberality was not far to seek. Bacon's friends "from the heads of the rivers," had flocked into Jamestown at the rumor of his arrest. The Capital was still full of these truculent people, anxious to know about matters, and it would not be advisable openly to refuse Bacon's request. It was therefore granted; but the up-country men finding that Bacon and his friends in the sloop were released, "returned home satisfied," when Governor Berkeley at once determined to rearrest his dangerous enemy.

These details may appear unduly minute, but they

give the complete picture of events; and a service is done the reader by disentangling them from the old confused narratives. The *dénoûment* soon came. Early one morning, while the Burgesses were giving audience to the Queen of Pamunkey, "a bruit ran about the town, 'Bacon is fled! Bacon is fled!'" The bruit was true. Bacon had escaped on the night before. His old cousin in the Council, who had a weakness for his rebel kinsman, had conveyed "timely intimation to the young gentleman to flee for his life." At daylight Lawrence's ordinary was searched by officers sent by the Governor, but the bird had flitted from that dangerous nest. Bacon "was escaped into the country, having intimation that the Governor's generosity in pardoning him, and restoring him to his place in the Council, were no other than previous wheedles to amuse him."

Bacon was thus free of his enemy's clutches, and among his faithful Baconians again. Writers of the time speculate wisely on all these entangled matters. It was not his wife's sickness, but the "troubles of a distempered mind," which made the young rebel anxious to get away; "which in a few days was manifest when that he returned to town with five hundred men in arms."

Had Bacon resolved to return in that fashion with the aim of effecting more than simple wresting a commission from Sir William Berkeley? It is probable. He and thoughtful Mr. Lawrence had no doubt held many private talks in those days and nights at the Jamestown ordinary. The country was on fire. Men's minds were ripe for rebellion. All Virginia was shouting, "Bacon! Bacon!" as the men of Gloucester did

afterwards in the very presence of Berkeley. The moment had come, it seemed, for mixing up other matters with the Indian question.

Bacon's escape had unknotted all the tangle, which was to be tied in a tighter knot still. A few days afterwards came the dread rumor that he was marching on Jamestown at the head of six hundred men.

XVI.

BACON AND BERKELEY AT JAMES CITY.

THE rumor was true. Fiery General Bacon was no longer the anxious husband, and had quite forgotten, it seemed, that Elizabeth, his wife, was "indisposed." Instead of staying at home at Curles, and soothing the sick lady, — who was probably not so sick,[1] — he had been riding to and fro at the "heads of the rivers" sounding the slogan.

At the word his friends rose in arms; a part of that "eight thousand horse," which Governor Berkeley had reported to be in the colony. The times were now ripe, and the mass of the Virginia people had sided with Bacon. They hastened from plantation and hundred, from lowland manor-house and log cabin in the woods of the upland, "well-armed housekeepers" booted and armed with good broadswords and "fusils" for the wars that were plainly coming.

A force variously estimated at from four to six hundred men thus hastened to Bacon's flag. It is safe to go beyond the record, if we are ever allowed to do so,

[1] "Begs leave to visit his lady (now sick *as he pretended*)."—Ann Cotton's Account.

and state that the leader of the rising made them one of his passionate addresses. He was always ready for that: the vehement thought seemed ever behind the ardent lips in this man, longing to burst forth into fiery speech. Bacon was a born orator, but a man of decision also. In "three or ffour days after his escape" he was within a day's march of Jamestown, at the head of his six hundred "housekeepers."

At this ominous rumor Berkeley acted with vigor. He was quite as brave as his young adversary, in spite of the seventy years' snows on his hair. He sent an instant summons for the "train-bands" of York and Gloucester; but the poison had begun to work everywhere. Only about "one hundred soulders, and not one half of them *sure* neather," marched at his order; and their advance was so sluggish that Bacon arrived before they were in sight. He entered Jamestown at the head of his men at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and drew up his troops, "horse and foot, upon a green, not a flight (arrow) shot from the end of the State House." His followers had seized all the avenues, disarming "all in town," and as others arrived in boats or by land they were arrested or disarmed in like fashion.

Jamestown had thus suddenly become a scene of vast confusion and uneasy expectation. Sir William Berkeley and his Council were in a private apartment of the State House holding a council of war. Bacon's drums and trumpets had only sounded hitherto; now the drum which always summoned the Assembly was heard rolling. The Burgesses came to order — if there was indeed order of any sort that day in the distracted borough; and an armed collision between law and re-

bellion seemed about to follow. Bacon advanced across the green "with a file of fusileers on either hand," and came up to the corner of the State House. Then what followed is described by worthy Mr. T. M. of Stafford, who witnessed all from a window of the room above in which the Assembly sat, or rather stood in crowding groups at the windows watching the scene. The Governor and Council came out and Bacon advanced to meet them. He seemed to be controlling himself, but Berkeley was thoroughly aroused, and incensed. He walked straight toward Bacon, and tearing open the lace at his breast, exclaimed wrathfully:—

"Here! Shoot me! 'Fore God, a fair mark — shoot!"

This he repeated over and over, using the same expression and no other. Bacon's reply, in spite of his anger, was deliberate:—

"No, may it please your honor," he said, "we will not hurt a hair of your head, nor of any other man's. We are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and now we will have it before we go."

But mild as his words seemed, Bacon was in a rage. As the Governor and Council turned round and went back to their private apartment, he followed them with his fusileers, his left arm "akimbo," the hand on his sword hilt, and his right arm tossed about like one "distracted." Berkeley was throwing about his own arm in the same manner. Bacon's demeanor grew more and more threatening as the Governor and Council retreated. He "strutted" after them "with outrageous postures of his head, arms, body and legs, often tossing his hand from his sword to his hat; and after him came a de-

tachment of ffusileers (musketts not being then in use), who, with their cocks bent, presented their ffusils at a window of the Assembly Chamber filled with faces, repeating with menacing voices, 'We will have it! We will have it!' every half minute."

These words of the cotemporary narrative best describe the scene. One of the Burgesses of the Bacon party shook his handkerchief from the window, calling out three or four times, "You shall have it! You shall have it!" meaning the commission; and at this assurance the fusileers uncocked their guns, and waited for further orders from Bacon. He had followed the Governor with an "impetuous like delirious action," exclaiming violently:—

"Damn my blood! I'll kill Governor, Council, Assembly and all, and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood."

And it was afterwards said, we are told by Mr. T. M. of Stafford, that Bacon had ordered his men, if he drew his sword, to fire on the Assembly — "so near was the massacre of us all that very minute, had Bacon but drawn his sword before the pacific handkerchief was shaken out at window."

What occurred in the private apartment between Bacon, Governor, and Council is not known; probably the excitement of the moment prevented any definite action. Bacon came out and about an hour afterwards made his appearance in the Assembly Chamber up-stairs where he addressed the Burgesses, asking for a commission. The Speaker, who was a Baconian, declared that it was "not in their province, or power, nor of any other save the King's vicegerent, their Governor, to grant it;" but Bacon insisted and made "half an hour's harangue."

Its purport is summed up in a sentence. It was all about "preserving our lives from the Indians, *inspecting the public revenues, the exorbitant taxes, and redressing the grievances and calamities of that deplorable country.*" The revolution thus announced its objects: not protection from Indians only, but a general redress of grievances and civil reform, sweeping out official vermin. The Burgesses hesitated, and took no action, and Bacon "went away dissatisfied." But the next day Governor and Council yielded; the Burgesses appointed Nathaniel Bacon General and Commander-in-Chief against the Indians; the appointment was ratified by Berkeley; and an act was passed granting pardon to Bacon and his followers for their Indian proceedings. A letter was even drafted to the King highly applauding them, and this also the Governor and Council were obliged to sign.

It was an immense triumph for the young rebel. Berkeley writhed and growled, but was disarmed and powerless. He took his revenge by sending to the Assembly a letter of his own to the King, in which he wrote: "I have for above thirty years governed the most flourishing country the sun ever shone over, but am now encompassed with rebellion, like waters, in every respect like that of Masaniello, except their leader," — meaning, doubtless, that Bacon was not an ignorant fisherman, but a man of rank and brains who was much more dangerous.

The Burgesses were then dissolved, and went back to their homes, — a brief session, over which the historians have raised a great pæan. The fact that it sat in June, 1676, and that in June, 1776, the same body instructed the Virginia delegates to propose independence of Eng-

land, has been much dwelt upon. But no deliberate attempt was made to go to the root of the public grievances. All was hurry and excitement, and after extending the suffrage, and passing laws against the sale in ordinaries of intoxicating drinks, and others denouncing "tumults, routs, and riots," which was rather anti-Baconian, the Burgesses went home.

Bacon was now at the head of a small army, the regularly commissioned General-in-Chief of the Virginia forces, nominally against the Indians, but really against whomsoever he chose. All things in the Dominion of Virginia were virtually under his control. An immense public sentiment supported him; he held the colony in his grasp; and the authority of Governor Berkeley was only a simulacrum. What would be his next step? It was noticed that thoughtful Mr. Lawrence had much talk with him at this time, and was "esteemed Mr. Bacon's principal consultant;" also "Mr. Drummond, a sober Scotch gentleman of good repute," who had been lately the Governor of North Carolina. He, too, was a foe of Berkeley's, on some grounds of his own, and was heard to say: "I am in, over shoes; I will be over boots." He lived at Jamestown, and these two "rogues," as his Excellency called them, were far too intimate with the fiery young General to suit Sir William. Would they induce him to forget his Indian business, and think of other things? Bacon seemed to decide that by promptly marching against the Indians.

He made his head-quarters then, as afterwards, near West Point, at the head of York River; the place was sometimes called "De la War," from Lord Delaware, whose family name was West; and here he disarmed the loyalists of Gloucester. He then set out,

with a force variously estimated at from five hundred to one thousand men, to attack the Indians toward the head waters of the Pamunkey.

All his movements were full of energy, and met with that good fortune which follows the possession of brains and decision. Parties of horse were sent in every direction to scour the woods and ferret out the Indians; and the result of these measures, the chronicles say, was an unheard-of sense of security in the border plantations. It seemed, indeed, that young General Bacon was justifying the public opinion of him. He had wrested his commission from the Governor, but he was not using it to the hurt of the government. He was fighting the public enemy, and doing his duty as an honest Virginian.

That was not, however, apparently the view of affairs taken by his angry adversary. Suddenly, in the midst of his campaign, came intelligence that Governor Berkeley had a second time proclaimed Nathaniel Bacon and his followers rebels and traitors.

XVII.

THE OATH AT MIDDLE-PLANTATION.

Sir William Berkeley had imitated his master, Charles I. The King had fled for refuge against rebellion to his loyal shire of York; and the King's Governor now fled to York River and set up his flag there.

This was the natural sequel of the scene in front of the State House at Jamestown. Gloss over it as people might, the course of Bacon there was rebellion and

treason. By force of broadswords and "fusils," he had compelled his Majesty's representative to comply with his demands; and now it was to be decided to whom Virginia was to belong, — whether to Bacon and his rebels, or to Berkeley and his loyal King's-men. Some of the best men in Virginia were ranged on each side, for the absurd old theory that the Berkeley men were all time-servers and mercenary people has nothing to support it. Still, the great mass of the people of all classes had sided with Bacon, and it seemed that his Majesty's representative would soon be a Governor without a government. In this cruel emergency a gleam of sunshine broke through the black clouds, settling down on the head of the ancient Cavalier. From Gloucester, beyond the York, came post-haste a King's-man, with a missive for his Honor from that most loyal county.

Gloster, as the old writers spell it, was "the place the best replenished for men, arms, and affection of any county in Virginia," — the *affection* being for his Majesty and his Majesty's Governor. Bacon's horsemen had galloped about the country, disarming the adherents of Berkeley there; and this had naturally made an unpleasant impression. Now the truculent rebel was absent about his Indian business; the coast was clear for the true men to show their faces again; and the Gloster men sent a petition asking that Governor Berkeley would come and *protect them from the Indians.* Sir William promptly responded to the welcome request. This rich domain, full of loyal planters, was the place for the loyal Governor. He repaired thither at once, erected his standard, and summoned the people to array themselves under it.

The result was discouraging. The Gloster men were not so loyal as Berkeley had supposed. Twelve hundred people assembled on the day appointed, but the public pulse was low. They would support the Governor's authority, but "they thought it not convenient at present to declare themselves against Bacon, as he was now advancing against the common enemy," the Indians. That would not be to act like good Virginians; and so the men of Gloster and Middlesex positively declined to enroll themselves against Bacon. They showed their sentiments in an unmistakable manner. At the first words of Berkeley the crowd began to murmur, "Bacon! Bacon!"—ominous incident. As his Excellency went on urging them, they grew weary, and refused to listen. They "walked out of the field, muttering as they went, 'Bacon! Bacon! Bacon!' leaving the Governor and those that came with him to themselves." Such was the depressing condition of public feeling in this loyal country. The Gloster men would not even listen to the fiery Cavalier, with his passionate appeals to their loyalty. Their response was that ominous muttering and speedy disappearance from the place of meeting.

It seemed that this was the end. Rebellion had caught even the loyal Gloucester in its vile clutches. There was, then, no hope, save from other people somewhere, not yet poisoned; where were these to be found? There was one place of retreat: the remote country sometimes called the "Kingdom of Accomac," across the water. So, leaving the ungrateful Gloucester men to arrange their matters with General Bacon, the Governor embarked on a small vessel, and, as the chronicle says, "wafted over Chesapeake Bay thirty miles to Acco-

mac," — last refuge, or supposed refuge, of the loyal cause in Virginia.

Before departing, Sir William set up his proclamation in all public places, declaring Bacon a traitor (July 29, 1676); on the 29th of May, just two months before, the rebel had been assailed by a similar blow. The news of all this was brought to Bacon on the upper waters by his friends Lawrence and Drummond. He at once marched back. His situation was critical; he "was fallen like the corn between the stones," says one of the old writers, "so that if he did not look the better about him, he might chance to be ground to powder." He himself used an equally strong simile.

"It vext him to his heart," he said, "for to think that while he was hunting (Indian) wolves, tygers, and foxes, which daily destroyed our harmless sheep and lambs, that he and those with him should be pursued with a full cry, as a more savage or a no less ravenous beast."

Thus protesting, no doubt with impetuous delivery and knit brows, in the midst of his men, with thoughtful Mr. Lawrence listening quietly, Bacon marched back at the head of his horsemen toward the lower waters. An incident occurred on the way. A deserter from the Berkeley side came in, but was found to be a spy. Bacon offered to spare his life if one man in the army would say a good word for him. But no one spoke, and he was executed; General Bacon being "applauded for a merciful man" for thus giving him a chance for his life. Perfect order was kept on the march; no opponent's house was plundered, but patrols of cavalry arrested prominent friends of Berkeley; and Bacon soon arrived at Middle-Plantation, midway be-

tween Jamestown and York River, afterwards the city of Williamsburg.

His horsemen bivouacked around the little cluster of houses forming the village, and their General went at once to work. Virginia was in flagrant revolution; the constituted authorities had fled, and the business before Bacon was to bring order out of this chaos. With Berkeley away in Accomac, a distant region, vaguely looked upon at that time as scarcely part of Virginia, Bacon was master and Governor *de facto*. He was looked to as the head of all things, and had advisers, who suggested decisive action. William Drummond, that sober Scotch gentleman, who was "over shoes" in rebellion, and meant to be "over boots," advised Bacon to *depose* Berkeley, and put Sir Henry Chicheley in his place. At this the Baconians murmured, when the sober Scot replied: —

"Do not make so strange of it, for I can show from ancient records that such things have been done in Virginia" — a reference, doubtless, to the "thrusting out" of Governor Harvey.

Bacon would not agree to so revolutionary an act as the formal deposition of Berkeley. His temper was excitable, but his brain was cool — a common trait with men of strong natures. It bore the strain on it now, if visions of military usurpation and Virginia Lord Protectorism tempted him. There was a very long head on the shoulders of this impetuous youth. He proceeded in an orderly manner, and displayed the greatest good sense. First he issued his "Remonstrance," a hot protest against Berkeley's proclamation denouncing as rebels and traitors himself and his followers, good subjects of his Majesty, who were in arms only against

the bloody savages. Then he comes to the public grievances, and pays his respects to his adversaries. Some in authority were without capacity; others had come to the country poor, and were now rolling in wealth, for they had been "spunges that have sucked up and devoured the common treasury." He propounds the damaging query, "What arts, sciences, schools of learning, or manufactures hath been promoted by any now in authority?" and "saith something against the Governor about the beaver trade; and so concludes with an appeal to King and Parliament." But the young rebel must have personal consultation with the chief men of Virginia. Therefore, all who have "any regard for themselves, or love to their country, their wives, children, and other relations," are prayed to attend at Middle-Plantation on a certain day, and enter their protest against "Sir William's doting and irregular actings."

On the day appointed (August 3, 1676), "most of the prime gentlemen of those parts," four of whom were members of the Governor's Council, appeared at the rendezvous, and a stormy scene followed. Bacon made as usual "a long harange," and it was agreed that a "test or recognition" should be subscribed that no one would aid Berkeley to molest the "Generall and army." All agreed to that, but the imperious Bacon suddenly threw a fire-brand amongst them. They must bind themselves further, he said, "*to rise in arms against him*," Berkeley, "if he with armed forces should offer to resist the Generall; and not only so — *if any forces should be sent out of England* at the request of Sir William or otherways, to his aid, that *they were likewise to be opposed*" until his Majesty could be heard from.

Then an explosion. That was armed rebellion against

the King, and "this bugbear did marvellously startle" them. They were willing to sign the test, but not to sign that; whereupon Bacon, with his impetuous temper, suddenly flames out. If they would not sign all, they need not sign any; "he would surrender up his commission, and let the country find some other servant to go abroad and do their work! 'Sir William Berkeley hath proclaimed me a rebel,'" he exclaimed, "'and it is not unknown to himself that I both can and shall charge *him* with no less than treason!'" Governor Berkeley would never forgive them for signing *any part* of the test, he urged; and they might judge for themselves "how many or few he would make choice of to be *sent into the tother world.*" The passionate eloquence of Bacon is vividly described in the old narratives. He would have all signed, or nothing — "the whole swallowed or none." A sudden incident determined the wavering assemblage. The "gunner of York Fort" rushed through the crowd, wild-eyed and dismayed. The savages were advancing on his fort! The Governor had removed all his arms! The fort was filled with poor people who had fled before the Indian tomahawk from the woods of Gloster!

Thereat, "the General is somewhat startled," and looks with eyes of passionate appeal to the crowd, having either arranged this dramatic scene beforehand, or feeling as much startled as the rest. The effect was decisive. It "did stagger a great many, and there was no more discourses." The prime gentlemen agreed to sign the whole paper, with the express understanding that it was not to *affect their allegiance.* Upon that point Bacon promptly reassured them. Affect their allegiance? Far from it! "God forbid," he cried,

"that it should be so meant or intended! *Himself and army*, by his command, had some few days before *taken the Oath of Allegiance!*"

So the oath was taken and the paper subscribed by these loyal prime gentlemen, who were so punctilious about their allegiance to the King — the oath to fight the King's troops if they came to Virginia.

This Middle-Plantation meeting was a stormy affair. The struggle had continued from noon to midnight, and the scene lit up by torches in the summer night must have been striking. In the centre of the excited crowd is the young Cromwell of twenty-eight, his face flushed and his eyes blazing as he urges this or that argument showing the necessity of the proposed oath. Around him are the prime gentlemen with doubtful or resolute faces, and the well-armed housekeepers girt with broad-swords, looking and listening. No doubt that quiet gentleman yonder is thoughtful Mr. Lawrence, who sees with delight that the "resolute temper" of the young General has swept away all opposition, and that the Virginians are going to "see the King's peace kept by resisting the King's viceregent."

The paper signed at Middle-Plantation on this 3d of August, 1676, is a notable document. It begins by setting forth that "*certain persons* have lately contrived the raising forces" against General Bacon and the people, "thereby *to beget civil war;*" and they will endeavor to apprehend "*those evil disposed persons*, and them secure until further orders from the General;" — so much for his Excellency. And as Sir William has informed the King that Virginia is in rebellion, and he needs troops, "We, the inhabitants of Virginia," will "to the utmost of our power *oppose and suppress all forces*

whatsoever of that nature, until such time as the King be fully informed of the state of the case by such person or persons as shall be sent from the said Nathaniel Bacon, in the behalf of the people, and the determination thereof be remitted hither."

This was plain. His Majesty's Governor and representative was making war on Virginia. His Majesty's true representative was not this traitor, but General Bacon. As the most loyal of the King's subjects they meant to crush the King's Governor if they could; to inform the King of all things; and meanwhile to oppose and fight the King's troops if they came to Virginia. The last clause bore a strong resemblance to an important feature in another paper, signed at Philadelphia July 4, 1776. This engagement taken by the Virginians was signed August 3, 1676, nearly a hundred years before.

The great business was thus finished. The leading men were banded together in support of Bacon, and the next step was to organize a government. None but the Virginia people had authority to do that; and Bacon issued writs for the representatives of the people to assemble early in September. The writs were in the name of his Majesty, and signed by four members of the Council who were present at the meeting. Then, without loss of time, swift couriers bore them away to the four winds; and Bacon, secure now, as he said, that in his absence "to destroy the wolves" the foxes would not "devour the sheep," set off with his army again to finish his Indian campaign.

He left behind him a mighty tumult. Virginia had risen for the right. The New World had defied the Old. The oath on the Virginia Field of Mars to fight Eng-

land, sworn by torchlight in the midst of grim faces, stirred up a great wave of rejoicing, which rolled over all Virginia, from the lowland to the mountains. Everywhere men and women hailed it with enthusiasm. "Now we can build ships," they said, "and, like New England, trade to any part of the world!"— an evidence of the aversion to the navigation laws. Sarah Drummond, the wife of the sober Scottish conspirator, exclaimed: —

"The child that is unborn shall have cause to rejoice for the good that will come by the rising of the country!" And when a person beside her croaked, —

"We must expect a greater power from England that will certainly be our ruin," Drummond's wife picked up a stick, broke it in two, and said disdainfully, —

"I fear the power of England no more than a broken straw!"

When others faltered, she exclaimed bravely, "We will do well enough!" and that was the hopeful feeling of the great mass of the people. Thousands of men and women — and the hearts of women are braver and more devoted than the hearts of men, often — were uttering, doubtless, similar words, full of the true ring, all over Virginia. The country was with Bacon, and swore the oath with him.

He was, meanwhile, at work again. Having issued his proclamation that all friends of the cause should, on "the arrival of the forces from England, retire into the wilderness and oppose them," he crossed James River at Curles, according to one account, attacked the Appomattox Indians at what is now Petersburg, and killed or routed the whole tribe. He then traversed the south side toward the Nottoway and Roanoke, dispersed all the savages he encountered, and early in September

"draws in his forces within the verge of the English Plantations." At West Point, his "prime rendezvous or place of retreat," he dismissed all but a detachment, to go home and rest; and this was the state of things, when the whole face of affairs suddenly changed.

News came that Sir William Berkeley, with seventeen ships and a thousand men, had returned from Accomac, sailed up James River, and was again in possession of Jamestown.

XVIII.

THE WHITE APRONS AT JAMESTOWN.

THE fortunes of Sir William Berkeley in the "Kingdom of Accomac" had been a checker-work of sun and shadow. The first outlook there seemed gloomy indeed; the chill wind of disloyalty blew steadily over that sandy region, as it blew across the green hills of Virginia. Few gleams of hope cheered the black darkness around the old King's-man. The virus of rebellion had infected the Eastern Shore men as well as the West Shore men. His Excellency could get no substantial planters to espouse his fortunes; and it seemed that if he returned at all, it would be at the head of a handful of "rabble."

But all at once the skies cleared. A lucky accident cheered the heart of the despondent Cavalier. Bacon, after attending to matters at Middle-Plantation, had sent one of his friends to confine the Governor in Accomac, or capture him. This person was Mr. Giles Bland, "a gentleman of an active and stirring disposition, and no grate admirer of Sir William's goodness." He was

to go and "block up" his foe Sir William, or induce the people to surrender him, — "thinking the country, like the Friar in the Bush, must needs be so mad as to dance to their pipe." So, General Bacon hoping that his Lieutenant, Bland, might "go forth with an empty hand but return with a full fist," placed this business in his charge, and went after the Indians.

These phrases of the old chronicle show the eccentric humor of the times. Such turns of expression constantly crop up in these uncouth writings, and relieve the tragedy of the narrative. The authors sympathize really with Bacon, but then he and his friends are rogues and rebels; and it is the "Rogue's March" they are going to pipe to make the Accomackians dance. The performance soon begins, but a dirge is to wind up the gay lilt for some people. Bacon's "Lieutenant-general Bland, a man of courage and haughty bearing," set forth on his enterprise. He had two hundred and fifty men, and one ship with four guns, under command of an old sailor, Captain Carver, who was "resolved to adventure his old bones" for the rebel cause. This one ship was insufficient, however, and Bland seized another, lying in York River, which belonged to a Captain Laramore, probably a trader and a friend of Berkeley's. This seizure irritated Laramore and was the cause of many woes. He had been arrested and confined in his cabin, but dissembled, professed sympathy, and was restored to the command of his ship; and then Bland sailed for Accomac. On the way he captured another vessel, making four in all; and with this fleet came in sight of the Eastern Shore.

At the appearance of the four ships mounted with cannon Sir William gave up all for lost. His days in Accomac had not been happy days. Instead of

anathematizing Bacon, the planters echoed the public complaints, and few had joined his standard. Now he found himself threatened with capture by a rebel fleet; and his situation was not unlike that of his master Charles I. in his darkest days. An incident changed everything. Laramore's mind was still rankling with resentment at the seizure of his ship; and he privately sent word to Berkeley that if assistance were given him he would betray Bland. At the time, the vessels were at anchor, and Captain Carver of the four-gun ship, Bland's second in command, had gone on shore to see Berkeley. Laramore's offer resembled a trap, but a friend of the Governor's, Colonel Philip Ludwell, offered to vouch for him, and to lead the party to assist in Bland's capture. Sir William thereupon agreed to everything, and Ludwell "prepared an armed boat in a creek not far off, but out of sight." At the time appointed he rowed toward Laramore's ship: was supposed to be coming to parley; and Bland did not fire on him. The sequel quickly came. The boat ran under the ship's stern, and one of Ludwell's men leaped on board and putting a pistol to Bland's breast said, "You are my prisoner." The rest followed and disarmed the crew, who were said to be drunk, but probably were Laramore's friends; and Carver soon returning, he and Bland were "amazed and yielded." No further resistance was made, and Colonel Ludwell returned in triumph with his prisoners to Berkeley.[1]

[1] The hero of this exploit, Colonel Philip Ludwell, was Berkeley's secretary, and after the Governor's death married "Dame ffrances Berkeley," who had been a young widow when Berkeley married her. Of her three husbands she seems to have preferred the second, as she continued to call herself "Lady Berkeley" to the time of her death.

Thus ended in gloomy disaster the attempt to make the Accomackians dance to the rebel piping. Bland, with all his courage and activity, had been caught in a trap, and Berkeley put him in irons and otherwise ill-treated him. As for Captain Carver, his "old bones" were to rattle on a gibbet, if like another foe of Berkeley's, he was hung in chains. His Excellency "honored him with the gift of a halter," but spared Lieutenant-general Bland, either as a gentleman of too much consideration to be executed, or for fear of Bacon. Poor old Carver was hung on the Accomac shore a few days afterwards; and Laramore's men joined the forces under Berkeley.

These were now considerable in numbers if not in quality. The 'longshoremen had agreed to assist him, and at this fortunate moment, Captain Gardener, a Berkeleyan, arrived at Accomac in his ship the Adam-and-Eve, with ten or twelve sloops which he had collected along the coast. Bland's captured ships made in all about seventeen; and on these the forces embarked, in number about a thousand. The Governor had promised them, it was said, the estates of all who had taken "Bacon's Oath;" and further proclaimed that the servants of all gentlemen fighting under Bacon should have the property of their masters in case they enrolled themselves under the King's flag.

Berkeley sailed for Jamestown and reached it safely (September 7, 1676), the news of his approach "outstripping his canvass wings." The place was held by Colonel Hansford, one of the youngest and bravest of Bacon's lieutenants, with eight or nine hundred men. Berkeley anchored and summoned Hansford to surrender, promising amnesty to all but Lawrence and Drum-

mond, then in the town. Hansford refused, but by the advice of these two leaders, determined to evacuate the place, which he did during the night. About noon next day Governor Berkeley landed on the island, and, like Lord Delaware before him, "knelt down and rendered thanks to God for his safe arrival." In the town he found only a few people, above all no Lawrence or Drummond. These gentlemen had prudently retired, and the chronicle makes merry over thoughtful Mr. Lawrence for his dread of capture. So "distracted" was he at the vision of a halter that he "forsook his own house with all his wealth and a fair cupboard of plate entire standing, which fell into the Governor's hands."

Meanwhile, as the triumphant Cavalier is feasting his eyes on his enemy's cupboard, the owner of the cupboard, with his friends Drummond and Hansford, is speeding northward at a swift gallop to find General Bacon.

They find him at West Point, the head of York River, and are the first to communicate the startling intelligence that Sir William Berkeley has recaptured Jamestown. The enemy supposed to be crushed has returned, thirsting for vengeance; the whole "Kingdom of Accomac" has declared for him; the fierce wrestle apparently at an end has just begun, it seems.

Bacon's proceedings were those of a soldier. He had only a body-guard with him, but mounted in hot haste and set out for Jamestown. Couriers scattered in all directions to summon the Baconians to join him. As he advanced his force steadily increased, and marching with "a marvellous celerity, outstripping the swift wings of fame," he came in sight of Jamestown, at the head now of a force of several hundred men.

Sir William was ready to receive him. A strong earthwork and palisade had been erected across the neck of the island, and Bacon rode forward to reconnoitre. He then ordered his trumpets to sound and a volley to be fired into the town. But no response came back. Berkeley, it is said, expected that his enemy would retire for want of provisions; but in this he was disappointed. Bacon was a rough campaigner, and supplied himself from the Governor's own larder, as the Governor had supplied himself from thoughtful Mr. Lawrence's cupboard. He made his headquarters at "Greenspring," the mansion of Sir William; and cattle, pork, grain, horses, and stores of every description were mercilessly appropriated.

The rebel then proceeded to throw up a breastwork in front of the palisade, and in order to protect his men had recourse to a very unworthy scheme. He sent detachments of horsemen into the surrounding country to capture and bring into camp the wives of prominent gentlemen who fought on the side of Berkeley. We have the names of four of these ladies: "Madame Bray, Madame Page, Madame Ballard, and Madame Bacon" — the wife of no less a person than that "rich, politick" old kinsman, Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., of the Council, who had such a fondness for his "uneasy cousin," the young rebel. The young person in question was thus a rude adversary, and stopped at nothing. The ladies were brought in their carriages, it is to be hoped, not forced to come on foot; but they came. This was a bad business enough and scarcely worthy of that *preux chevalier* and devoted attendant of "indisposed" ladies, Mr. Nathaniel Bacon; but he was going to do still worse. He sent one of the disconsolate ladies into the town,

under a flag, "to inform her own and the other husbands" that he meant to place them "in the foretront of his men" during the construction of the earthworks; — if an attack was made on the workmen the ladies would suffer.

The "white aproned" herald went and delivered the message, and the chronicle states the result. "The poor gentlewomen were mightily astonished, and neather were their husbands void of amazement at this subtill invention." And then the worthy historian of this subtile invention bursts forth with his own comment full of dry humor: "If Mr. Fuller thought it strange that *the Divell's black garde should be enrouled God's soulders*," the poor amazed husbands "made it no less wonderful that their innocent and harmless wives should thus be *entred a white garde to the Divell.* And this action was a method in war that they were not well acquainted with: that before they could come *to pierce their enemy's sides* they must be obliged to *dart their weapons thorugh their wives brest.*"

There is no reason to doubt that Bacon resorted to this unworthy device. His admirers attempt, of course, to explain it away, or discredit it. It was done. At daylight an attacking party sallied out of town and fell on the workmen; the sally was repulsed; and then the ladies were "exhibited to the view of their husbands and friends in town upon the top of the small work, where he caused them to tarry till he had finished his defence against his enemy's shot." That is precise, and admits of no discussion. And of all the curious events of a curious time it was the most curious. It resembles rather an invention of romance than a sober tableau of history, — this picture of the ladies in their

"white aprons" on the buttress of earth and felled trees, shivering in the September moonlight as the chill dawn begins to glimmer; around them the red, autumn foliage; behind them the bearded faces of the rebel horsemen; and yonder within the palisade the amazed and forlorn husbands withholding their shot lest they harm these dear *white guards of the Devil* — who is General Bacon!

It is rather difficult to reconcile the incident with Bacon's conceded character as a soldier and a gentleman, since soldiers or gentlemen do not make war on women or children. When they do so they do it at their peril, and if the victims have no other avenger, history will take care of their oppressors. It has done so in this case. Explain it as people may, that was not a defensible proceeding; and it has left a blot on the name of a man otherwise illustrious. Berkeley acted with more gallantry. "The ladies' white aprons became of greater force" than Bacon's men and guns, and no further attack was made until the "guardian angells withdrew into a place of safety" — let us hope were sent back home. Then the ancient Cavalier burst out with a force of about eight hundred men and made a sudden assault on Bacon.

It was repulsed in a twinkling, was indeed a mere fiasco. Alas! the motley crew from Accomac were no fit adversaries for the well-armed housekeepers. In his hour of need Governor Berkeley had been obliged to recruit fishermen, 'longshoremen, and rabble instead of good men. The rabble had no principles to fight for, or hearts in the business. They had come over to plunder; and finding cold steel to encounter instead of larders to rifle, they suddenly ceased fighting and "returned

with light heels" to Jamestown, leaving a dozen of their number stretched on the ground as the only proof that they had fought at all.

This was the end for the moment of Sir William Berkeley and the royal cause. The stormy old leader was "extremely disgusted, and expressed in some passionate terms" his wrath and mortification. But there was no help for it. His following was plainly too lukewarm to run any risk in his cause; and when Bacon brought up three guns and opened a cannonade on the town and ships, Sir William Berkeley lost all heart, embarked during the night, and he and his Accomac army sailed away from Jamestown.

The ancient capital of Virginia was now in the hands of the rebels. Having consulted with his officers, Bacon resolved to burn it "that the rogues should harbor there no more;" the rogues being his Honor Sir William Berkeley and his people. This was done without delay; thoughtful Mr. Lawrence and sober Mr. Drummond set fire to their houses with their own hands; and the town was soon in ashes. Thus the old "nest of empire" built by that first of American eagles, Smith, went up in flame and vanished. It was a pity, and after all, as the narrative will show, was useless.

Such was the end of the famous invasion of Virginia by the un-Norman men of Berkeley from the distant kingdom of Accomac. It had accomplished nothing. The advance had ended in retreat. Sir William Berkeley had fled to his ships, and his ships had fled down James River. They were still in sight, however, and Bacon remained at his headquarters in the Greenspring manor-house to watch them.

This was the state of affairs when the scenes of the

rapid drama shifted as rapidly as before. A courier, in hot haste, from the York country brought intelligence that a strong force, friends of Sir William Berkeley, were advancing from the direction of the Potomac to attack the rebels.

XIX.

THE DEATH OF BACON.

Bacon promptly broke up his camp and marched to face the new danger. There was little to fear any longer from Sir William. If he came back to Jamestown he would find only smoking ruins. If he pursued the adventurous rebels he knew the consequences of a collision with them. So turning his back on the Accomackians, Bacon marched at the head of his horsemen toward the York.

He had grown ill and irritable. In the Jamestown trenches he had contracted fever and dysentery, and the result was a great irascibility of temper. He had become passionate and excitable, but his strong will was as strong as ever; perhaps more dangerous from the fever consuming him. He was readier to fight than before. The situation of things was plain: a force of Royalists was marching on his rear to avenge the woes of Berkeley, and his place was to crush them.

He crossed the lower York in boats at Ferry Point and marched into Gloucester, where he made his headquarters at Colonel Warner's and issued his "mandates." These were addressed to the Gloster men, and called on them to meet him promptly at the Court-house, there to take the oath drawn up at Middle-Plantation. It was the direct test of the rebel or royalist sentiment;

but before the test could be applied a courier arrived, post-haste, with important news. Colonel Brent was "advancing fast upon him, with a resolution to fight him, at the head of 1,000 men."

Thereupon no more mandates or parley with the Gloster men. Bacon "commands the drums to beat for the gathering his soulders under their colors," and this done, makes them an address. Brent is coming to fight; are they ready to fight *him?* "Shouts and acclamations" follow, and "the drums thunder a march." They flock around their leader, prepare for the advance, and with "abundance of cheerfulness, disburthen themselves of all impediments to expedition; excepting their *oathes and wenches.*"

The army marched at once up the country toward the Rappahannock. But there was not to be any fighting. The dread poison of rebellion, which had been blown on the breeze to Accomac, had swept northward on the south wind to the Potomac. Colonel Brent's men deserted him, and some came to Bacon, "resolving with the Persians to go and worship the rising sun," — poor sun about to set! Thereupon, the brave Colonel Brent exclaims, "They have forsaken the stoutest man and ruined the fairest estate in Virginia!" and goes home with his few faithful in huge disgust.

Such was the sudden end of that danger, and Bacon marched back to Gloucester. The rude chronicle is more expressive: "This business of Brent's having (like the hoggs the devill sheared) produced more noyse than wooll, Bacon, according to summons, meets the Gloster men at the Court howse." The scene was animated and not harmonious. Six or seven hundred armed Gloster men had come to the rendezvous on horseback,

and Bacon, as usual, made them "a long harange." Would they take the oath? They had not yet done so, and he had sent for them to ask them that plain question. The speech is not reported; these hot orations of the young rebel have all been carried away by the winds of two centuries, but enough is known to show that Bacon's demeanor, on this day, was fiery. He was sick and exasperated. These Gloster men were the only enemies left. He had crushed Berkeley, and Brent's men had gone home or joined his own standard. The rest of Virginia was true to him; what were the Gloster men going to do? He wanted their answer.

Their spokesman, Mr. Cole, "offered the sense of the Gloster men." They objected to the oath and wished to remain neutral. Thereat Bacon flamed out. They should *not* remain neutral! They "appeared like the worst of sinners, who had a desire to be *saved with the righteous*, and yet would *do nothing whereby they might obtain their salvation!*" With this hot flout he turns his back on them, doubtless looking toward his armed housekeepers. The crisis is perilous; he has only to raise his finger and the armed housekeepers will charge the Gloster men. One of the latter, Colonel Gouge, interposes. Perhaps the oath may be taken yet; he "had only spoke to *the horse* and not to *the foot*." But Bacon, "in some passion," and scowling, doubtless at the Colonel, cries hotly: "I spake to *the men*, and not to *the horse*, leaving that service for *you* to do, as *one beast* can best understand the meaning of *another!*" The General is furious, and spares no one. A minister, Mr. Wading, refuses the oath and encourages others to do so, whereupon Bacon promptly arrests him, telling

him it was "his place to preach in the church not in the camp; in the first he might say what he pleased, but in the last he was to say no more than should please *him*, unless he could *fight* to better purpose than he could *preach!*"

In truth the fever caught at Jamestown is burning in the young General's blood. He is never a patient man, and his present surroundings are not soothing. He will be master, if the issue is to be tried with arms; and the Gloster men agree at last to take the oath, which is afterwards done. Then the meeting disperses and that matter ends.

This was the last great scene in which Bacon appeared on the theatre of events. His life was wasting away. The fever bred in the ditches at Jamestown had caught fast hold on his frame; but to the last his resolute will defied the fire raging in his pulses. He planned an expedition to Accomac, and an attack on Berkeley who had gone back there. But his strength rapidly waned, and the dysentery preying on him made further exertion impossible. He was soon unable to remain in command, and retired to the house of a friend, Major Pate, in Gloucester; and here after a few weeks' illness he expired (October 1676).

A fearful rumor rose above his corpse. The Royalists, full of rancor, said that he died of a loathsome disease, the direct visitation of God, but his friends said that he had been poisoned. Could there have been any truth in this charge? On the face of it, it seems incredible, as inconsistent with the character of Berkeley, — a cruel and bitterly revengeful but not treacherous person. And yet the chance expressions of contemporary writers have an ugly appearance. The friends of Bacon

said that the royal party, "dreading their just desert corrupted death by *Paracelsian art* to destroy him." That might be passed by as the bitter suspicion of political enemies, but unfortunately the Royalists did not resent the accusation One of them, in some verses on Bacon's death, wrote: —

> "Then how can it be counted for a sin
> Though Death (*nay though myself*) *had bribed been*
> *To guide the fatal shaft? We honor all*
> *That lends a hand unto a traitor's fall.*"

This may have meant nothing, but a line in "Ingram's Proceedings," which is written by a strong Royalist, goes further. Fortune, this writer says, has removed the great foe of Berkeley, "by a death either natural *or violent.*" Thus the friends of Berkeley did not distinctly repel the charge that the death of Bacon was caused by poison or the dagger. Even so reliable a writer as Hening inclines to the belief that he "fell by the hand of some assassin employed by the government." But the phrases used are vague, and it is a critical proceeding to mingle suppositions with history. If Bacon was assassinated it is probable that neither Berkeley or any gentleman of the King's party had any knowledge of the intent. Political animosity is a fierce prompter, but the characters of the royalist leaders contradict the theory of assassination. To sum up the matter, the charge was made; not distinctly repelled; but is not proved by any evidence remaining to the present time.

The death of the famous leader seems to have been tranquil, and he made a pious end. Finding his last hour near, he sent for Mr. Wading, the minister whom he had arrested, a political opponent, and "made his articles of rendition," which his enemies said was "the

only religious duty he was observed to perform during these intrigues of affairs." Whether this was true or not is not known; but all statements in regard to Bacon after his death come mainly from the victorious side. Having thus made his peace with heaven he calmly expired, or as the quaint old chronicle says, "surrendered up that fort he was no longer able to keep, into the hands of the grim and all-conquering Captain, Death." To the last all connected with him was full of strange interest. Berkeley was hovering near, waiting to pounce upon his dead body and hang it on a gibbet, as the English royalists had hung the body of Cromwell. To defeat this design, Lawrence and other friends resolved to conceal his body. This was done with profound secrecy, and the old writers make only mysterious references to the scene. The body was buried, one of them intimates, in some secret nook of the Gloucester woods, — "but where deposited till the Generall day, not known, only to those who are *resolutely silent* in that particular." Another says, "Bacon's body was so made away, as his bones were never found to be exposed on a gibbet as was proposed, stones being laid *in* his coffin, supposed to be done by Lawrence." Was the corpse sunk in the York, or some other stream, as the body of Alaric was sunk in the Busento by his Goths? It is more than probable. The stones placed "*in* his coffin" seem to point to such a device. In either case the place of his burial was not discovered, and remains still a secret.

Such was the abrupt ending of this brief and stormy career. It was all comprised in about four months. May, 1676, found Bacon an unknown planter; in the summer he was already famous; and in October he was

dead. His character and aims must have been plain from the foregoing narrative. Undoubtedly his designs developed with the development of events. He began by applying only for a commission to fight the Indians, and ended by resolving to free Virginia from the oppressions of the Government. The defender of the frontier became the head of revolution; and whether Lawrence and others did or did not induce him to embark in the rebellion, he was the soul of it. With all his impetuosity he was a man of cool judgment and saw the ends he meant to achieve. The rising was not a hair-brained project, but the result of deliberate calculation. As the representative of the Virginia people, he protested, sword in hand, against public grievances, to compel redress. His own life, he must have seen from the first, would probably answer for his course, but the country would profit. And his anticipation was justified. His resolute stand against Berkeley compelled the dissolution of the royalist Assembly, which had remained unchanged since 1660, and resulted in "Bacon's Assembly," which began at once by "inspecting the public revenues," extended suffrage to freemen, and was so defiant that Berkeley dissolved it. That was the first result of the appeal to the sword. The rest would follow; and Bacon had arranged for everything. If English troops came to Virginia, he would retreat to the woods and fight them. He would not lay down his arms until the public grievances were redressed.

His personal character lies on the surface of his career. He was resolute, imperious, quick of temper, but cool too. He scarcely ever lost his equipoise. His courage and decision were certainly remarkable. The

prompt march on Jamestown with a small force, on Berkeley's return from Accomac, was the act of a thorough soldier. His judgment was not blinded by passion. At Middle-Plantation he had not for a moment lost his head, or indulged visions of military usurpation. He drove through his great plan of action against the protests of the "prime gentlemen." But the passionate youth whose will bent all, plainly announced that the Virginia Assembly alone could decide who was to be the ruler of Virginia. This imperious temper was his greatest blemish, but he could be gentle and winning, and was certainly a great natural orator. There are many proofs of this fact. Even his enemies conceded it. His eloquence seems to have been superb and passionate; those who heard him speak said that he "animated with his heat" the dullest and chillest souls; and "conquered with his commanding tongue more than Cæsar." On all critical occasions he made a "long harangue," his enemies said derisively; but they added that the young soldier-orator "knit more knots by his own head in one day" than his opponents were "able to untie in a whole week." At his fiery appeals in Gloucester, his followers "burst into shouts and acclamations, while the drums thunder a march to meet the promised conflict." He was not only a popular speaker, but even more a man of action who decided on his course quickly, and adhered to it obstinately. As a soldier he was uniformly successful, — which another great soldier has said is the true test of soldiership. It may be objected that Virginia in general was for him, and that victory was thus organized in advance. The sufficient answer is that up to the time of his death the rebellion had triumphed everywhere; and that when

he went it went with him. The whole fabric suddenly crumbled and the dread revolt was snuffed out with little difficulty.

Of the inner motives of the man we have no record. We have his own statement of his aims, but personal statements are always doubtful authority. Still Bacon seems to have been disinterested. He had nothing to expect from revolution but confiscation and a halter. The Assembly called for September might have deposed Berkeley and chosen him for Governor; but his clear eyes must have seen that his tenure of that office would be short and full of trouble. The armed rebel against his Majesty could not long remain master of his Majesty's colony of Virginia. The path of revolution was thus rough and perilous, and at the end of it a gulf yawned, which would surely swallow him. It is his just claim to renown that this peril did not shake his nerves. He made fearless war on an adversary who was nearly certain to crush him; and was the first American who declared, sword in hand, that he would die rather than submit to an invasion of his right. As such this young Virginia rebel of 1676 takes his place with the great American rebels of 1776, who followed in his footsteps.

All that is known of Bacon personally is embodied in this narrative. It is not much, but is sufficient to paint the likeness of the man — the winning, imperious, violent leader of twenty-eight, with the hot pulse of youth and the cool brain of age united in him. Nothing further is recorded of him, and he goes into the mist with Berkeley his adversary, his "well-armed housekeepers," the blundering old Assembly-men, the Indian queens, and all the dead figures. He appears

and disappears like an actor passing across the stage, and even the last resting-place of this "most accomplished gentleman of Virginia," as a contemporary calls him, remains a secret. His sorrowful friends were "resolutely silent in that particular." We only know that his body was sunk in the York by the weight of stones placed in his coffin; or that he lies under the shade of the trees in some remote spot of the woods of Gloucester "till the Generall day."

XX.

BERKELEY'S VENGEANCES.

THE dire rebellion ended with Bacon. That great mainspring once broken, the whole machinery stopped. From the moment when this cool head and strong will disappeared, though some fighting followed, all hope of making a successful stand against the royal authority was abandoned. The sudden change in the whole face of affairs was momentous, and must strike with astonishment the student who reads the narrative. In September the revolutionists were everywhere triumphant. Berkeley was driven back to Accomac; the men from the Potomac had disbanded; Gloucester had taken the oath; and all Virginia had declared for Bacon. In October he was dead, and the rebellion was over. With this one man went the cause, and the well-armed housekeepers retired to their homes in despair.

For a brief season desultory fighting still continued. A grotesque personage named Ingram, who had been a rope-dancer, was made General; but Bacon's death had occasioned widespread dismay, and the end soon came.

There was a confused turmoil in Gloucester, but it was seen that the struggle was over, and Sir William Berkeley prepared to glut his long deferred vengeance. Colonel Hansford, one of Bacon's best men, was captured at the house of a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses, taken to Accomac, and hung as a rebel, by Berkeley, in spite of his prayer that he might be "shot like a soldier." Major Cheeseman was also captured, and Captains Wilford and Farlow. The last were hung like Hansford, and Cheeseman was thrown into prison, where he afterwards died. He was said to have *shared the fate of Bacon.* A scene between his wife and the Governor has dishonored Berkeley's memory. When her husband was fiercely questioned by Berkeley as to his motive for rebellion, this lady came forward before he could reply and said, "It was *her* provocations that made her husband join in the cause that Bacon contended for; if he had not been influenced by her instigations he had never done that which he had done." She then knelt before Berkeley and said, "Since what her husband had done was by *her* means, and so by consequence *she* most guilty, she might be hanged and he pardoned." To this brave speech of the true wife Berkeley replied by offering her a gross insult, and even the Berkeleyan chronicler revolts from the disgraceful scene. "His Honor was angry," and did not mean what he said; for no woman could have "so small affection for her husband as to dishonor him by her dishonesty, and yet retain such a degree of love, that rather than he should be hanged she will be content to submit her own life to the sentence." The royalist writer thus urges his lame apology. His Honor's anger had made him forget himself and turned a gentleman into a ruffian.

Berkeley now sailed from Accomac and established his quarters in York. Ingram still made a show of resistance, but speedily accepted terms and surrendered. Only two prominent leaders remained uncaptured, — Lawrence and Drummond. Finally, the latter was taken prisoner, while hiding in the Chickahominy swamp; and the Governor, when he was brought before him, exclaimed with bitter irony: —

"Mr. Drummond, you are very welcome! I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia. Mr. Drummond, you shall be hanged in half an hour!"

"What your Honor pleases," was the cool reply of Drummond.

He was tried and sentenced at one in the day, his wife's ring torn from his finger, and at four in the afternoon he was hung.

"I know not whether it be lawful to wish such a person alive," said the English Lord Chancellor afterwards, "otherwise I could wish Sir William Berkeley so, to see what could be answered to such barbarity; but he has answered it before this."

Thoughtful Mr. Lawrence had taken care of himself. He knew what to expect, and made his escape. All we know of him thereafter is conveyed in one sentence of the chronicle: "The last account of Mr. Lawrence was from an uppermost plantation, whence he and four other desperadoes with horses, pistols, etc., marched away in a snow ankle-deep, who were thought to have cast themselves into a branch of some river, rather than to be treated like Drummond;" but probably passed through the Great Woods to another land where they were safe.

It was now the year 1677, and Berkeley's bloody

vengeance was not even yet sated. The white-haired Cavalier proved himself a tiger, as he had proved himself a ruffian in insulting Mrs. Cheeseman. The taste of blood had turned his head. He tried and executed nearly every one he could lay his hands upon. Virginia became a vast jail or Tyburn Hill. Four men were hung on the York; "several executed on the other side James River," and one "hanged in chains at West Point." In January (1677) a fleet with an English regiment had arrived, and a formal commission to try rebels was organized which included Berkeley. This commission ended Bland, who had been captured in Accomac by Ludwell. The friends of the prisoner in England had procured and sent over his pardon; but the commissioners were privately informed that the Duke of York (James II.) had said with an oath: "Bacon and Bland shall die!" and having thus the intimation of what would be agreeable to his Royal Highness, Bland was "tried" and duly executed. It was a revel of blood. In almost every county gibbets rose, and made the wayfarer shudder and turn away at sight of their ghastly burdens. Twenty-three persons were executed, and Charles II. said, when he heard of all this: —

"That old fool has hanged more men in that naked country than I have done for the murder of my father."

At last the Assembly had to beg Berkeley to desist. The old tiger did so with reluctance. A contemporary said that "he believed the Governor would have hanged half the country if they had let him alone." He was finally induced to consent that the rebels should be pardoned, except about fifty leaders — Bacon at the head of them. But the chief leaders were attainted of trea-

son and their estates confiscated; among the first, the small property of the unfortunate Drummond. It had been better for Berkeley not to have touched that, for it aroused Sarah Drummond, and the King restored it. Her cry was heard across the Atlantic, and came to the foot of the throne. Berkeley drove out her and her children, to wander homeless in the woods, but her voice reached far and sounds yet.

"Bacon's laws" were repealed by proclamation, and the King's side triumphed; but the King's Governor was ill at ease. The Virginians hated him for his merciless vengeance on his disarmed adversaries, and soon the rumor came that he was no better liked in England. The very King, whom he had so faithfully served, was reported to have turned against him; and worn down by sickness and a troubled spirit, he sailed for England. All Virginia rejoiced at the news of his departure. Salutes were fired, and bonfires blazed. His career there was ended. He was never again to come back to his Greenspring manor-house and dame Frances Berkeley, that dearly beloved wife. He had been recalled by Charles II., but on his arrival the King either delayed granting, or refused him an audience. This is said to have "broken his heart," and after lingering a short time, he expired (July 13, 1677). It was less than one year after the death of his enemy, Bacon.

The character of Sir William Berkeley, like Bacon's, is read in the events of his career. He was utterly devoted to monarchy and the church, and fought persistently for both. In defense of the one he persecuted dissent, and to support the other he waded in blood. He was not a cruel man by nature, but rebellion made him pitiless. His allegiance was a craze

which warped his whole nature. To that superstition this loving husband, warm friend, and courtly gentleman sacrificed everything — his old friends, his peace of mind, his name in Virginia and in history. For a quarter of a century he ruled the colony to the fullest satisfaction of the people. He was an elegant host and a cordial companion, who made everybody welcome. He displayed not the least desire to invade the rights of the Virginians; on the contrary he defended them on every occasion. It may be said with truth that in all these years he was the sincere friend of Virginia and the Virginians. All his interests and affections were centred there — in his wife and his home. It was "the most flourishing country the sun ever shone over," he said. But one day rebellion raised its head in this beautiful land. His idol, the divine right, was flouted by these old friends. That moment he became a changed man. The Virginians he had loved so were monsters. He made war on them; that was natural and commendable, since they made war on him. But what was not commendable, was, that he was merciless to them when they were at his mercy; and that having shed the blood of the husbands, he insulted the wives for their very devotion.

It is a study. Scarcely does all history show us a stranger picture of this poor human nature; a more lamentable portrait than that of the courtly gentleman with the friendly smile for everybody, growing to be the pitiless old despot with the fires of hate burning under the white hairs, and the insatiable thirst for blood in the once kindly heart.

XXI.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE CENTURY.

THE great protest of a brave people against bad government had thus come to nought. Virginia had levied war on the crown and put all to the hazard; the cause had gone down in blood; the Royalists were up again; and after the hot turmoil came the reaction and a sort of despair.

Revolution, when it fails, is a very bad business. One of the most disagreeable of all the results is to listen to the victors, and to read what is written by them. Bacon was dead and his well-armed housekeepers had gone home; so, according to Colonel Ludwell, King's-man, the unnatural and monstrous rebellion had "not proceeded from any fault in the government, but rather from the lewd dispositions of desperate fortunes" in certain conspirators, whose aim was to achieve the vile end of "taking the country wholly out of his Majesty's hands." Virginia was "in a worse condition than before," and had much better have not risen, since she had lost everything and gained nothing. As to that, Colonel Ludwell differed from Bacon and his men, who believed that a people ought to resist wrong, without counting the cost.

These old rebels of Bacon had given up the struggle because they were forced to do so; but they were not broken in spirit, and even Berkeley's followers joined with them in resisting the foreign people. The English Commissioners demanded the surrender of the journals of the Burgesses, and the Burgesses refused to

surrender them. "Such a power had never been exercised by the King of England," they declared. Foremost among the new rebels was the old anti-rebel, Major Robert Beverley. He was Clerk of the House, and refused to obey, and was fined and imprisoned. When the Journals were wrested from him the Burgesses rose in their wrath. They voted that the seizure was "a violation of their privileges, and desired satisfaction to be given them that no such violation should be offered them for the future;" an inspiring flash in the black darkness of overthrow.

But the die was cast. Virginia was in the hands of the Royalists. Dead bodies in chains no longer rotted on gibbets, but reform had been crushed, and the old friends of Bacon preserved a sombre silence. To the end of the century there is little stir in general politics. The King's governors come and go, ruling, and generally fleecing, the Virginians. Some are rather good, but the good is negative while the bad is positive. After Berkeley comes Sir Herbert Jeffries (1677), who is followed (1678) by Sir Henry Chicheley, who is succeeded (1679) by Thomas Lord Culpeper, him of the famous Patent, the associate of Arlington. He is remembered by a financial scheme which he invented, — otherwise a trick. He fixed values by proclamation. By official edict the value of crowns, rix dollars, and pieces-of-eight was raised from five shillings to six: at which rate they were to be a legal tender (first American legislation). *His own salary, however, was to be excepted from the effect of the proclamation;* and when the perverse Virginians insisted that he, too, should be paid at the legal rate, he issued a second proclamation reversing the first.

Lord Howard of Effingham comes next (1684), and a year afterwards the news of the accession of his Majesty James II. is received with "extraordinary joy." It is the regulation sentiment, but does not last. The King's governor claims the right to veto the laws of the Burgesses, when they resist and are dissolved. His Majesty hears of their perversity, and is irritated; why are those Virginia people so "disaffected and unquiett?" They are ever creating trouble; see their resistance in the matter of the Journals. Their man Beverley shall be "disfranchised and prosecuted;" and as they are so rebellious they shall have more rebel blood on their soil. "Our rebellious subjects taken in arms" with Monmouth are to be sent to "our dominions in America and kept there, and continue to serve their masters for ten years at least."

Worse than all, in the eyes of the Virginians, it is soon plain that King James II. has made up his mind to the great crime of subverting their religion. His Majesty and the Church are at daggers draw in England, and now the Virginia planters tell each other in a whisper that the Papists in their own midst are concocting a terrible plot which will far exceed the Gunpowder business. These vile incendiaries are in consultation with the savages; they mean to steep Virginia in gore and make her a dependency of Rome. Thereat the good Church of England Virginians shudder. Their last remnant of extraordinary joy at the accession of his Majesty disappears, and they buckle on their swords to fight. The province is in a blaze. John Waugh, an ardent clergyman, is inflaming the men of Stafford, and urging them to take up arms in defense of the Protestant cause. The Rappahannock men are already in arms,

and his lordship, the Governor, has to send three Honorables of the Council to reason with them. Colonel Scarborough, on the Eastern shore, is prosecuted for blurting out hotly: "His Majesty, King James, would *wear out the Church of England!*" Others for treasonable expressions to the same effect, are put in irons; the horse-racing and fox-hunting Virginians are actually going to fight for their religion!

Nothing came of all the excitement, and Lord Effingham went back to England, having signalized his government by no other event than a treaty with the Mohawk warriors in New York. He sailed for England in 1688, but before he arrived, his master, James II., had sailed for France not to return; and (April, 1689) William and Mary, King and Queen of England, are proclaimed at James City: "Lord and Lady of Virginia."[1]

The "extraordinary joy" no doubt flamed out again, — in official reports or proclamations; but after all it seemed doubtful whether the Dutch Prince was going to do much for Virginia. He was rather dull and phlegmatic, it appeared, and did not remove Lord Howard of Effingham. That nobleman preferred living in England and drawing his salary there; and after a short interregnum, during which old Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, President of the Council, was at the head of the colony, the country had inflicted upon it, as Effingham's Lieutenant, his Excellency, Governor Francis Nicholson. This was a bad beginning; the new reign, as far as Virginia was concerned, did not promise to differ greatly from the old.

[1] During the reign of James II. a seal was ordained for Virginia, but not used until about the end of the century. This consisted of the English shield with the inscription "*En dat Virginia quintum*," — England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Virginia.

Governor Nicholson had been Governor of New York, but his petty tyrannies there had so inflamed the people that they rose and threatened his life, and he was compelled to abscond. Now (1690) he was transferred as Lieutenant Governor to Virginia, and entered on his office. The unhappy Virginians soon found that they had not made much by the exchange of rulers. The new one had plenty of ability and was a man of broad views in certain directions, but he was irascible and arbitrary beyond expression. Such was the outcry against him that two years afterwards he was transferred to Maryland, a certain Sir Edmund Andros replacing him; but in 1698 Governor Nicholson comes back again and inflicts himself once more on Virginia.

He was a truculent personage, this high-tempered and exasperating Governor Francis Nicholson. He made for himself an eccentric record. He was a very great leveler, and told the masses that "*the gentlemen* imposed upon them," and the servants that "they had all been *kidnapped* and had a lawful action against their masters." He had little respect for powdered wigs, and one day caught the Honorable King's Attorney-General, Fowler, by the collar of his silk coat, and swore that he, Governor Nicholson, "knew no laws" the Virginians "had," and "his commands should be obeyed without hesitation or reserve." At a meeting of high dignitaries he informed them that he would "beat them into better manners;" and when people naturally did not like this, he announced his intention to raise a standing army and "bring them to reason with halters about their necks."

One man, and he a clergyman, checkmated Governor Francis Nicholson; and this introduces the crowning

incident of his Excellency's Virginia career. He fell passionately in love with a young lady of Williamsburg, Miss Burwell, and this passion "completely upset what little reason there was in Governor Nicholson of famous memory," says Bishop Meade. He paid his court and was promptly rejected; and then the storm began. Miss Burwell preferred another person, and his Excellency grew furious. He went about raving and making a public exhibition of himself. He uttered shocking expressions in reference to his rival, and Miss Burwell's union with him. He meant, he declared, to "cut the throats of three men: the bridegroom, the minister, and the justice who issued the license," and was so angry with Mr. Fouace, the minister, that he assaulted him and knocked his hat off. But the bride-to-be had a stalwart friend in the Reverend James Blair, a Scottish clergyman, who was the Commissary of the Colonial Church. He laughed at Governor Nicholson and his transports, most of all at his threats. Through his agency chiefly the Council took prompt steps in this scandalous affair. They preferred charges against Governor Nicholson, and he was brought to trial in London. On his trial he struck back at the clergy, who did not emerge from the contest without some dust on their robes. They had assembled, he said, at the Raleigh Tavern, in Williamsburg, and had indulged too much in "hilarity"; and a satirical ballad about them was circulated in Williamsburg and London. Thereupon the Bishop of London wrote his Virginia clergy a severe letter begging them not to "play the fool any more;" but the result was unfortunate for his Excellency. He did not marry the young lady he so raved about, and his adversaries overthrew him.

Governor Nicholson is remembered for this singular contest, and for two or three other things. He removed the seat of government from Jamestown to Middle-Plantation, where Bacon had administered his oath, and laid out a city there with streets in the form of a W and an M, in honor of William and Mary, — a plan never fully carried out, however, from its inconvenience. He also exhibited his courage by attacking and capturing a piratical vessel in the Chesapeake; and his daring ambition by conceiving the plan of uniting all the American colonies in one, with himself at the head of them as "Governor-General." At the time war was raging between France and England, and Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada, was menacing New York. Nicholson urged the Virginia Assembly to build forts there to protect her people, but the penurious Burgesses did not see the necessity of defending their New York frontier; and Governor Nicholson's ambitious project of becoming the head of a great American confederacy was ignominiously strangled.

What most concerns the reader taking interest in Virginia specially, is the one great event which marks the administration of Nicholson. This was the founding of the second university in America, at Williamsburg; Harvard was the first. The cause of education had languished in Virginia. Good George Thorpe and poetical George Sandys had planned the Indian college at the City of Henricus; but suddenly, on the one full of philanthropic dreams, and the other busy with Ovid, had burst the Indian war-whoop of 1622. Then there was an end of that project, since poor George Thorpe, the head and front of it, was lying dead across his threshold; and in all the years up to 1691 little was said on

the subject, — one privately endowed public school, and a few old field schools, were all that were in the Colony. Now (1691), Nicholson's foe, Mr. Commissary Blair, moved in the matter. Such men infuse fire into cold hearts, and Blair so infused his into the Burgesses that they sent him to England to solicit a charter and help for a Virginia college.

Queen Mary received him with open arms, and King and Queen granted the good clergyman, their "well beloved in Christ," his charter. The proposed college was to have fertile tracts of land on the Blackwater and Pamunkey, a penny a pound on exported tobacco, the office of Virginia Surveyor-General with all fees and profits, — one of the first was Zachary Taylor, ancestor of the President, — £2,000 arrears of quit-rents, and a Burgess to represent it in the Assembly. Such was the generous endowment of this great institution, which was to fight ignorance and superstition in the American wilds, and to be "a seminary of ministers of the Gospel where youths may be piously educated in good letters and manners; a certain place of universal study, or perpetual college of divinity, philosophy, languages, and other good arts and sciences." This charter was obtained by worthy Mr. Blair from the King and Queen, only after long struggles with Attorney-General Seymour, who was ordered to see to it. That official protested. England was engaged in war, and this money was wanted for *other and better purposes* than preparing students of divinity, he said. Mr. Blair retorted, —

"The people of Virginia have souls to be saved as well as the people of England!"

"Souls!" exclaimed Seymour, "*damn* your souls! Make tobacco!"

But Blair was not to be browbeaten. He would have his charter; and (February, 1693) he carried it off. He was "created and established first president during his natural life;" and "our well-beloved and trusty the revered Father in God, Henry, by Divine permission, Bishop of London," was first Chancellor. Only one condition was attached to this charter of the university of "William and Mary." The authorities were to pay yearly to the King and his successors "*two copies of Latin verses*, on every fifth of November at the house of our Governor or Lieutenant-Governor." And in the "Virginia Gazette," nearly half a century afterwards, we read: "On this day se'n-night, the president, masters, and scholars, of William and Mary College, went according to their annual custom, in a body to the Governor's, to present his honor with two copies of Latin verses in obedience to their charter. . . . Mr. President delivered the verses to his honor, and two of the young gentlemen spoke them."

A word more as to this good William and Mary, a famous relic of the Virginia past. There are some odd details connected with it. Other good people helped it, and Sir Christopher Wren drew the plan of the building which was erected at Williamsburg. The first commencement exercises were held in 1700; and the Virginians and Indians attended: even Marylanders, Pennsylvanians, and New Yorkers "came in sloops" on the happy occasion. But an end was soon put to all this rejoicing. In 1705 a fire broke out in the building and it was completely consumed, "the Governor and all the gentlemen that were in town coming to the lamentable spectacle, many of them getting out of their beds." But it rose again from its ashes and went

on a new career, entering piously, in its first record, for first line, "*In nomine Dei, Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.*" Youths soon came to be educated; and they were evidently a refractory set. They would "keep race-horses at ye college and bet at ye billiard or other gaming tables;" and it seems that even the faculty were sinners, and subjected to discipline like the youths. Certain professors would insist on *marrying*. Complaint is made that Mr. Camm, Professor of Divinity, and Mr. Johnson, Master of the Grammar School, have "*lately married* and taken up their residence" out of bounds, whereby they are unable to attend to their duties. Therefore it is fulminated by the worshipful governors of the College that "all professors and masters hereafter to be appointed be constantly resident of ye college, and *upon the marriage of such Professor or Master, that his professorship be immediately vacated.*"

It was a venerable and dear *alma mater*, this old college of "William and Mary," to many great men. It has often been burned down — the last time in 1862 — but has ever risen from its ashes. It has sent out for their work in the world twenty-seven soldiers of the Revolution, two attorney-generals, nearly twenty members of Congress, fifteen senators, seventeen governors, thirty-seven judges, a lieutenant-general and other officers, two commodores, twelve professors, four signers of the Declaration, seven cabinet officers, a chief justice, and three presidents of the Republic. For nearly two centuries it has been the great seminary, the true seedbed of Virginia, and much that she has accomplished through her great intellects may be traced to their training at William and Mary.

So much notice at least is due to this famous old institution. Looking back to the era of its foundation, we may see that the mainspring of all was the excellent and combative clergyman, James Blair, whose face in its framework of curls — the long periwig of the time — still looks from the faded canvas in the college library. He was a sincere Christian and a determined man; he founded the college and was rector of old Bruton parish; and if there were doubt of his ability, that would be set at rest by one incident. He prosecuted Governor Andros, and when he sent four friends to defend him, "never were four men more completely foiled by one." His victory over the amorous Governor Nicholson has been related; he quite overthrew him in the great tilt at Lambeth Palace, and his Excellency was removed from office. He went away to fight the French at Fort Royal in Acadia, was afterwards Governor of South Carolina, and died Sir Francis Nicholson. He was a man of energy, but not of self-control, since it is eccentric to knock off clergymen's hats and insist on marrying young ladies who wish to marry other people. This Governor Nicholson did; and a freak of history has preserved that portrait of him, — the portrait of the disappointed lover.

The new century was now at hand, and Virginia, like the other colonies, was steadily advancing in population and importance. In the absence of an official census it is impossible to ascertain the population of a country; but in the year 1700 there were probably about 300,000 people in the American colonies. By conjecture these were thus distributed: in New England 115,000; in New York 30,000; in the Jerseys 15,000; in Pennsylvania and Delaware 20,000; in Maryland 35,000;

in Virginia 70,000; in the Carolinas and Georgia 15,000. Of these about 50,000 were probably African slaves, the North holding about 10,000 and the South about 40,000. Of the proportion of freemen, indented servants, and slaves in Virginia, there remains no reliable record.

The society continues to be English throughout, loyal to the King, respecting law, and believing in social degrees and the Established Church. The vestries choose their ministers and are ardent churchmen, but will have no bishop; it was at one time the project of Dean Swift to come as bishop to Virginia, and he wrote his friend Addison, asking his assistance, or they would "persuade him to go to Ireland;" but the planters would have made his time unpleasant. Other prominent persons had also narrowly escaped residing in Virginia, — Oliver Cromwell in 1638, Queen Henrietta Maria in 1651, and Charles II. in 1658. What was better for the country was the arrival in 1699 of the good Claude Philippe de Richebourg with his colony of Huguenots, who settled at Mannakin on the upper James River, and infused a stream of pure and rich blood into Virginia society.

With the beginning of the new century a new reign begins. Anne succeeds William,[1] and the Burgesses, having assembled at "Her Majesty's royal college of William and Mary in this her Majesty Queen Anne her royal capital," the Governor announces that "her sacred Majesty has been pleased to renew his commission to be her Majesty's Lieutenant and Governor-General of this

[1] Anne is a popular name in Virginia. The counties of Princess Anne, and Fluvanna (Fleuve Anna), and the rivers Rivanna, North and South Anna, and Rapidan (Rapid Ann), are named after her.

her Majesty's most ancient and great colony and dominion of Virginia;" after which his Honor makes an address. He informs his listeners that her sacred Majesty has sent them her royal portrait, and adds with deep feeling:—

"Honorable gentlemen, I don't in the least doubt that you will join with me in paying our most humble and dutiful, etc., etc., for this great honor, etc., and that she may have a long, prosperous, successful, and victorious reign; as also that she may in all respects, not only equal, but even out-do her royal predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, of ever glorious memory, in the latter end of whose reign this country was discovered, and in honor of her called Virginia." This is indeed the proudest moment of his Honor's life, and he designs celebrating a centennial "jubilee" in Virginia if "God Almighty *and her Majesty* shall be so pleased." . . . So these foolish old King's or Queen's Governors round their periods and finish with their twaddle; and the Burgesses go back to their room, and attend to matters more important than royal portraits and centennial jubilees, enacting among other things that no English convict, or "negro, mulatto, or Indian," shall hold any office in Virginia, on penalty of prompt ejectment therefrom and a heavy fine for "such his offence."

So the century begins in the loyal colony of Virginia, where the people welcome with "extraordinary joy" and expressions of distinguished consideration every new reign, but obstinately persist in managing their own affairs. Lord Orkney is made Governor, but as usual sends his deputy, and in the year 1710 appears the stalwart soldier and ruler, Sir Alexander Spotswood.

XXII.

THE TUBAL CAIN OF VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD, or Spottiswoode as his family were called in Scotland, rises like a landmark above the first years of the century.

When he came to Virginia he was only thirty-four and in the bloom of his manhood. But he had already fought hard, and his faculties as a soldier and ruler were fully developed. He was born in 1676, the year of the Virginia rebellion, at Tangier, in Morocco, then an English colony, where his father — a son, it is said, of Sir Alexander Spotswood, Secretary of Scotland — was a surgeon. The boy was left alone in the world at the age of twelve, by the death of his father; entered the army; served under Marlborough, and was wounded in the breast at the battle of Blenheim. He kept the ball, a four-pound cannon shot, and used to exhibit it long afterwards to his friends; and in the background of a portrait of him, still preserved at "Chelsea," in King William, is a picture of Blenheim Castle, in memory of this incident. The portrait represents a large and martial man with a curiously wrinkled face and an air of decision, — the chief trait of the soldier ruler.

The Virginians received Spotswood with open arms. He was a man after their own heart, and brought with him when he came (June 1710), the great writ of *habeas corpus*. The Virginia people had long claimed that this right was guaranteed to them by Magna Charta, since they were equally free Englishmen with the people of England. Now it was conceded, and the great writ

came, — Spotswood's letter of introduction. It was plain that he was not a new Berkeley looking to the King's good pleasure as his law, or a new Nicholson ready to imprison people or put halters around their necks; but a respecter of human freedom and defender of the right. So the Burgesses passed him a vote of thanks; appropriated £2,000 to build him a "Palace;" and the new Governor wrote home to England: "This government is in perfect peace and tranquillity, under a due obedience to the royal authority, and *a gentlemanly conformity to the Church of England.*"

A year afterwards came a tiff between the obstinate Burgesses and his equally obstinate Excellency. They were all hard-headed people and fought for their respective views. There was danger of a French invasion, and Spotswood, the soldier, advocated military organization. The Burgesses, ever jealous of the sword and purse, would not appropriate money; and the Governor in high dudgeon dissolved them and appealed for supplies to England. But the Virginians saw plainly that Spotswood's views were unselfish. He labored to develop the resources of the colony, and especially directed his energies to the production of iron. The first furnaces in America were built by his orders, and his ardor in the work procured him the name of the "Tubal Cain of Virginia." Wine-making was another of his projects, and he colonized German "vignerons," for that purpose, on the Rapidan at the lost town Germanna, near the present Germanna Ford.

Still another favorite scheme was to Christianize the Indians; though the Virginians themselves seemed also to require religious instruction. Just before Spotswood's arrival the worshipful Justice Shallows of Prin-

cess Anne county, had directed *the proper tests* to be applied to a certain Grace Sherwood, to ascertain whether she were not *a witch*. So the tests were duly applied by a jury of old women, and these hags having found the ambiguous verdict that she was "not like *them*," poor Grace Sherwood was "put into water" to drown, when she disappointed them by swimming. Thereat their worships, shaking their wise heads, ordered her to be secured in jail "by irons or otherwise;" and the poor witch went away, weeping no doubt, to endure her punishment. This grotesque scene occurred in 1705; and the spot where the only Virginia witch was *put into water* is still known as the "Witch Duck."

In the spring of 1716 we find Spotswood going on a visit to his Indian school-mission on the Meherrin River. The place was called Fort Christanna, and was an old palisade mounted with cannon, where were "seventy-seven Indian children at school at a time at the Governor's sole expense, I think." They were taught to write, and read the Bible and Prayer-book. When the soldier ruler visits them the Indian elders gravely bow to him, laying presents of furs at his feet, and the young men and women make him their obeisances. The scene was picturesque. Sixty youths were present, with feathers in their hair and ears; their faces painted with blue and vermilion; and with blue and red blankets around their shoulders. The young women came next with "black hair reaching down to the waist, with a blanket tied around them and hanging down like a petticoat; most of them had nothing to cover them from the waist upward." They were "very modest and faithful to their husbands, straight and well-limbed, of good shape and extraordinary good features. They look wild

and are mighty shy of an Englishman, and will not let you touch them." Such is one of the last glimpses that we catch of these poor Indian people of tidewater Virginia; and it is good to have this picture of the "modest and faithful" descendants of the race of Pocahontas.

In this same year (1716), Governor Alexander Spotswood set out on an expedition which much delighted the Virginians. There was a very great longing to visit the country beyond the Blue Ridge. That beautiful unknown land held out arms of welcome, and the Governor, who had in his character much of the spirit of the hunter and adventurer, resolved to go and explore it. Having assembled a party of good companions he set out in the month of August, and the gay company began their march toward the Blue Ridge Mountains. The chronicler of the expedition describes the picturesque cavalcade followed by the pack-horses and servants, — "rangers, pioneers, and Indians;" how they stopped to hunt game; bivouacked "under the canopy;" laughed, jested, and regaled themselves with "Virginia wine, white and red, Irish usquebaugh, brandy, shrub, two kinds of rum, champagne, canary, cherry-punch, and cider." In due time they reached the Blue Ridge, probably near the present Swift Run Gap, and saw beyond, the wild valley of the Shenandoah. On the summit of the mountain they drank the health of the King, and named two neighboring peaks "Mt. George" and "Mt. Alexander," after his Majesty and the Governor; after which they descended into the valley and gave the Shenandoah the name of the "Euphrates." Here a bottle was buried — there were, no doubt, a number of empty ones, — containing a paper to testify that the valley of the Euphrates was taken possession of in the

name of his Majesty George I. Then the adventurers reascended the mountain, crossed to the lowland, and returned to Williamsburg.

This picturesque incident of the time gave rise to the order of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." The horses had been shod with iron, which was unusual, as a protection against the mountain roads; and Spotswood sent to London and had made for his companions small golden horseshoes set with garnets and other jewels, and inscribed "Sic juvat transcendere montes." As the King declined to pay for them, Spotswood did so out of his own pocket, and one of them is still preserved, perpetuating the Virginia order of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

Spotswood was a man of force. Wherever he moved all eyes followed him, and men "came to order," as soldiers fall into line, at the word of command. He meant well and would be ruler. If there was a public sore anywhere he would probe it without mercy. He fought wrong-doers wherever he found them, and his heavy hand fell even on the worshipful House of Burgesses. They declined to make an appropriation to aid the Carolinians against the savages, alleging the public poverty; when Spotswood burst into a rage against the obstructionists: —

"When you speak of poverty and engagements," he exclaimed, "you argue as if you knew the state of your own country no better than you do that of others! If yourselves sincerely believe that it is reduced to the last degree of poverty, I wonder, the more, that you should reject propositions for lessening the charges of assemblies; and that while *each day of your sitting is so costly to your country, you should spend time so fruit-*

lessly; for now, after a session of twenty-five days, *three bills only have come from your House!*"

Then, as the struggle goes on, the soldier-governor grows haughtier and haughtier. The worshipful Burgesses act upon him as the rowel acts on the flank of a restive horse. At last the moment comes when his Excellency will no longer tolerate these triflers. He fires a last shot at them before he charges and disperses them.

"To be plain with you" (ominous beginning!) "the *true interest of your country is not what you have troubled your heads about.* All your proceedings have been calculated to *answer the notions of the ignorant populace;* and if you can excuse yourselves to *them,* you matter not how you stand before God, or any others to whom *you think you owe not your elections.* In fine, I cannot but attribute these miscarriages to the people's mistaken choice of a set of representatives, whom *Heaven has not generally endowed with the ordinary qualifications requisite to legislators;* and therefore I dissolve you!" With which few stinging remarks his Excellency turns his back; and the legislators without ordinary qualifications, who trifle away their time, go back home — to be followed in due time by their noble descendants.

Spotswood's arm was as heavy as his pen and tongue were sharp. He was notified that the famous pirate, John Theach, nicknamed "Blackbeard," was cruising in the waters of Virginia and the Carolinas; and he promptly sent two ships to attack and capture him. They found him in Pamlico Bay (November 21, 1718), and Lieutenant Maynard, commanding the Virginians, boarded the pirate, and a hand-to-hand fight followed. Blackbeard, who is drawn in old pictures with a belt

studded with pistols, made a hard fight, since he knew what his defeat meant. He ordered one of his men to stand with a lighted match by the magazine, and blow up friends and enemies at his signal. There was no explosion, but Blackbeard's career ended. He was shot and fell dead, when his crew surrendered; and the Virginians returned with the ghastly head of the buccaneer stuck on a bowsprit. Thirteen of the pirates were hung at Williamsburg; and Blackbeard's skull, fashioned into a drinking-cup and rimmed with silver, is still preserved in Virginia.

The name of an afterwards celebrated person is connected with the capture of the pirates. A printer's apprentice in Boston wrote a ballad on Blackbeard's fate, which was sung about the streets; and many years afterwards this apprentice, whose name was Benjamin Franklin, was appointed postmaster of Pennsylvania by Governor Spotswood, who had himself been appointed Deputy Postmaster-General of the American Colonies.

The establishment in Virginia of this great engine of the modern world, the postal system, is a much more important event than the destruction of Blackbeard. Nearly up to the end of the seventeenth century letters were sent by private hands; but in 1693 the Burgesses stirred in the matter. It was then enacted, that, since their Majesties by letters-patent had authorized Thomas Neale, Esquire, to "erect, settle, and establish within the chief ports of their several islands, colonies, and plantations in America, an office or offices for the receiving and despatching away of letters and pacquets," if such offices were established in each county of Virginia, Mr. Neale should receive "for the post of every

letter not exceeding one sheet, or to or from any place not exceeding four-score English miles distance, three pence," and in proportion for additional weight and distance. But this law was not to restrain merchants, masters, or others from sending letters by private hand to or from the colony.

Of the operation of the system there are no details for many years afterwards; but in 1738 it was fully established. In that year it was ordered by Postmaster General Spotswood that post-riders should be "at Susquehannah River" on Saturday nights *to receive the Philadelphia mail;* back at Annapolis on Monday; on Tuesday night at the Potomac River; on Wednesday at "New Post," a distributing office near Fredericksburg; and by Saturday night at Williamsburg, from which a post-rider carried the mails once a month to Edenton in North Carolina. Thus the time between the Susquehannah, where the northern mail was received, and Williamsburg, was just one week. It was not exactly a lightning express, but it was better than nothing. If Philadelphia had been destroyed by fire, the people of Williamsburg might have heard of it eight or ten days afterwards, though it was nearly three hundred miles distant; which was something, and due to the energy of his Honor Postmaster-General Spotswood.

Among the innumerable contests which marked the administration of the doughty ruler was his struggle with the vestries on the question of appointing ministers to the parishes. These old matters have lost their interest, but occasioned an uproar in their time. The obstinate Virginians would not yield their immemorial right of choosing and discarding their ministers; de-

clared resolutely against a Virginia bishop; and made the conflict so hot that even the opinionated Spotswood adjourned the subject. The details relating to this discussion and many more in which Spotswood engaged must be sought in the old records. His willful spirit made him few enemies; he was seen to be a man of large views; and the Virginians, though incessantly wrangling with him, still greatly respected him.

But it is the "Tubal Cain of Virginia" in his own home that most interests us. History lives in the men who make it, and the individuals are thus the first study, not only as they appear in public, but much more as they are in private and when taken unawares. We have this means of knowing the stern and haughty Spotswood; and we find that he was the kindest of men, and so much in love with his wife that his friends laughed at him. Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, tells us all about him. That distinguished wit and elegant Cavalier of the eighteenth century, went to Germanna, and draws Spotswood's picture for us, laughing at and admiring him. Let us go with the good "Master of Westover," who is excellent company. He sets out in his coach with wife and child, but soon gets to horse, and at last, in this September of 1732, threads the Spotsylvania "wilderness" and comes to Germanna on the Rapidan. It is the spot where the martial Governor has colonized his "Germans of Palatines," sent over by her Majesty Queen Anne, to make wine and help in the iron business. The village is already ancient and dismantled, for the Palatine people have moved further up the river. It is a "baker's dozen of ruinous tenements," with the remains of a chapel at the end of an avenue of cherry trees,

which chapel "some pious people had lately *burnt down with intent to get another built nearer to their own homes.*"

These words strike the key-note of the gay traveler's memoir. He is nothing without his jest, which sparkles without regard to accuracy. For these Germans of Palatines were excellent people, and remarkable for their true piety. Like the Huguenots, they infused an admirable element into Virginia society, — a brave and sturdy element which lingers still in their descendants; among whom is a hardy soldier and ex-Governor of Virginia, — General Kemper. In this year, 1732, the Palatines have recently come over to the Rapidan, and the name "Germanna" points to the home land. Above the hamlet rise the walls of "Colonel Spotswood's enchanted castle;" and in the absence of that worthy, who is riding out, Lady Spotswood welcomes the master of Westover in a room "elegantly set off with pier glasses," one of which comes to a quick end. A tame deer sees his reflection in it, darts at the supposed adversary, smashes the glass, and falls back on a table laden with china bric-a-brac, to the great fright of Lady Spotswood. She bears this disaster, however, with "moderation and good humor," and the Governor returns from his ride and warmly welcomes his guest. They sup at nine in the evening, and then "talk over a legion of old stories," Spotswood telling, it may be, of his wars under Marlborough. The ex-soldier is not a stern or martial man, however, in the bosom of his family. He smiles and relaxes, here in the woods of the Rapidan, forgetful of pirates and Burgesses. The wrinkles on the war-worn face are smoothed, and he is so "*very uxorious* and fond of his children," that his

old friend of Westover laughs at him; since his present matrimonial raptures are in direct conflict with the maxims "he used to preach up before he was married." The Westover wit cannot "forbear from rubbing up the memory" of those former views; but Spotswood "gave a very good-natured turn to his change of sentiments by alleging that whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a place from all her friends and acquaintances, would be ungrateful not to use her with all possible tenderness."

Such is a glimpse of the two worthies, Byrd and Spotswood, at the "enchanted castle." A chance page draws their portraits, and we hear all the talk borne away long ago on the winds of the Rapidan. The worthy Governor had another residence on the banks of the Chesapeake, "Temple Farm," the former name of the Moore House, where, in October, 1781, the Revolution came to an end with the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis. Here he spent his last days after retiring from his post of Governor, enjoying the society of his dear family, riding out in "one of the handsomest and easiest chariots made in London;" and respected by everybody. In 1740 he was commissioned Major-General and assigned to command the expedition to the West Indies, but he died suddenly (June 7, 1740), when he was about to embark. He was buried at Temple Farm, where his grave was recently discovered with a fragment of the inscription on his tomb.

The name of Spotswood is greatly honored in Virginia, where his descendants still reside. He was an admirable type of the soldier and statesman combined, a ruler born, with the resolute will and strong brain which give

the right to govern; and, first and last, all his exertions were for the good of Virginia.

XXIII.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

VIRGINIA in these years was reaching out steadily past the mountains. The smiling valley of the Shenandoah was becoming the home of brave settlers who carried civilization into this wild region, long the battle-ground, tradition said, of the Northern and Southern tribes of the continent. We have seen the first attempts to explore the country, the expedition of Batte in 1670, and the march of Spotswood in 1716. The impetus was thus given, and adventurous explorers followed the Knights of the Horse-shoe. The Virginians began to hold out longing arms toward the sweet fields along the Shenandoah; and the wave of population, like a steadily rising tide, advanced up the lowland rivers, reached the mountains at last, and flowed over into the Valley of Virginia.

Cotemporary with or a few years before this lowland immigration, the region toward the Potomac had been settled by Scotch-Irish and Germans, who had come to Pennsylvania, and thence, attracted by the rumor of its fertility, passed on to the Shenandoah Valley. The exodus thither began about the year 1732. The Scotch-Irish, who were good Presbyterians, were the pioneers, and established their homesteads along the Opequon, from the Potomac to above what is now Winchester. As soon as they had built their houses they proceeded to build their churches; and the "Tuscarora Meeting

House," near Martinsburg, and the "Opequon Church," a little south of Winchester, are, it is said, the oldest churches in the Valley of Virginia, — they are still standing.

The Germans followed closely. Joist Hite obtained forty thousand acres of land in the vicinity of Winchester; and his thrifty Teutons built Strasburg and other towns along the Massinutton Mountain. To this day the Germans constitute an important element of the population, and in some places the language is spoken. It was an excellent class of immigrants. Everywhere was the appearance and the reality of thrift: well-kept fields, fat cattle, and huge red barns. "The Dutchman's barn," says Kercheval, the old historian, "was usually the best building on his farm. He was sure to erect a fine large barn before he built any other dwelling-house than his rude log cabin." They were an honest, merry people in their good Fatherland manner, keeping festivals and enjoying themselves at weddings and other ceremonies. The groomsmen waited in "white aprons beautifully embroidered;" and their duty was to protect the bride from having her slipper stolen from her foot; and if any one succeeded in capturing it, the groomsmen must pay a bottle of wine for it, since the bride's dancing depended on it. These kindly Germans, says their historian, were generally of three religious sects, Lutherans, Mennonists, and Calvinists, with a few Tunkers, or Dippers, who believed that immersion was the true form of baptism. But they were not stern people. "Among the Lutherans and Calvinists, dancing, with other amusements, were common, and were sometimes kept up for weeks together." The "Irish Presbyterians" were no less merry, and celebrated their wed-

dings by "running for the bottle," a ribbon-decorated prize for the fastest rider, and by "great hilarity, jollity, and mirth." The only exceptions to this border hilarity were the few Quakers, who married without the intervention of clergymen, and conducted the ceremony with the "utmost solemnity and decorum."

When Winchester, the capital of the lower valley, was founded — there were two log cabins there in 1738, and the town was established in 1752 — the Dutch and Irish entered on a war of Guelphs and Ghibellines. The historian Kercheval paints the hostilities in glowing colors. On St. Patrick's Day the Dutch would form in grand procession and march through the streets, carrying effigies of "the Saint and his wife Sheeley," the saint decorated with a necklace of Irish potatoes, and his spouse with an apron full of them. And on the day of "St. Michael, the patron of the Dutch," the Irishmen would retort by exhibiting an effigy of that saint with a necklace of sour-kraut; whence misunderstandings and bloody noses and cracked crowns for the consideration of the worshipful justices of Frederick, who have just begun to hold their sessions in the "log cabin court-house."

The lower Valley is full of these old traditions handed down from father to son. Another is here repeated. It is said that an Irish laboring man and his wife came about 1767 to the house of Mr. Strode, a German landholder on the lower Opequon, and lived with him some years, during which time a son was born to them. Then they resolved to go further southward, and set off; but the children of the Strode family followed begging that they would leave the baby, who was a great favorite with them. When they stopped for a

moment, and the child was laid on the grass, the Strode children snatched him up, and would have carried him off if they had not been prevented. The journey was then resumed, and the wanderers finally reached the Waxhaws in North Carolina. Here the boy grew up, and in due time made his mark, since he was Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. The tradition is possibly true. Jackson is said to have been doubtful about his birth-place, and a spring near the Strode house is still called "Jackson's Spring."

While the Germans and Irish were thus settling on the banks of the Potomac and the Opequon, the upper waters of the Shenandoah became the home of adventurous explorers from tide-water Virginia. These were nearly without exception Scotch-Irish Presbyterians: men and women driven out of Ulster by the English persecutions there; and the pioneer was John Lewis, the founder of a distinguished family. Lewis belonged to a Huguenot family which had taken refuge in Ireland. He put to death an oppressive landlord there and escaped to Virginia, where he obtained a great grant of land. It covered half of what is now the large county of Rockbridge; and Lewis was to settle one family on every thousand acres. He brought over from Ireland and Scotland in 1737 about one hundred families; and from these families descended some of the most eminent men of Virginia: among them Archibald Alexander, James McDowell, Andrew Lewis, and others. These "Scotch-Irish Presbyterians" were conscientious and law-abiding persons; Calvinists of the straightest sect, pious, earnest, grave of demeanor, not at all sharing the fox-hunting and horse-racing proclivities of the tide-water Virginians; but bent on doing earnest work.

They devoted themselves to agriculture, to erecting mills, to educating their children, to making their new homes comfortable, to all the arts of peace, and above and beyond all, to the firm establishment of their church. The "Stone Meeting-House" or Augusta Church, near Staunton, was one of the first erected in the valley. When war came, then or afterwards, there were no better soldiers in the Commonwealth; for the list that begins with Andrew Lewis ends with Stonewall Jackson.

The upper and lower Valley were thus settled nearly at the same moment. The great principality of "Orange," that is to say, the tramontane world, was then divided into two counties: Frederick, toward the the Potomac, and Augusta, toward James river; that great "West Augusta," or Alleghanies, to which Washington said that he meant to retreat if he was driven from the seaboard. This upper, or Augusta, region was the headquarters of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian element; and from the first these brave citizens were intent on securing all their rights. The Presbyterian Synod of Philadelphia petitioned the Governor of Virginia (1738), that those of their denomination removing to the valley of Virginia might have "the free enjoyment of their civil and religious liberties;" and the writer of this petition, John Caldwell, grandfather of John Caldwell Calhoun of South Carolina, having received a courteous response, proceeded to settle Presbyterian families also in the counties of Prince Edward, Charlotte, and Campbell.

These details will show what races of men settled the fertile Valley of Virginia: German and Dutch Lutherans, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and a few Friends or Quakers. One infusion has not been noticed, a small

colony of English families from tide-water Virginia, who settled around Greenway Court, the home of Lord Fairfax. This old nobleman, who had emigrated to Virginia in consequence, it is said, of a love disappointment, conveyed to Colonel Robert Carter (1730), sixty-three thousand acres of land: a mere corner of that great "Northern Neck" which he had inherited. On this tract, around the present village of Millwood, settled numerous friends and relatives of the proprietor, bringing with them the traits of the lowland; — the cordial sentiments, the love of social intercourse, and the attachment to the English Church, which characterized the race. The surrounding region was attractive. An English traveler visiting it spoke of its "beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes, transparent streams, and majestic woods;" and declared that "many princes would give half their dominions for what the residents possessed: health, content, and tranquillity of mind." An American writer called the region the "Virginia Arcady;" and to this smiling country the lowlanders brought their families and servants; erected their "Old Chapel" Church, which still nestles down under its sycamores; and here their descendants still remain.

Of the strange and moving incidents which befell these old first settlers in the Valley, and on the far Virginia border, it is impossible to speak in this place. They were intruders and must fight; and in the histories of the frontier we have the picture of their daily lives. They fall by unseen bullets fired from the woods; the stockades shake under the blind rush of the dusky assailants; the flames of burning cabins light up the marches; wives and children are tomahawked or carried off to be tortured; — this is what is going on, all along

the Virginia border, in the midst of outcries and the crack of rifles, nearly to the end of the century; for when the American Revolution comes, the old combatants are still fighting. Some of this life may pass before us; it is possible to present only an indication of it in a general narrative. The full details may be found in the work of Kercheval, the old Froissart of the Valley.

A last *coup d'œil* shows us now, about the middle of the century, in Virginia, two strongly contrasted societies. On the tidewater rivers a race of planters called "Tuckahoes," living on large estates, dressing richly, riding in coaches and attending the Church of England; past the mountains hardy settlers called "Cohees," clearing the land, building houses and churches, and making a new Virginia in the wilderness;[1] and still further toward the Alleghanies hardy frontiersmen who have set their feet on the very outposts of civilization. Between these Virginians of the Tidewater and the Tramontane there is only a general resemblance; and in the manner of living of the two extremes, none whatever. While the planter of the seaboard is asleep in his curtained bed, the frontiersman is already half-way up the mountain, looking keenly for the deer or bear that is to supply his family with food. As the one enters his fine coach to go and bow low at some fine entertainment, the other falls asleep in his cabin, his arm around wife and child; more than content if the night passes without the savage war-whoop. Thus the lives of the

[1] The origin of the terms *Tuckahoe* and *Cohee* is unknown. The first is the name of a marsh-root and of a creek near Richmond. *Cohee* is said to have been applied to the mountaineers from their frequent use of the phrase "Quoth he," contracted to "Quo' he."

Lowlanders and the Tramontese are wholly unlike. But both are types of the same race under different circumstances of training and environment.

Spotswood ceased to govern Virginia in 1722, and was followed by Governor Hugh Drysdale, one of the great obscure who is lost to memory. We are only informed that he was a smiling gentleman who beamed on everybody, and wrote to England that the "benign influence of his auspicious sovereign was conspicuous in a general harmony and content among all ranks of persons." Colonel Robert Carter, President of the Council, succeeded Drysdale, and in the next year (1727) appeared Governor William Gooch, a worthy man, who for twenty-two years presided over Virginia. During this time Virginia prospered and few events of interest occurred — a happy comment upon the history of a country. A force of Virginians, commanded by Gooch, took part in the expedition against Carthagena; and Captain Lawrence Washington, brother of Washington, accompanied the troops. He formed a friendship with Admiral Vernon, commanding the English force, and on his return called his country-house "Mount Vernon." One other incident of the time was the project of Colonel William Byrd to establish two new cities, "one at Shoccoes to be called Richmond, and the other at the point of Appomattox to be called Petersburg." The master of Westover explains that these localities are "naturally intended for marts," and adds: "Thus we did not build castles only, but cities in the air." They were soon substantial castles. The Colonel "lays the foundation" in 1733, and in April, 1737, we read of the "town called Richmond, with streets sixty-five feet wide, in a pleasant and healthy

situation, a little below the Falls." This notable circumstance — to be followed in 1742 by the formal incorporation of the new town — was accompanied by another circumstance still more important. The invitation to all people to come and live at Richmond was given in the columns of *the first Virginia newspaper.*

This was "The Virginia Gazette," which had just made its appearance (August, 1736). It was a small, dingy sheet, containing a few items of foreign news; the advertisements of the Williamsburg shopkeepers; notices of the arrival and departure of ships; a few chance particulars relating to persons or events in the colony; and poetical "effusions," celebrating the charms of Myrtilla, Florella, or other belles of the period. Thus, "his Majesty's ancient and great Colony and Dominion of Virginia" had at last its *newspaper;* and if any event occurred of great interest or importance, the planters of the York or James were certain to hear of it in a week or two, though the incident had taken place as far off as the Blue Ridge or Valley. As to anything like free discussion of the government, that was not the fashion of the times, in newspapers; and the "Virginia Gazette" confined itself to the work of disseminating news. It was convenient, and continued to be printed; many files have been preserved; and its faded old columns present an interesting view of the manners and customs of the Virginians of the eighteenth century.

XXIV.

THE NEW LIGHTS.

THE time had arrived now when the "New Light Stir" was to agitate America, and arouse society from its lethargy. The human mind for a long time seemed to have gone to sleep, in matters of religion. Suddenly a rude shock awoke it. Whitefield, the great English reformer, came with his impassioned eloquence, and men thrilled under the voice of the master. He roughly shook the drowsy church-goers, dozing in their high-backed pews, and they rose with a start at the earnest appeal.

In Virginia, as elsewhere, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, religion and piety had grown to be conventional. The gangrene of society was living for the life that now is, and depending on religious observances as a sufficient performance of religious duty. This vicious state of things was not peculiar to Church of England Virginia. It was seen as well in Calvinistic New England; and everywhere it assumed the same singular phase. Men were earnestly attached to their church and religion: they would fight for it, and, if necessary, die for it; but living in accordance with its precepts was quite a different thing. It must be said that the lust of the senses and the pride of life entered largely into the character of those old Virginians and other Americans. To eat, and drink, and enjoy themselves; to ride in their coaches, reign on their great estates, and get through life pleasantly and prosperously, was, in their eyes, nearly the whole duty of

man. Undoubtedly there were numbers of excellent persons who detected the flaw in this agreeable philosophy, and saw that there was something else to do: to love God and live for their fellow-men, as well as for themselves. But, with many, religion had become mere ceremonial, — attendance at the parish church, and outward respect for the Bible and the Prayer Book.

Unfortunately some of the clergy were little better than the people. To an inquiry of the Bishop of London in 1719, their convention answered that "no member had *any personal knowledge* of the irregularity of any clergyman's life in this colony;" but as Bishop Meade laments, that phrase "personal knowledge" was probably a mere evasion. There is little reason to doubt that very serious "irregularities" did exist in the lives of many ministers. They played cards, and hunted the fox, and indulged in drink; and what was even worse, they had small love for their neighbors, the Dissenters. It is true that the Dissenters cordially returned this dislike and were quite as rancorous; but that was nothing to the purpose. The Church of England clergyman denounced the New Light preacher as a disturber, and the New Light preacher denounced the clergyman as a disgrace to his cloth. Often the clergy acted in a most unclerical manner. They quarreled with their vestries, and one of them made a personal assault on a high dignitary at a vestry-meeting, pulled off his wig, and preached on the next Sunday from the text, "And I contended with them *and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair.*"[1]

[1] This incident is related by Bishop Meade in his *Old Churches of Virginia.*

This was the melancholy condition of things about the middle of the century. The Virginia Church had not fulfilled the promise of its earlier years. It had once been a church of vital piety, and had numbered among its clergymen some of the loveliest characters that have ever honored their sacred office. The first minister in the colony, Robert Hunt, had been an exemplary person, a man of irreproachable life, and a true follower of the Prince of Peace. Even the rough soldier-writers exclaim, "His soul, questionless, is with God!" and speak of him as "an honest, religious and courageous divine, during whose life our factions were oft qualified, and our wants and greatest extremities so comforted that they seemed easy in comparison of what we endured after his memorable death." Then followed Mr. Bucke, who came in the Sea-Venture, Mr. Wickham, and others, all excellent men; and the list in the first years wound up with that pure "Apostle of Virginia," Mr. Whitaker, who gave up his "warm nest" in England to come and convert the Indians.

These good men and their successors had founded churches — that at Jamestown, the one at Henrico, the old Smithfield Church dating, it is said, back to 1632; the Bruton and Blandford churches at Williamsburg and Petersburg, and many others. These venerable edifices were still filled with worshipers on the peaceful Sabbath mornings; but the attendance of too many was merely formal; and the new generation of ministers had not inherited the piety and self-sacrifice of the Hunts and Whitakers. They had much to complain of, it is true, and the vestries were hard masters. The pastor came on trial often and the vestry would not keep him if they did not choose to do so; thus his tenure

was doubtful and anxious, and good men would not come from England under such circumstances. But wherever the right might be, the wrong thing was there. The planter and his family came in their coach, and the parson read his homily; and then all went back to their week-day pursuits but slightly edified. It was very much of a Drowsyland, and a trumpet blast was necessary to arouse the sleepers.

He who now (1740) sounded the great summons to a more evangelic faith and a purer life, was a young man of twenty-six, who had come from England, — George Whitefield. At Oxford, which he had entered at eighteen, he had contracted a friendship with another student, John Wesley; and moved by strong feeling, the two young men had formed a religious association, to which their fellow students gave the jeering name of the "Methodist" association. Whitefield and his friends accepted it and went forth on their life-work. He was ordained a deacon and was soon famous as a preacher. At twenty-two he preached with such effect that he was said to have driven "fifteen persons mad." One year afterwards he crossed the Atlantic and visited in Georgia his friend Wesley, who had gone thither, at the invitation of General Oglethorpe, to convert the Indians.[1] On his return to England his labors began in earnest. Immense crowds assembled in the open air

[1] Of this visit of Whitefield an incident is related which seems to show that he was not opposed to slavery. Having a sum of money presented to him at the city of Charleston, he purchased a plantation and slaves with it for the support of the "Orphan House." This and the existence still of a bill of sale for a slave, bearing the signature of the famous Jonathan Edwards, indicates the absence of any belief at that time, with some good men, that human bondage was forbidden by the Scriptures.

to listen to his preaching; and men's hearts burned within them at the trumpet-like appeals of the young Timothy to flee from the wrath to come. "Methodism" was thus launched. It was the protest of evangelical against formal Christianity. What it taught was that each human being must labor to work out his own salvation; that his salvation or damnation depended upon his acceptance or rejection of the workings of the Holy Spirit; that the grace of God in Christ is universal; and that no one is held guilty of Adam's sin until he resolutely rejects this grace of Christ. Thus, in doctrine these new "Methodists" differed but little from the English Church, of which they were offshoots. The two sacraments were baptism by sprinkling; and the Lord's Supper taken kneeling. Infants were eligible to the first; professing Christians and penitent seekers of salvation to the last. In its inception and afterwards Methodism was a missionary movement in the pale of the Church, not looking to a separate polity or a separate theology. The breath of life was to be breathed into the skeleton of the old system; and it was to live again, not changed, but purified and restored to its primitive vigor. Whitefield set forth the old apostolic faith; traveled in the old paths; and flowers sprung up beneath his feet. Love was his watchword; his Society of Methodists, as he himself said, was "No other than a company of men having the form and seeking the power of Godliness, united in order to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation."

Whitefield came to America twice and great crowds followed him. He avoided church edifices for the most

part and spoke in the open air; and on Boston Common twenty thousand people thrilled at his strange eloquence. Coming to Williamsburg (1740), he preached to multitudes there, and a great excitement followed. The people were weary of the deadness in the Church of England, but as yet there was no organized dissent. Early in the century some Baptists, holding to the doctrine of immersion, had come to southeastern Virginia, and gotten into trouble with the authorities for repudiating baptism by sprinkling or pouring; but in the great movement now at hand the Presbyterians took the initiative. A number of respectable persons, opposed to the English Church, assembled in Hanover at the house of John Morris, a citizen of that county; adopted the Westminster Confession, the embodiment of the Calvinistic theology; and soon an ardent congregation collected and was persecuted by the authorities for non-compliance with the Act enjoining attendance at "church." Opposition only stimulated the efforts of the friends of the movement, as it always does. William Robinson, an English Presbyterian, came and preached in Hanover, the cradle of tidewater Presbyterianism; then others followed him, "denouncing the delinquency of the parish ministers with unsparing invective;" and a witness swore that one of the New Light preachers "uttered blasphemous expressions in his sermons." The result was sudden denunciation and persecution by the civil authorities. They declared that "certain false teachers had lately crept into this government who, professing themselves ministers under the *pretended influence of new light, extraordinary impulse and such like satirical* [sic] *and enthusiastic knowledge*, lead the innocent and ignorant people into all kinds of delusion." The relig-

ious professions of these New Lights are "the results of *Jesuitical policy*" only; John Roan is presented for "reflecting upon and vilifying the established religion;" and Thomas Watkins suffers the same harassment for the outrageous fling at the clergy: "Your churches and chapels are no better than the Synagogues of Satan."

So far had sounded the wonderful eloquence of Whitefield. It had shaken and awakened. Under that thunder the dry bones stirred; and the stir was going to be followed once more by a good wholesome persecution of people who presumed to think for themselves in religion, as before in the old times under Sir William Berkeley. A sudden commotion is the result of the New Light preaching. The irruption of Methodism, which is virtual dissent, arouses all the denominations. The Baptists and Presbyterians make their protest and excite the masses. The preachers of the former faith will be characterized as "illiterate, with an impassioned manner, vehement gesticulation, and a singular tone of voice," at which their hearers "give way to tears, trembling, screams, and acclamations." They will "sing hymns while on the way to prison, and address crowds congregated before the windows of the jails;" and they and the Presbyterians will lay the foundations of religious freedom.

The great awakening of the time is rending asunder even dissenting communions. Whitefield's coming splits the Presbyterian Church into the "New Side" and the "Old Side," the Pennsylvanian Presbytery adhering to the Old, and the New York Presbytery to the New. It is the New Side which is going to establish itself in Virginia; and the Old Side, Philadelphia Synod, dis-

owns the "uncharitable and unchristian conduct" of those of their communion in Virginia who talk about the churches and chapels of the English Church as "synagogues of Satan." But the New Side Presbyterians persist in spite of proclamations and persecutions, and soon they find a tower of strength in the great and pure apostle Samuel Davies.

If Francis Makemie was the first licensed minister of the Presbyterian faith (1699), Samuel Davies was the founder of the Church, in Virginia. He was not inimical to the Methodist movement, and afterwards said that the English and Scottish Methodists were the most pious of all the people in those countries. From the time of his coming, when, as he declared, there were "not ten avowed dissenters within one hundred miles of him," this great and good man was the head and front of dissent in Virginia. Born in the State of Delaware, then a part of Pennsylvania, he had studied divinity until his frame grew enfeebled; but there was nothing feeble in the acute and burning brain which inhabited this frail tenement. Patrick Henry said of him that he was "the greatest orator he had ever heard;" and he met and nearly overthrew Attorney-General Randolph in a great discussion of the construction of the act of toleration. He was a man to preach the faith before princes, and preached it everywhere. He succeeded in procuring from the Attorney-General in England a decision that the Act of Toleration was the law of Virginia; and the consequent licensing of the dissenting churches, after an oath of allegiance, and a subscription to certain of the articles. When he came to Virginia at twenty-three the Presbyterian Church did not exist. In three years there were churches in Caroline, Louisa, and Gooch-

land, as well as in Hanover, "the birthplace," numbering three hundred communicants. He was not at all bitter against the English Church; that was not his nature. The objections of the Dissenters, he said, were "not against the peculiar rites and ceremonies of that Church; much less against their excellent Articles, but against the general strain of the doctrines delivered from the pulpit, in which their Articles were opposed, or not mentioned at all."

Such was the liberal and evangelical Christianity of this eminent young man, all whose instincts were expanded. Afterwards he went to England to obtain money for Princeton College; made a great name as a preacher, especially in Scotland; and returning to Virginia established (1755) the first Presbytery there. It was during the next year, after Braddock's defeat, that he spoke of "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence hath hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." The young preacher was thirty-three when he said this of the young soldier of twenty-four; and soon afterwards he went away to succeed the famous Calvinist, Jonathan Edwards, as President of Princeton, where he died, still young; but not before he had made a great and lasting name.

This outline will indicate the condition of religious affairs in Virginia at the middle of the century. The Church of England is in the ascendant, with nothing to check it but a variously construed Act of Toleration. In Hanover and elsewhere the Presbyterians and Baptists are clamoring for religious freedom. Beyond the mountains German Lutherans and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians demand the "free enjoyment of their civil and

religious liberties." The fossilized crust of dry-bones and old-world prejudices is slowly cracking under the pressure, and the new time is coming. After all the years, religious freedom, long writhing with the knee on its breast and the hand at its throat, is going to stand erect and bid defiance to whatever attempts to overthrow it.

XXV.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN THE "GREAT WOODS."

JUST as the half century expired, Virginia was called on to protect her frontier beyond the Ohio. What followed was the "French War," which proved a passionate episode in the history of the colony, as well as a decisive trial of strength between France and England in America.

The issue to be decided was the ownership of the territory extending from the Great Lakes to Louisiana. France urged her claim to it on the ground that a French subject, Padre Marquette, had in 1673 sailed down the Mississippi and taken possession of it in the name of France; and the English claimed it on the ground that it was part of Virginia, and had also been conveyed to them by the Iroquois. Either title might be plausibly maintained, but the real question was which could be supported by arms; to which issue affairs had drifted at the middle of the century. Both powers moved in the matter. The English organized the "Ohio Company" to form settlements in the region; and the French, burying a lead plate inscribed with an assertion of their claim, on the banks of La Belle Rivière, the Ohio, proceeded to occupy the country with troops and

settlers. Most important of all, they erected a chain of forts reaching from the Lakes to the southwest, which Spotswood had vainly urged on his own government. Canadian France in the north thus joined hands, through the "Great Woods," with Lousianian France in the south; and the English settlements on the Atlantic were hemmed in by this cordon. France said to them, through the mouths of her cannon, "Thus far and no farther."

In 1753 things were coming to a crisis. The western territory swarmed with French hunters and traders; they were advancing step by step, and if England meant to support her claim to the country it was necessary to do so quickly. The result was that cannon and supplies were sent to Virginia, and the Governor was directed to formally assert the English title, and if necessary fight. The Governor at the time was Robert Dinwiddie, a native of Scotland, who had succeeded Gooch in 1752. In obedience to his orders he drew up his protest against the French occupation, and selected as his envoy a young Virginian, Major George Washington.

This is the first appearance of Washington in public affairs. He was just twenty-one and unknown beyond the borders of Virginia; but had already established there the reputation of a young man of excellent administrative ability. An accident had directed his life. At the age of sixteen, Lord Fairfax had selected him to survey his lands beyond the Blue Ridge, and the boy had spent some years roughing it on the border. The result was a manly development and self-reliance which fitted him for great performances; and the personal association with Lord Fairfax was another important influence in shaping his character. The lonely Earl

had come to reside at Greenway Court in the Shenandoah Valley, and here the boy often stopped as he journeyed to and fro. The result was a warm personal friendship from which the country youth must have profited. Lord Fairfax was a man of the world and had seen life in every form. He had passed his youth as a fine gentleman in the most elegant society of London; had known Addison, and even written some numbers of the "Spectator;" and after mingling with dukes and duchesses and flirting the fans of fine ladies, had come, a disappointed old man, to pass his age in the Virginia woods. He was almost alone at Greenway Court, where he spent his time chiefly in hunting; and the visits of young George Washington were doubtless a great pleasure to him. To the youth they must have been equally profitable in expanding his views and giving him a glimpse of the great world; and it is certain that to the end of his life he retained the warmest regard for the old nobleman.

The direct result of this early association and employment as surveyor was to place him in the way of promotion. His ability was recognized, and at nineteen he was appointed Adjutant-General of the Northern District of Virginia. He discharged his duties with credit; became known as a man of efficiency; and the result was his selection to bear the English protest beyond the Ohio.

His adventures on this perilous expedition are familiar to all. In a freezing spell of weather (November, 1753), he set out with a small party; penetrated the woods to the Indian village of Logstown: and was there directed where to find the French Commandant near Lake Erie. He was the Chevalier de St. Pierre, an old

nobleman with silvery hair, and met the envoy with low bows and profuse courtesies. Under the courtier, however, was the soldier. His reply to Dinwiddie's protest was: "I am here by the orders of my General, and I entreat you, sir, not to doubt one moment, but that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the exactness and resolution that can be expected from the best officer." With this response Washington was obliged to return; and the march back was terrible. The rivers were full of broken ice, and often the party were compelled to carry the canoes on their shoulders. The worn-out horses stumbled and fell in the roads and made no progress; and at last Washington with one companion set out on foot, knapsack on shoulder, through the snow for Virginia. The journey was made at the risk of his life. Near a place bearing the ominous name of Murdering Town, an Indian guide attempted to shoot him, and not far from the present city of Pittsburg, while crossing the Alleghany on a raft, he fell into the water filled with floating ice and narrowly escaped drowning. Gaining an island he passed the night there half frozen, and nearly perished; but pushing on in the morning through the winter woods at last reached the settlements, from which he continued his way on horseback, and in sixteen days was at Williamsburg.

The English protest had thus come to nothing, and in the next year (1754), an expedition was sent against the French, which resulted in the disaster of the Great Meadows. This brief and rather inglorious incident demands only a few words. The vanguard of the English force, commanded by Washington, advanced toward the present Pittsburg, when intelligence was received that a large body of French and Indians were coming

to attack him. He took the initiative by surprising a French party under De Jumonville, who fell in the engagement, and then retreating to a point known as Great Meadows threw up intrenchments. Here the enemy in large force soon appeared and made a resolute attack. It resulted in the surrender of the English, who seem to have been without ammunition, and (July 4, 1754), they marched out and made their way back to Virginia.

Such was the first military event in the career of Washington. It was not very imposing, but the surrender seems to have been a military necessity, since the young commander and his troops received the thanks of the Virginia Assembly. The result was for the time decisive. The first appeal to arms had been disastrous to the English claim; and the leaden plate, buried by the French on the banks of the Ohio, seemed to have asserted a title to the country which France was able to support with muskets and cannon.

XXVI.

THE TRAGEDY OF DUQUESNE.

THE surrender at Great Meadows aroused a bitter excitement in England. The English flag had gone down before the lilies of France; and the possession of half a continent was at issue. After all the long protests and diplomatic wrangles affairs in America had suddenly come to the sword; and the French sword had beat down the English.

Prompt steps were taken to reverse this great disaster by another appeal to arms; and this time the fight

ing was not to be confined to one region, but to aim at a great general result. A comprehensive scheme for driving the French from the entire country was matured in England; and (February, 1755), General Edward Braddock, with an English force of about 1,000 men, was sent to carry out part of the project. The General first conferred with Governor Dinwiddie at Williamsburg, and then proceeded to Alexandria on the Potomac, where his troops were quartered. Here he was met in April by the Governors of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. The plan of operations was speedily determined upon. The English troops sent to Virginia, reënforced by Provincials, were to advance and capture Fort Duquesne, then to march and reduce Fort Niagara, then Fort Frontenac and all the French strongholds toward the Lakes. Of the success of the campaign, Braddock said there could be no doubt. Duquesne would certainly capitulate in three or four days; the others would follow the same example; and by autumn of this year (1755), the English would be masters of all North America south of the St. Lawrence.

It was a very fine campaign — on paper, or set forth in the eloquent words, interspersed with oaths, of General Braddock. The English authorities had made a very bad selection of a leader. The commander in this important expedition was a brave soldier and nothing more. He was about forty, bluff of manner, rubicund, fond of "strong waters," with an overweening opinion of his own capacity, very obstinate, immensely prejudiced in favor of "regular troops," and cordially despised the ragged Provincials. A certain civilian from Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin by name, gave him

sound advice which he only laughed at. When Braddock, rattling his sword and swearing his military oaths, spoke of capturing Fort Duquesne with little difficulty, the cautious Franklin replied: —

"To be sure, sir, *if you arrive well before Duquesne*, with these fine troops, the fort can probably make but a short resistance."

But there were the Indians, — added this obstinate civilian with his provincial ideas of military operations. The Indians would side with the French and watch the English from the moment when they entered the Great Woods, and unless the utmost care were taken the scarlet column would be "cut like a thread into several pieces." At this the bluff soldier burst forth into oaths and expressions of disdain.

"These savages," he exclaimed, "may be indeed a formidable enemy to *raw American militia*, but upon *the King's regular and disciplined troops*, sir, it is impossible to make any impression!"

It was the pride that goes before the heavy falls of life. This worthy soldier, as brave as his sword, and with a hundred generous instincts, wanted the brain of the army-leader, and was merely a fighting man. The only act of his life, at this critical moment, which indicated prudence was the invitation sent to young Colonel George Washington, of Mount Vernon, to accompany him as a member of his staff. Washington had resigned his commission in great disgust, at the end of 1754, upon hearing that, under a new organization, his subordinates were to rank him. He however accepted Braddock's invitation, and thus became an actor in the tragedy that followed. It was May now, and the English troops were on the march westward to the rendezvous

Early in July all was to end, as a tragic drama ends with the fall of the curtain.

General Braddock had ordered his forces to be concentrated at Wills's Creek, the present Cumberland, on the upper Potomac. He followed them toward the end of May, traveling in his coach, and stopped, it seems, at Greenway Court to visit Lord Fairfax. As an English nobleman and "County Lieutenant" of all the lower Shenandoah Valley, the old lord was entitled to this mark of respect; and Washington also went to Greenway to procure fresh horses. The tarrying there was brief. The lawn in front of the old lodge with its belfries on the roof, echoed for a moment with the rattle of hoofs, and the roll of wheels, as Braddock stopped to greet the Earl; then the fine coach was whirled away, and the General had made his first and last visit to the sylvan manor-house. He hastened on through Winchester, a small border village, uttered volleys of curses at the horrible mountain roads, and reaching Cumberland passed in front of his troops, like a military meteor, in the midst of rolling drums and the thunder of cannon.

At once the firm soldier-hand was felt throughout the little army. Stringent orders were issued and rigidly enforced; some Indian beauties in camp, of whom "the officers were scandalous fond," — among them the "dazzling Bright Lightning, the daughter of White Thunder," — were ordered to depart; and Washington, looking with ardent eyes at this new military pageant, was delighted with everything, and studied his profession for another struggle, — *against* these red-coats. But General Braddock was in no better humor than when he had "heartily damned" the Virginia roads. He could get no wagons, and uttered fearful oaths. When some

one told him he must go on horseback, he "despised his observations;" and when Washington said that the march of a column with wagons would prove "a tremendous undertaking," the General did not conceal his displeasure at the intrusion of such crude notions by a mere "Provincial."

The army set out from Cumberland in the first days of June (1755). It consisted of two royal regiments numbering together one thousand men, and Provincials from Virginia, Maryland, and New York, which made the full force a little more than two thousand. Soon the tremendous undertaking of penetrating the Great Woods with the unwieldy column began. The army was followed by a long train of wagons loaded down with the baggage of the officers; and the line often extended for three or four miles. It was the wildest of absurdities. Never had obstinate adherence to martinet ideas had so strong an illustration. This English soldier, relying on English traditions, was dragging his cumbrous machine through the American woods as if they were the plains of Europe. And all this time his dread enemy was watching him. From the heights of every mountain Indian runners looked down and laughed quietly. But the pioneers still went in front cutting a road for the creaking wagons; the scattered troops straggled along; and in this manner General Braddock went into the great region called the "Shades of Death," the shadow of his own hovering above him.

At Little Meadows Braddock saw for the first time that he was committing a terrible blunder. He had refused to listen to the advice of Washington, but now swallowed his pride, and consulted the "Provincial." Washington, always grave and courteous, repeated his

former views. It was necessary to mobilize the army; to leave the baggage behind, and advance rapidly with a body of picked troops, and ammunition on pack-horses, and so surprise Fort Duquesne before it could be reënforced. Braddock consented with ill-concealed reluctance; then his splendid regulars were not all-sufficient, advancing and fighting in their own manner! His wrath descended on a brave ranger, since it effected nothing with this grave young Colonel Washington. Captain Jack, called the "Black Rifle," a famous fighter of the woods, came and offered his services. He would go with his rangers in front, he said, and reconnoitre. But Braddock tossed away from him.

"There was time enough," he said haughtily, "for making arrangements; he had experienced troops upon whom he could completely rely for all purposes."

Thereupon the borderer, shouldering his rifle, turned his back on Braddock and went away with his rangers to their homes on the Juniata, — leaving him to his fate. Even then the old folly went on. "They were halting," Washington afterwards said, "to level every mole-hill and erect bridges over every brook, by which means we were *four days in getting twelve miles.*" Some friendly Indians went before to scour the woods. Traces of fires were found showing that French scouts were everywhere; but no opposition was made, and at last they halted on the Monongahela, about fifteen miles south of Fort Duquesne (July 8, 1755).

The grapple was near now; this night was the last spent by many a brave fellow on earth. Braddock resolved to advance and attack the fort on the next morning. It was only a short march distant, and the English were now on the same side of the river. But to reach

Duquesne it was necessary to make two crossings. A steep bank in front ran down into the water rendering a passage there impossible; there was, however, a practicable ford, and another five miles below; and Braddock determined to cross at the two fords and so advance to the attack.

Early on the next morning (July 9, 1755), he moved with his advance of twelve hundred men and ten cannon. The march was made in the most unconcerned manner. True to the last to his disdain of precaution, Braddock advanced with his "regulars" in front; with drums rolling, fifes shrilling, and flags floating in all the pride and pomp of glorious war. There were a great many people who could have told him that he was tempting his fate; but talking reason to General Braddock had, for some weeks now, proved a loss of time. So the brave "regulars" stepped out proudly to the tap of the drum; the English music sounded; the English flags flaunted; and the Virginian and other "provincial" rangers of the woods marched behind, to assist in the improbable event that their services would be required. Washington said afterwards that this was the finest sight he had ever witnessed; and so the twelve hundred doomed men crossed the ford in triumph; found no more trouble at the lower crossing; and were now on the east bank again, not far from Fort Duquesne.

The commandant there was De Contrecœur, and he had despaired of holding the place; exaggerated reports of Braddock's force had reached him; and he was consulting whether to stand fast or evacuate the fort, when De Beaujeu, one of his young captains, offered to take a force and advance to meet the English. To this De Contrecœur assented. De Beaujeu marched promptly; and the collision followed.

The English had crossed the ford and were marching across a plain in front of which were wooded hills. On each side of the road leading up this slope were ravines, covered with thicket, and here the battle took place. The English had reached the spot, when a commotion in the woods in front attracted their attention. It was De Beaujeu advancing at the head of his two hundred and thirty Canadians, and six hundred and thirty savages, in all 860 men. The young Frenchman bounded forward in a gay hunting-shirt and silver gorget, and waved his hat — the signal for his skirmishers to scatter behind the trees and rocks. At the signal the Indians disappeared to the right and left, leaving the French in the centre; and upon this force the English opened a quick fire which killed about twelve men, among them De Beaujeu, who fell as he was cheering on his troops. But the English good fortune was short-lived; it was the only gleam of success, this first quick fire, during the whole bloody tragedy.

There was no battle, properly speaking; it was a mere slaughter. The English regulars, huddled up like sheep in a narrow road, from which they could not extricate themselves, lost their heads at the merciless fire from the ravines, fired in the air, were seized by mortal panic, and had not even the presence of mind to fly. The officers, who acted "with incomparable bravery," would not let them take shelter behind trees, and in vain attempted to make them advance. They seemed not to hear the words, or to feel the flats of the swords striking their backs; the terrible fire, poured into their ranks from the Indians hidden behind the rocks, paralyzed them. Right and left from the tangled ravines issued fatal volleys; and at every shot almost, a red-coat fell,

for the Indians aimed deliberately before firing. The Virginia rangers scattered and fought from behind trees as they were accustomed to do. This and the cannon was all that preserved the regulars from a consecutive butchery of each man in turn. They stood there dazed and deprived of reason. Their "dastardly behavior" showed that there was no longer any hope. Their officers and the Virginians and other Provincials did all that men could do, but it was in vain. Washington had "four bullets through his coat and two horses shot under him." Braddock had three horses killed under him, and two wounded so as to be disabled. He did all that a brave soldier could do; but he was struggling against what no commander can make headway against — the pusillanimity of his men. The Indian fire utterly destroyed now their remains of courage. They broke and rolled over each other in the wild attempt to escape. At last Braddock fell. A bullet passed through his right arm, entered his breast, and he would have dropped from the saddle had not Captain Stewart of the Virginia Light Horse caught him in his arms. In his agony he groaned aloud and asked to be left to die on the field. His men were now in wild disorder. They threw away their guns, accoutrements, and even their clothes, and rushed into the river. Cannon, infantry, and horse hastened away, and the Virginia rangers were obliged to follow. The army was in wild flight. They had lost more than half their number by that fearful hidden fire. Sir Peter Halket was dead; Shirley, secretary of Braddock, was shot through the head; the Virginians were nearly decimated: out of eighty-six officers twenty-six were killed and thirty-seven wounded. The enemy's loss, all numbered, was

but twenty-eight killed and twenty-nine wounded. All that saved the English was the cupidity of the savages. They stopped to gather up the muskets and scarlet coats littering the ground; and that alone preserved the fugitives from the tomahawk as they rushed over the Monongahela.

Braddock was borne from the field, and his friends hastened on with their mortally wounded commander. His brave English officers and the Virginians were the only people who remained with him. His own men, mastered by a shameful panic, deserted him. He was placed, according to tradition, in the folds of a large silk sash; the ends were affixed to the saddles of two horses moving abreast; and in this military fashion the dying officer took his way back toward Virginia, which he was never to reach. The army had vanished, and only the little cavalcade of English officers and Provincials remained with poor Braddock. In these last hours he saw all his errors, and told the Virginians, who were "unremitting in their attentions to him," that he had done them injustice: they were true soldiers, who had acquitted themselves like men. To Washington, who seems to have commanded the little escort, he apologized feelingly for all his ill-humor; and, as an evidence of his regard, presented him with a favorite riding horse, and his own servant, Bishop. As he went on through the "Shades of Death" he kept groaning and muttering, —

"Who would have thought it! Who would have thought it! But we shall know better how to deal with them another time!"

He was not to have any more dealings with them. As he drew near Great Meadows, the scene of Wash-

ington's capitulation in the year before, his strength failed him. He could go no further, and the end soon came. Four days after the battle to which he had advanced with the joy of a soldier, Braddock expired (July 13, 1755), and was buried in the wilderness. His grave was dug near old Fort Necessity, and Washington read the burial service, for there was no chaplain. Then the spot was carefully concealed to prevent its discovery by the Indians; and without even firing a salute over the soldier's grave, the English officers and the Virginians continued their way toward Cumberland.

The remnant of the fine army had preceded them — a crowd of disordered fugitives. The campaign which was to capture Duquesne and Niagara and Frontenac before the autumn, had ended in a single month with Braddock cold in his grave, and the flower of his troops butchered. What was left of his fine army marching proudly to the tap of the drum, was a remnant of shuddering fugitives, crouching down behind the defenses at Fort Cumberland, and listening for the tramp of the French and the yells of the savages.

XXVII.

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

THE bloody ending of Braddock's enterprise exposed the whole western frontier of Virginia to the enemy. She had to look to herself now, for the King's troops and commanders had been tried and found wanting. Washington, the one man who was able to protect the border, had been set aside as a "Provincial," and had returned to Mount Vernon; but now in the time of pub-

lic distress he was again called upon. In the autumn of 1755, when the shadow of the Duquesne disaster darkened the whole frontier, he was sent to Winchester by the Virginia authorities to defend the valley.

The times demanded the faculties of the organizer and the nerve of the soldier. The region toward the Ohio swarmed with Indians who were inflamed by the disaster to the English arms and were committing merciless outrages on the inhabitants. Of these outrages we find terrible accounts in the border chronicles, of which one or two examples are here given: "An Indian seized Mrs. Scott and ordered her not to move; others stabbed and cut the throats of the three smaller children in their beds, and afterwards lifting them up, dashed them upon the floor near their mother. The eldest, a beautiful girl of eight years old, awoke, escaped out of bed, ran to her parent and cried, "O mamma, mamma! Save me!" The mother with a flood of tears entreated the savages to spare the child, but they tomahawked and stabbed her in her mother's arms." Such events were of frequent occurrence, and even greater enormities were committed. In the Shenandoah Valley a settler's house was attacked by savages, burned to the ground, and four children, torn from their mother, hung to trees and shot to death. One boy of twelve or thirteen was taken away prisoner with his father and brother, and his fate is given in the words of the border historian: "They first ordered him to collect a quantity of dry wood. The poor little fellow shuddered, burst into tears, and told his father they intended to burn him. His father replied, 'I hope not,' and advised him to obey. When he had collected a sufficient quantity of wood, they cleared and smoothed

a ring around a sapling, to which they tied him by one hand, then formed a trail of wood around the tree, and set it on fire. The poor boy was then compelled to *run round in this ring of fire* until his rope wound him up to the sapling, and *then back till he came in contact with the flame*, whilst his infernal tormentors were drinking, singing, and dancing around him. This was continued for several hours, until the poor and helpless boy fell and expired with the most excruciating torments."

These horrors will account for the old border sentiment toward the Indians. Intense hatred burned in every breast, and the war of the races was a war to the death. Under the pressure of the incessant peril the characters of the frontiersmen developed the rugged strength which is so noticeable a feature of the times; and the millions of Americans who are descended from them have in their blood still the manhood resulting from these bitter trials.

When Washington repaired to Winchester he found the place full of refugees, and he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie: "The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." It was hard to reduce the chaos to order, but the work was performed; and soon the frontier was in a state of defense. A fort was built in the suburbs of the town, named Fort Loudoun from the English commander; and this was mounted with twenty-four cannon, and had barracks for four hundred and fifty men. In his quarters above the gateway, Washington overlooked the tumultuous crowd of borderers, and his orders at

length moulded them into a military force. The work was accomplished in spite of the incapacity of the Governor, who complained that the young "Provincial" treated him with scant ceremony. The simple fact was that Washington was a soldier, and the Governor an ex-clerk filling a position for which he was wholly unfitted. Knowing the necessities of the time and place, the young commandant wrote his mind freely, and spite of every official hindrance accomplished his object. The border was protected, and no enemy came to assail it, — the first hard and successful military work of the future General of the American armies.

With the year 1758 the long struggle virtually ended. An attack was made on Fort Duquesne by Major Grant with eight hundred men, and his force was cut to pieces with the exception of a small remnant. These were saved by Captain Bullit, an officer of the Virginia forces, who charged the enemy and covered the retreat of the few survivors. In November of the same year, however (1758), General Forbes advanced in force, and the French blew up Fort Duquesne and retreated. Washington, now Lieutenant-Colonel, was the first to enter with his Virginians, and planted the flag of England on the smoking ruins.

The last act of the drama was the fierce wrestle on the Plains of Abraham, where a monument inscribed "Here died Wolfe, victorious," still commemorates the final scene. It is the historic landmark of the conclusion of the bitter struggle, and the long rivalry of France and England in America. Canada was lost and the great region south of the Lakes along with it. The English line in the west was to be the Mississippi, and in the redistribution of territory the Floridas were surren-

dered by Spain. Thus England had become mistress of a greater domain than was claimed in the old Virginia charters. "Nova Francia" in the north and Florida in the south had been absorbed by the conquering Anglo-Saxons.

Here the period of the Colony ends and the period of the Commonwealth virtually begins. Out of the war with France grew the struggle which separated the English provinces from the Crown. Peace was formally concluded in the year 1763. In the same year Patrick Henry declared at Hanover Court House that the Virginians alone had the right to legislate for Virginia. Two years afterwards in the House of Burgesses he repeated the same defiance, in the discussion of the Stamp Act, and the action of Virginia "gave the signal to the Continent."

XXVIII.

SOME WRITINGS OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

A FEW works written by Virginians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries demand special notice. They are remarkable writings for the place and time, and are entitled to a high rank in American literature.

Among these works are the pamphlets giving a detailed account of the Great Rebellion. Their titles are: —

I. "The Beginning, Progress, and Conclusion of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia in the years 1675 and 1676," by a writer signing himself "T. M."

II. "An Account of Our Late Troubles in Virginia, written in 1676 by Mrs. An. Cotton of Q. Creek."

III. "A Narrative of the Indian and Civil Wars in

Virginia in the years 1675 and 1676," of which the authorship is not indicated in any manner.

These are the contemporary narratives written by eye-witnesses of the events and are invaluable authorities for the history of the Great Rebellion. They were discovered by a fortunate accident. "T. M.'s Account" was found in England in MS. in the library of Lord Oxford, and was sent to Jefferson, who thought it so important that he "most carefully copied it with his own hand." The other narratives were discovered also in MS., soon after the Revolution, in the home of "an old and respectable family of the Northern Neck of Virginia," and only printed in the present century. Of the writers almost nothing is known. "T. M.," whose work is, perhaps, the most picturesque and valuable, seems to have drawn up his account for the pleasure of Lord Oxford, and only says of himself that he resided in Northumberland County and was a Burgess from Stafford. He is supposed to have been Thomas Matthews, a son of the Governor, but the fact is not established. As to "Mrs. An. Cotton of Q. Creek," she is a shadow; and the writer of the third narrative is absolutely unknown.

But the authorship of the pamphlets is of little importance. They were at least written by Virginians in Virginia, and are among the most curious productions in American literature. The style indicates a complete transition from the earnestness and rude strength of the writings of the Plantation time, to the quibbling and conceits of the time of Charles II. The authors are nothing if not humorous. They overload their pages with quaint phrases and grotesque expressions. However serious the events may be, they look at them from

the ludicrous point of view, and the passionate tragedy of the Rebellion becomes a species of comedy. At the attack on the Maryland fort the Indians "slipt through the leaguer leaving the English to prosecute the siege as Schogin's wife brooded the eggs that the fox had sucked." The ladies placed upon the Jamestown earthworks are the "white aprons" and "a white guard to the Devil;" and Ingram is an "ape" who steps on the stage when the lion has made his exit, — a "milksop general" who stands "hat in hand looking as demurely as the Great Turk's Mufty." Thus all turns to conceit under the hands of the jocose T. M. and his associates, who nevertheless present a clear, detailed, and admirably picturesque account of the great events which they have seen pass before them. Bacon himself is often caricatured, but the general admiration of the individual is plain from the narratives; and that by an unknown writer contains some verses referring to him which are remarkable. They are styled "Bacon's epitaph made by his man," but were probably written by some gentleman of the time who feared to sign them. A short extract will indicate their force.

> "Only this difference does from truth proceed,
> They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed,
> While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
> In deserv'd measures, until time shall bring
> Truth crown'd with Freedom, and from danger free,
> To sound his praises to posterity."

An excellent work, written soon after the Rebellion (in 1687), was "A Deed of Gift for my dear son, Captain Matt. Page," by John Page of Rosewell. The Deed of Gift is a devout production full of the earnestness and piety which characterized so many members of this excellent family. It contains serious exhortations,

and maxims for right living, and is written with quaint force, as where the author says: "Think it a long art to die well, and that you have but a short time to learn it; you cannot be robbed by death of the time or years already spent because they are already dead to you; and that time which is yet to come is not yet yours."

Two valuable histories of Virginia were produced in the first half of the eighteenth century: that by Robert Beverley, published in 1705, and that by William Stith in 1747. Beverley was a son of the Major Robert Beverley who had sided with Berkeley, and he wrote his history to correct the errors of a British account of Virginia. The narrative portion of the work, however, is only a summary and is frequently inaccurate; the real value of the book consists in the full account of the structure of government and the condition of society in Virginia. The author was an ardent Virginian, but does not spare the foibles of his brother planters, who are delineated with a caustic pen. Stith's history extends only to the end of what is in this book styled the Plantation period, and is the work of an enthusiastic student. The author was an exemplary clergyman who had been professor in William and Mary College. He was afterwards minister at Varina, Dale's old settlement, where he wrote his history as "a noble and elegant entertainment," he says, "for my vacant hours." The work is famous for its extreme accuracy, and procured for the writer the honorable title of "the accurate Stith." It is based throughout on Smith's "General History," and he speaks of the soldier as "a very honest man and a strenuous lover of the truth;" in which he differs to a surprising extent from the modern critics whose long perspective seems to have magnified their powers of vis-

ion. Stith had planned a full history down to his own time, but never completed it. A third work was the brief history of the colony by Sir William Keith, but it is of little value as an authority.

One author of the period remains to be spoken of: a man of brilliant wit, of high culture, and the richest humor, a Virginian of Virginians, and the perfect flower of his time. Early in the century steps on the stage and begins to write, the Honorable William Byrd of "Westover," the elegant gentleman and traveler-author, whose visit to Spotswood on the Rapidan has been noticed. He was one of the brightest stars in the social skies of Colonial Virginia. All desirable traits seemed to combine in him: personal beauty, elegant manners, literary culture, and the greatest gayety of disposition. Never was there a livelier companion, and his wit and humor seemed to flow in an unfailing stream. It is a species of jovial grand seigneur and easy master of all the graces that we see in the person of this old author-planter of the banks of James River. He wrote without thinking of or caring at all for the critics; as men do when the spirit moves them, and for their personal pleasure. Two or three pamphlets contain all his writings, of which the longest is the "History of the Dividing Line," a record of his journey to establish the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina. This sparkles all over with wit and the broadest humor, much too broad and comic indeed for a drawing-room table in the nineteenth century. But it is a virile and healthy book, full of high spirits and the zest of open-air life. The gay Colonel afterwards wrote his "Journey to the Land of Eden," and "Progress to the Mines;" and the large manuscript volume, containing the three works, may

still be seen under his portrait at "Brandon," on James River. They brim with humor and incessant jests, particularly at the expense of the ladies, whom the writer seems to have liked so much that he could never forbear from teasing them. We may fancy the worthy planter in ruffles and powder, leaning back in his arm-chair at Westover, and dictating, with a smile on his lips, the gay pages to his secretary. The smile may be seen to-day on the face of his portrait; a face of remarkable personal beauty framed in the curls of a flowing peruke of the time of Queen Anne.

But the status and surroundings of this famous old Virginia author were very different from those of Steele and Addison. If there were garrets at Westover it is not probable that the serene nabob ever intruded on their dust. He was "the Honorable William Byrd, Esq., who, being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country, was sent early to England, where he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning; contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery; was called to the bar of the Middle Temple; was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society; and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the Council of this colony." This colonial seigneur, who wrote the famous "Westover MSS." for his amusement, was also "the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend of the liberties of his country." His path through life was a path of flowers. He had wealth, culture, "the best private library in America," social consideration, and hosts of friends; and when he went to sleep under his monument in the

garden at Westover, he left behind him not only the reputation of a good citizen, but that of the great Virginia wit and author of the century.

XXIX.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF VIRGINIA.

THE eighteenth century may be styled the Golden Age of Virginia. It was the period when the colony reached the most peculiar and striking stage of its development. The future will no doubt prove an era of larger material growth; it is impossible that it can present the same remarkable characteristics and contrasts. A prosperous and brilliant society flourished on the banks of the lowland rivers, and a hardy race had settled in the Valley, beyond which a scattered population of hunters and pioneers was pushing toward the Ohio. The period, the men, the modes of life, were all picturesque and full of warm blood as in the youth of a nation. Society had not lost the impetus of the first years, but it was firm in the grooves. By the end of the seventeenth century it had taken the mould which it preserved until the great political and social convulsion of the Revolution gave it a new shape.

Let us glance at this ancient *régime* which is now the deadest of dead things, and endeavor to avoid extreme views about it. It is easy to denounce or to eulogize it, to represent it as a bad social organization which met with the fate which it deserved, or as the model in all things of a well-ordered community. Neither view is just, and the truth lies, as usual, between the two extremes. That old society had its virtues and its vices

like other societies; with all its courage and kindliness it was extremely intolerant; but it succeeded in working out the problem of living happily to an extent which we find few examples of to-day. It presented, above all, the curious phenomenon of a community composed of varied classes who never came into collision with each other — a democratic aristocracy which obstinately resisted the royal authority, and first and last fought for the doctrine that the personal right of the citizen was paramount to all. An immense change had taken place in society since the Plantation time. What was rude had become luxurious. The log-houses of the early settlers had given place to fine manor-houses. Where forests once clothed the rich low grounds there were now cultivated fields. The pioneer who had scarcely dared to stir abroad without fire-arms was now a ruffled dignitary who rode in his coach-and-four — a justice, a vestryman, and worshipful member of the House of Burgesses. His land, purchased for a trifle, had become a great and valuable estate. No creditor could touch it, for it was entailed on his eldest son. The wilderness of Virginia had been turned into a new England, where the lord of the manor ruled, and his son would rule after him.

This development of the first adventurers into nabobs and lords of society may be said to have fairly begun with the Cavalier invasion after the execution of Charles I. Many of these immigrants were men of rank and brought with them to Virginia the views and habits of the English gentry. They set the fashion of living; and continued to influence Virginia usages to the time of the Revolution. Then the old was confronted by the new. The time was evidently at hand when so-

ciety was to be reorganized and established on another basis. The Commonwealth slowly undermined and was to end by effacing the Colony. Royalist and aristocratic sentiments had lost their force, and were regarded as antiquated. It was seen that kings and a privileged class were no longer necessary to the existence of nations; and the result was the theory of republicanism, the mainspring of the modern world.

The period from the middle of the seventeenth century to the Revolution was thus the high-water mark between the flow and ebb of the social tide in Virginia. What preceded it was formation, what followed it was transition. During this era only, society is stationary. It presented all the features of a social fabric which has settled down firmly and which nothing can shake from its foundations. A prevalent fancy is that this foundation was African slavery, but no impression could be more unfounded. African slavery, and the system of indented servitude, which was the same thing in a milder form, were only incidents. This subjection of a part of the community to the rest was congenial to the love of ease and rule in the Virginia character, but there the effect of the system ended. The Virginia landholder would have been the same individual in the absence of slaves or indented servants. The sentiment of aristocracy attributed to him was quite independent of the system, as it is independent of any such institution in the English of to-day. The planter regarded his servants — the term "slave" was rarely used — simply as laborers and domestic attendants, who produced his crops and waited upon him. In return, he was to supply them with the necessaries of life; and there was a well-grounded conviction that they were a

costly luxury. It was not seen, as we may see to-day, that slavery was the gangrene of the body politic, but its vice was even then clearly pointed out. Mr. Boucher, a minister, preaching to the planters of Hanover in 1763, said: "Except the immediate interest he has in the property of his slaves, it would be for every man's interest that there were no slaves, because the free labor of a free man who is regularly *hired and paid for the work he does, and only for what he does, is in the end cheaper than the eye service of the slave.*"

As a simple historic fact, African slavery, like the system of indented servitude, was in the eighteenth century a great feature of American society, not of the South only. There was little prejudice against it, north or south, in those early years; and the predominance of the race in the South was the result of climatic conditions only. The number of African slaves in North America in 1756, the generation preceding the Revolution, was about 292,000. Of these Virginia had 120,000, her white population amounting at the same time to 173,000. The African increase in Virginia had been steady. In 1619 came the first twenty, and in 1649 there were 300. In 1670 there were 2000. In 1714 there were 23,000. In 1756 there were 120,000. The 172,000 who, in addition to these, made up the African population of America, were scattered through the provinces from New England to Georgia. The class were almost uniformly well treated. Nothing indeed could be more unjust than the impression that the slaveholder of Virginia or New England was a brutal tyrant. The African was regarded in the light of an humble friend and retainer; and the clergyman above mentioned said to his listeners in Virginia: "I do you no more than jus-

tice in bearing witness that in no part of the world were slaves ever better treated than, in general, they are in these colonies."

Virginia society in the eighteenth century was composed of heterogeneous materials. Beginning with Accomac and the lower Tidewater, we have the 'longshoremen, living by their nets, a merry and careless race, fond of their "horse-penning" festivities on the islands of the Atlantic coast, when the wild horses were driven up in autumn to be caught; the merchants or "factors" in the infrequent towns; the small landholders, answering to the English yeomen; the planters of the James and York; the Church of England and "New Light" ministers; the Scotch-Irish and others settled in the Valley; and the border families of the mountains, pushing civilization steadily beyond the Alleghanies. One of the most interesting of these types was the small landholder. The impression that this class were men of inferior character, having a great jealousy of the planters, has nothing whatever to support it. It is largely due to Mr. Wirt and other writers who allowed their imaginations to control their judgments. The proof is everywhere seen in the old records that the planters and small landholders lived in entire harmony, and had a mutual respect and regard for each other. They opposed Berkeley together, and fought side by side under Bacon; stood shoulder to shoulder in the Revolution; and as neighbors and fellow-citizens were associated and worked together for aims as dear to one class as to the other. The question of suffrage never divided them — that applied only to freedmen who had served their time, but were yet landless. Freehold tenure of his estate made the small landholder the po

litical equal of his richer neighbor. As to the character of this class there is no doubt at all. They were men of great independence, with that personal pride which lies at the foundation of true manhood; and the existence of any sentiment of subserviency to the planters is a fancy for which there is no warrant in the annals of the time. Even later, when agitators urged the French doctrine that the poor were the natural enemies of the rich, the doctrine found very few to listen to it. The two classes remained friends, and with few exceptions have remained such to the present time.

The Virginia planter has often been described, his prejudices, his foibles, his self-importance and imposing surroundings. He has been made the target of satire and is, perhaps, the best abused American type. Many of these criticisms are just, but other people in America at the time very much resembled him. He was not the only victim of contracted views and personal pride, and his manner of living was imitated in other quarters of the country. Patroon-life on the Hudson was similar to planter-life on the James. Bishop Kip of New York, recalling his memories of former days, describes the splendor of the old patroons, their swarming "redemptioners" who were indented servants, their "negro-slaves, of whom every family of standing possessed some," and the "feudal feeling of the owners of the great landed estates." The "coming down from Albany" of the patroon, was like a royal progress; and the writer, who had been "much at the South," had never seen there "such elegance of living as was formerly exhibited by the old families of New York." New England was not behind in this display of aristocratic elegance. The descendants of the old families there, too,

exhibited in their dress, manners, and mode of living, a spirit anything but democratic. Everywhere there was social inequality; it is certain that there always will be; and class-distinction was accepted as a part of the order of things. In Virginia the system seemed in its practical operation to have resulted in the welfare of all alike. Berkeley said, in 1670, that the colony was "the most flourishing country the sun ever shone over," and the social forces seemed to work in harmony. The fatal antagonism of the present time between labor and capital was nowhere seen; and that terrible "competition," which M. Blanc calls a "system of extermination," was undreamed of. Land was cheap and food abundant, and little labor supplied that daily bread, which it is a fearful problem, to-day, to half the human race how they are to obtain. The social machine seemed a cumbrous affair, but it moved on smoothly without wear and tear, or the ominous grating that we everywhere hear in the modern world.

What is certain is that life was easy and happy in these "good old times" when men managed to live without telegraphs, railways, and electric lights. Virginians of the old school look back to them as to the old moons of Villon, and insist that the past moons were brighter than the moons of to-day. They are laughed at for their pains, but after all it was a happy era. Care seemed to keep away from it and stand out of its sunshine. The planter in his manor-house, surrounded by his family and retainers, was a feudal patriarch mildly ruling everybody; drank wholesome wine, sherry or canary, of his own importation; entertained everyone; held great festivities at Christmas, with huge log-fires in the great fire-places, around which the family clan

gathered; and everybody, high and low, seemed to be happy. It was the life of the family, not of the great world, and produced that intense attachment for the soil which has become proverbial; which made a Virginian once say, "If I had to leave Virginia I would not know where to go." What passed in Europe was not known for months, but the fact did not appear to detract from the general content. Journeys were made on horseback or in coaches, and men were deliberate in their work or pleasures. But if not so rapid life was more satisfactory. The portraits of the time show us faces without those lines which care furrows in the faces of the men of to-day. There was no solicitude for the morrow. The plantation produced everything and was a little community sufficient for itself. There was food in profusion; wool was woven into clothing, shoes made, and blacksmithing performed by the retainers on the estate. Such luxuries as were desired, books, wines, silk and laces, were brought from London to the planter's wharf in exchange for his tobacco; and he was content to pay well for all, if he could thereby escape living in towns. Almost nothing was manufactured in Virginia outside of the shops on the estates. Iron was smelted at Spotswood's furnaces on the Rappahannock, — six hundred tons in 1760, — but it went away for the most part to England to be fashioned into articles of use and resold to the producer. The Virginia planter was content to have it so: to be left to live as he liked; to improve his breeds of horses, of which he was extremely fond; to attend races; to hunt the fox; to welcome everybody at his hospitable manor-house; to take his ease as a provincial seigneur on his patrimonial acres, and to leave his eldest son to represent the family in the

family home. If this state of things nurtured pride and the sentiment of self-importance, many virtues were also the result: the sentiment of honor, cordiality of manners, and an abounding hospitality. The planter was ridiculed as a "nabob" by his enemies, but he was also a kind neighbor and a warm friend. He was brave, honest, and spoke the truth, which are meritorious traits; and under his foibles and prejudices lay a broad manliness of nature which gave him his influence as an individual and a citizen.

This old society led a happy existence from the first years of the century to the Revolution. There was a great deal to enjoy. Social intercourse was on the most friendly and unceremonious footing. The plantation house was the scene of a round of enjoyments. During the winter large numbers of the planters went to live in Williamsburg, the vice-regal capital; and here were held grand assemblies at the Raleigh Tavern, or the old capitol, where the beaux and belles of the time in the finest silks and laces danced and feasted. Or the theatre drew them; for the "Virginia Company of Comedians" had come over in the ship Charming Sally, and acted Shakespeare and Congreve for the amusement of the careless old society. The youths passed on their fine horses going to prosecute their love affairs; and the poetical portion wrote love verses to their inamoratas, and published them in the "Virginia Gazette." These poems, addressed to Chloe or Myrtilla, may be still read in the yellow sheet; and the notices of "society" doings, and the grand balls at the Raleigh Tavern. Jefferson's early letters also give us a glimpse of the gay scene; of the scrapes of the college students, the crowded streets, and the dancing at the

Apollo, in which he figured with his dear "Belinda," and was happy.

In all parts of the colony this spirit of mirth inspired people. There is horse-racing and cock-fighting; "Bacon's Thunderbolts" are the names of spangles who have triumphed in many battles (1747). In the "Old Field near Captain Bickerton's, in Hanover, there are to be grand diversions. There is first to be a horse-race; then a hat is to be cudgeled for; next, twenty fiddlers are to contend for a new fiddle "and all to play together and each a different tune." Twelve boys are to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings; a quire of ballads is to be sung for; a pair of silver buckles are to be wrestled for; the prettiest girl on the ground is to have a pair of handsome silk stockings of one pistole's value; and all "this mirth is designed to be purely innocent." The date is 1737. Nearly forty years afterwards (1774), the Virginians are still amusing themselves: "Yesterday," we read, "was celebrated in this place (Norfolk), the anniversary of *St. Tammany*, the tutelar Saint of the American Colonies." There is a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and a grand entertainment by the Sons of the Saint. The ball is opened by "one of our Burgesses accoutred in the ancient habit of this country," — full Indian dress. The "ladies' fair bosoms were animated with a generous love of their country," we are informed; and at four in the morning the Sons "encircled their King and practiced the ancient mysterious *war-dance*."

This is the state of things on Tidewater. A merry society is enjoying itself in the midst of security and luxury; but up toward the mountains and beyond them new settlers are passing the time in a different manner.

They have little leisure for amusement, and no taste whatever for dancing parties and fine living. It is fortunate that they have not; the time and place are not favorable to such divertisements, and the races are different. German Lutherans and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians are steadily settling in the fertile Valley from the Potomac to James River, hewing down the woods, erecting churches and laying the foundations of republican society. The Indians are not far off, but these hardy people disregard them. The German and Irish population engage in their festivities; but the grave Calvinists take no part in these, and live the sober and self-contained lives of their ancestors, the Covenanters. It is a very great race, and will make its mark here as elsewhere. Soon the old intolerance of the Establishment will disappear in the storm of the Revolution; there will be no more talk of the denial of religious liberty to any citizen; and Virginia will become a harmonious society, where men of every class will work together for a common object.

III. THE COMMONWEALTH.

I.

THE HOUR AND THE MEN.

As the Revolution approaches a new atmosphere seems to envelop events, and the figures of the actors in public affairs grow larger and more imposing. The serene Colonial period is coming to an end, and a feverish excitement precedes the birth of the Commonwealth. Old ideas are losing their force, and the fetters of prescription are cracking. Past theories of government and society begin to be subjected to analysis, and every day this analysis grows more unfriendly. There is no thought yet of a radical change — of separating from England and establishing a republic. Public opinion has not advanced so far, and will not for ten years to come. As late as July, 1775, the idea of separation, according to Jefferson, had "never yet entered into any person's mind." In 1765, therefore, when the political agitations begin, there are no friends of such a measure. All that the Americans ask as yet is that their rights as British subjects shall not be denied them; that Parliament shall not tax them without their consent; that their old immunities under their charters shall be respected.

But along with the feverish unrest comes the inevitable expansion of thought and the vague dream of a new

order of things which marks periods of moral convulsion. The soil is fitted to receive the new ideas, to nourish them and bring them to maturity. The American point of view is not the European. The air does not suit the old political philosophy of the *jus divinum*; from Englishmen the people have come to be Americans. The long struggle in the old world between the absolutist principle and popular right has much more convulsed the new; and popular right has been the stronger. The free land has produced free thought, and free thought makes free men. When the collision comes at last, it will be a resolute and unshrinking struggle. The protest will be sudden and bitter, and the weak Colonies will match themselves without much hesitation against the British Empire.

Cavalier and Puritan will go hand in hand when the time arrives; but they enter upon the Revolution under very different circumstances of race and conviction. The New Englanders are already nearly republicans. They come of the race of Ironsides who overturned Charles I. in England, and it will require little to persuade them to attempt to overturn George III. in America. Attachment to royalty does not flourish in the bleak northern air; it is a pale and drooping plant there. The whole country east of the Hudson is leagued in feeling against King and Parliament. In the New England churches where the decorous Calvinists assemble with grave faces, there are no prayers for his Majesty and his royal family. The Calvinistic theology is republican, not monarchic; royalty and nobility begin to be laughed at as superstitions. Social distinctions are regarded with jealousy and increasing disfavor. The English Church has few friends. When the time comes to

put an end to Church and King in America, the hardy descendants of the men of Plymouth will proceed to act in the business before them with a grand unanimity, and all classes will work together to effect the result.

In the southern colonies, and especially in Virginia, matters are different. The men who settled on James River were Royalists and Church of England people. They called their colony Jamestown in honor of the King, and as soon as they landed, nailed a bar of wood between two trees to serve as a reading-desk for the English minister to lay his Book of Common Prayer upon. Those who followed them were persons of the same opinions, and at the middle of the century came the great wave of Cavalier refugees, passionate adherents of Church and King. Their devotion to both was strong. When Charles I. was beheaded, the Virginians denounced the regicides as murderers; and when dissent raised its head in the colony, they promptly crushed it. Their sentiment was not servile. They deposed the King's Governor, and made war on the King himself; but they had no desire whatever to abolish the royal authority in Virginia. And they were Churchmen as they were King's-men. They denounced the clergy, but they clung to Episcopacy, and their attitude toward the Revolution was thus peculiar. Add the apparent social obstacle to a frank adhesion to the great movement. That movement was essentially democratic, and the Virginia planters were advocates of class. Their predominance was a part of the order of things. Time out of mind they had made laws in the Burgesses; administered affairs in the King's Council; and presided as magistrates in the county courts or the halls of their manor-houses, where their worships tried offenders, as

Sir Thomas Lucy tried Shakespeare at Charlecote, and dealt out punishment. All the powers of government and society were in the hands of their class; to have looked for anything but the aristocratic sentiment from such people would have seemed absurd. To sum up the planter view: a good citizen ought to be a loyal subject and Churchman; landed right was the key-stone of society; Dissenters must be put down; and all who opposed these views were agitators and disturbers of the peace.

A sharp steel was necessary to pierce this hard crust of social and religious intolerance; and the steel was ready. The weapon with which England struck was the claim to tax the Americans without allowing them representation. Would the Virginians submit to that? It seemed that they would be degenerate sons of their sires if they did so; but many people shook their heads. Could King-lovers and Churchmen be counted on to espouse a great popular movement, and put all that they cherished on the hazard of the result? The answer came without delay.

II.

HENRY, "THE PROPHET OF REVOLUTION."

THE pulse of the time was felt in a fierce struggle on an obscure arena which indicated the fever in the public blood.

This was the trial of the "Parsons' Cause" in Hanover County in 1763, the first intimation of the approaching conflict. Up to this time the antagonism to English abuses had taken the shape of petitions and protests. The history of the times is buried under

documents — memorials to King and Commons, assertions of ancient immunities, and discussions of the rights of the Americans under their charters. This phase of the subject is interesting only to students. What is most worth attention is the immense movement beneath, the upheaval of the popular mind which swept all before it; and the first indication of this is the incident now to be described. It is further interesting as the first public appearance of a man who was styled by his cotemporaries the "Prophet of Revolution" and the "Man of the People" — Patrick Henry.

Henry was born in 1736, at his father's house of "Studley," in Hanover, and was at this time a man of twenty-seven. The prevalent impression that he was of low origin is an entire mistake. His father was Colonel John Henry, a man of culture, belonging to an old Scottish family, a magistrate and "loyal subject, who took pleasure in drinking the King's health at the head of his regiment." He and his wife were members of the Establishment, his brother was a minister, and all were persons of education and respectability. A similar error is the ignorance attributed to Patrick Henry. He was, in fact, so well educated by his father, that at fifteen he read Livy and Horace; and throughout his life "Butler's Analogy" was his "standard volume." He never attended college, which probably resulted from the poverty of his family; but his education at home was more than respectable for the time. The statements in relation to his early idleness and incapacity for business seem to rest on much better support. It was the old story of a great genius who was unfitted by nature for a life of routine. He was long finding out what he was

fit for. He became a country storekeeper, and duly a bankrupt. Then he attempted farming, and the same result followed. Then he went back to his store and the second venture "turned out more unfortunate than the first." Mr. Wirt paints him at this period as an incorrigible idler, passing his time in hunting and fishing, or telling humorous stories when he should have been attending to his business. To crown everything he had married, and finding himself at the end of his resources, went to live and assist his father-in-law at the inn at Hanover Court-house, whence the statement made by Jefferson that he had been a "bar-keeper."

Henry was meanwhile unconsciously educating himself for the great career of oratory. He studied human nature assiduously in his rustic neighborhood; and a fortunate chance placed before him two remarkable models. These were James Waddel, the Blind Preacher, at whose sermons "whole congregations were bathed in tears;" and Samuel Davies, the Presbyterian Apostle, of whom Henry said that he was "the greatest orator that he had ever heard." The unknown young man heard them both and came away with his heart burning within him. The blood of the born orator must have throbbed in his veins as he looked at the trembling and weeping crowds. Here, at last, was his own career before him: to sway hearts, not to sell goods. Was the fire *in* him? He began by studying law to fit himself for the bar, — if six weeks' reading may be called study. Procuring a license, with great difficulty, he then opened an office at the Court-House; but, according to his biographer, he was so ignorant that he was unable to draft an ordinary deed. He is described by the same writer as shabby in dress and loutish in manners; as saying,

"*naitral* parts are better than all the *larnin* on *airth*;" but these stories are extremely doubtful. It is incredible that a Latin scholar and reader of "Butler's Analogy," one of the abstrusest of books, should have employed such expressions. He no doubt used Virginianisms; if he used vulgarisms it was, probably, in a spirit of humor. The fact remains, however, that he was of rustic address, and "ungainly" in person; and that no one acquainted with him had the least suspicion that under this unpromising exterior lay the immense genius for oratory which was to shape the history of the North American continent.

This was revealed for the first time in the "Parsons' Cause" in December, 1763; a suit brought by a minister of the Church of England for arrearages of salary. In a year of failure in the tobacco crop the Virginia Burgesses had enacted that all debts payable in that commodity, then a species of currency, might be paid in money at the rate of twopence for the pound of tobacco. The blow was heavy to the clergy, whose legal salary of 16,000 pounds of tobacco was worth at the time about sixpence a pound; and the legality of the Act was referred to the King, who decided against it. The clergy were therefore entitled to their tobacco, or its value, and nothing was left but the question of the amounts to be paid them as damages. Mr. Maury, a minister of Hanover, brought suit to recover his own. There was no question of law to be settled by the Court. The King had decided the law, and the counsel for the defendants, the Hanover collectors, retired from the case. There was a very prevalent desire, however, that something should be said on the question, and Henry was employed to oppose "the parsons."

A remarkable scene followed. Henry rose to address the jury in presence of a great crowd. He had never before spoken in public, and at first his voice faltered. He hung his head and seemed to be overwhelmed, but soon a strange transformation took place in his appearance. His head rose haughtily erect and as he proceeded his delivery grew passionate. He bitterly denounced the clergy, a number of whom retired in indignation from the Court-house; and stigmatized the King, who had supported their demand, as a tyrant who had forfeited all claim to obedience. At this the counsel for the plaintiff cried, "The gentleman has spoken treason!" but Henry's language only grew more violent. The crowd around him swayed to and fro, in evident sympathy with the speaker, who, with passionate vehemence, insisted that the Burgesses of Virginia were "the only authority which could give force to the laws for the government of this colony." The words were treason, since they defied the royal authority; and when the jury retired, the crowd was in the wildest commotion. Five minutes afterwards the jury returned with a verdict fixing the plaintiff's damages at "one penny," and a loud shout of applause followed. The jury, like the young orator, had defied the will of the King; and when Court adjourned, Patrick Henry was caught up and borne on the shoulders of the excited crowd, around the Court green, in triumph.

Such was the famous "Parsons' Cause." An obscure lawsuit had assumed the proportions of an historic event. A great assemblage in one of the most important counties of Virginia had wildly cheered Henry's denunciations of the Crown, and his demand that the authority of the Burgesses of Virginia should take precedence of the authority of the King of England.

III.

THE STAMPS.

THIS affair of the outposts immediately preceded the pitched battle. England and the Colonies were now to come to open quarrel on a vital issue. The war with France had inflicted on Great Britain a great incubus of debt. A part of this debt had been incurred in the defense of the Americans; now Parliament asserted the plausible right to raise revenue, by imposing taxes on the Colonies, for the payment of their proportion of it.

When it became known in 1764 that this right was claimed, there was an outburst of indignation. In Virginia the universal public sentiment was that the claim was illegal and oppressive. From the earliest times the House of Burgesses had regulated the affairs of Virginia; and their right to do so had been formally recognized by Charles II., who had declared, under the privy seal in 1676, that "taxes ought not to be laid on the inhabitants and proprietors of the colony *but by the common consent of the General Assembly.*" Thus the right to tax the Colonies without their consent, if ever asserted, had been authoritatively disclaimed. All, in fact, was against it: the old "Constitution of Government" of the time of James I.; the recognition of the Assembly as a law-making power by Charles I.; and the formal abandonment of any such claim by Charles II. When, therefore, the advisers of George III. proclaimed the new doctrine, they did so in violation of the express engagements of his predecessors, and substituted his will for the chartered rights of the Virginia people.

The question was whether the people were going to submit. The navigation laws, an external tax, had been acquiesced in under protest, but the new claim was different; the impost was to be direct and galling. The most daring of the English statesmen had hitherto shrunk from it. Walpole had declared that it was "a measure too hazardous for him to venture upon;" "I have Old England set against me," he said, "and do you think that I will have New England likewise?" But times and men had changed now. The new Ministers were less cautious, and openly asserted the obnoxious claim. The British Empire was the British Empire, and the House of Commons was to make laws to govern it.

Peace was declared between England and France in 1763, and in 1764 the new doctrine was broached, and the right of direct taxation asserted. In the next year the matter took shape. Mr. Grenville brought in a bill which passed the Commons by a vote of five to one: met with no opposition in the Lords; and (March, 1765), the King approved it, and it became a law. This was the now famous "Stamp Act." By this law all instruments of writing used in the transaction of business in the Colonies were declared to be thenceforth null and void, unless executed on stamped paper paying a revenue to the Crown.

When the Virginia House of Burgesses assembled in the spring of 1765, they were met by a plain question: Were they to submit to the new law or resist it as an invasion of right? The decision must be prompt. The stamps were coming, and action must be taken at once.

The Burgesses met in the "Old Capitol" at Williamsburg, and the spectacle was imposing. The Speaker sat on a dais under a red canopy supported by a gilded

rod, and the clerk beneath with the mace lying on the table before him to indicate that the Assembly was in full session. The members, ranged in long rows, were the most eminent men of Virginia, and evidently approached the great business before them with deep feeling. The issue was serious. On one side was submission to wrong; on the other collision with England. The old attachment, to what was called "Home," was still exceedingly strong. It had been shaken but not destroyed, and was still a controlling sentiment. To openly resist the Crown would be to invite coercion: and that meant war, which would be deplorable. Even if the Colonies were successful, separation from the mother-land would probably follow; and not one Virginian in ten thousand desired such a separation. The general sentiment was in favor of further remonstrances and memorials; but a considerable party opposed this policy as behind the times. It was said that Parliament meant to crush the liberties of the people; that the King was their enemy; and that to approach either King or Parliament with honeyed words and professions of attachment would be hypocrisy. The only course to pursue now was to speak out plainly, not in the tone of suppliants but in the voice of men demanding their rights and determined to have them.

In the midst of the general doubt and hesitation Patrick Henry, who had been elected a Burgess from Louisa County, rose and offered his celebrated resolutions, which he had written on a blank leaf torn from an old law-book. The resolutions were five in number, and presented in admirably clear terms the whole case against the Stamp Act. The points insisted upon were that the first Virginia settlers had brought with them

from England all the rights and immunities of British subjects; that two royal charters had expressly recognized these rights; that the taxation of the people by themselves was the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom; and that "the General Assembly of this colony has the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions on the inhabitants of this colony."

On these resolutions took place an excited debate. They were opposed by the ablest men of the Burgesses as impolitic; and Jefferson, who was present, afterwards spoke of the discussion as "most bloody." The opposition only aroused the wonderful genius of Henry. He was, at this time, just twenty-nine, tall in figure but stooping, with a grim expression, small blue eyes which had a peculiar twinkle, and wore a brown wig without powder, a "peach-blossom coat," leather knee-breeches, and yarn stockings. He had ridden to Williamsburg on "a lean horse," and carried his papers in a pair of saddle-bags. These details have been preserved by tradition, and present a familiar portrait of the great orator, — always the best portrait.

Of the splendor of his eloquence on this his first appearance before the eyes of the whole country there can be no doubt whatever. It was one of the noblest displays of an oratory, which his contemporaries declared indescribable. Once aroused, passion transformed him, and he magnetized his listeners. One who had heard him often and tried to describe him, said that his power lay not so much in his matter as in his manner; in "the greatness of his emotion and passion, the matchless perfection of the organs of expression; the intonation, pause, gesture, attitude, and indescribable play of countenance." It is the description of a great actor or great

orator, which are nearly the same; and is no doubt accurate. He ended his speech with a bitter outburst. In the midst of cries of "Treason!" he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example; if this be treason make the most of it!" In spite of all opposition the resolutions passed the Burgesses, — the last by one majority. The passionate eloquence of the young County Court lawyer had committed the great colony of Virginia to resistance.

Such was the famous scene in the Burgesses, which marked distinctly the beginning of a new era, for the Revolution may be said to date from it. It has suffered from over-coloring. For the greater glory of the great man whose wonderful eloquence shaped the action of the House, certain writers have thought it necessary to caricature his opponents. A somewhat theatrical picture has been drawn of the scene and the actors. The ruffled planters, it is said, were dragged on against their will. They had come in these May days of 1765 to delay, not promote action. They were distinctly behind the times and bent on submission. When a plain "man of the people" rose in his place to propose *action* the powdered heads turned suddenly, and all eyes were fixed on him with surprise and hauteur.

The picture is imaginary. If the heads suddenly turned, the circumstance was not so astonishing. A young member who was almost unknown was taking the leadership, at the most critical of moments, in a body composed of the oldest and ablest men of the colony. The intimation that classes were divided on the question has nothing to support it. Jefferson, a zealous democrat, spoke of those who opposed the resolutions as

"ciphers of aristocracy" and men unfitted for the times; but among these opponents were Peyton Randolph, afterwards President of the First Congress; Edmund Pendleton, to become the head of the Committee of Safety; George Wythe, one of the "Signers;" Richard Bland, an eminent patriot; and probably Washington, then in the Burgesses.

But after making every allowance for Mr. Wirt's rhetoric, the triumph of Henry in this hot struggle was one of the great events of American history. He had driven his policy through the Burgesses in spite of all opposition, and some chance utterances of the moment indicate the strong antagonisms.

"I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote!" exclaimed Peyton Randolph, as he rushed through the lobby; and as Henry came out of the Capitol a man of the crowd slapped him on the shoulder and cried: —

"Stick to us, old fellow, or we are gone!"

The vote that was worth five hundred guineas was that which would have defeated the fifth resolution; and the importance of this resolution lay in the fact that it announced the determinate decision of Virginia. What it meant, if it meant anything, was that the colony was prepared to resist the Crown. England demanded her obedience, and speaking for herself she refused to obey.

Governor Fauquier dissolved the Assembly, but the mischief was done. The position taken by Virginia everywhere strengthened the hands of the party for resistance. In England it produced a profound sensation. "I rejoice," exclaimed Pitt, "that America has resisted! Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have

been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. I know the valor of your troops, the force of this country; but in such a case success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like a strong man: she would embrace the pillars of the State and pull down the Constitution with her."

The importance attached to the action of Virginia is shown by the references made to it at the time. "Virginia rang the alarm bell," said a writer of the North; and General Gage wrote, "Virginia gave the signal to the Continent." Massachusetts proposed a General Congress, and it met at New York in October (1765), but only nine colonies were represented and its proceedings were confined to protests. The invitation to take part in it reached Virginia after the dissolution of the Assembly, and no action could be taken upon it; but at the next session of the body the proceedings were concurred in.

The English ministry were now compelled to come to an open collision with the Americans, or rescind the Stamp Act. In March, 1766, just one year after its passage, it was repealed. But the right was distinctly asserted "*to bind the colonies and people of America in all cases whatsoever.*" That was an open declaration of war, and necessarily led to the absolute subjection of the Americans or to revolution. They chose revolution, and it may be said to have begun when Henry forced through his resolutions, in the Burgesses, in 1765.

IV.

THE WAR OF THE CHURCHES.

All things now hastened. With every passing hour the atmosphere grew hotter. A great political struggle was felt to be coming; and the religious animosities of the time, which had been long smouldering, steadily gathered strength as the days went by.

Threatening hands were raised in every quarter against the Established Church, and the attacks of her combined enemies, the non-conformists of all descriptions, began in earnest. They were to overthrow the Establishment at last, and destroy it, root and branch, but as yet it was too strong for them; and the civil authorities, acting in its supposed interests, resorted to persecution. This was directed chiefly at the Baptists, who had recently become a strong communion. The first church was formally established in 1760, but soon there were numbers of others in Spotsylvania, Orange, Louisa, and Fluvanna. A passionate impulse swayed the preachers of the Baptist faith. The propaganda went on without rest. They saw visions which spurred them to call others to repentance, and the true form of baptism. James Read, in North Carolina, had a mysterious call by night. In his sleep he was heard crying "Virginia! Virginia!" and obeying the heavenly voice he set out and reached Orange, where great crowds flocked to listen to him. Soon the Establishment took alarm. The clergy denounced the new sect, calling them followers of the German Anabaptists, and predicting a repetition of the horrors of Munster. But

this the Baptists indignantly denied, asserting that they were preachers of the true Gospel only; if they disturbed the lethargy of the Establishment it was not their fault. Persecution followed. In June, 1768, three preachers of the new church, John Waller, Lewis Craig, and James Childs, were arrested by the sheriff of Spotsylvania. They were offered their liberty if they would promise to discontinue preaching; but that had no more effect in their case than in the case of John Bunyan. They gloried in their martyrdom. As they went to prison through the streets of Fredericksburg, they raised the resounding hymn, "Broad is the road that leads to death." Through the windows of the jail they preached to great throngs of people. When this had gone on for more than a month they were released; they had resolutely persisted in making no promises to discontinue their efforts. Their persecutors were even ashamed. When they were arraigned for "preaching the Gospel contrary to law," Patrick Henry, who had ridden fifty miles to witness the trial, suddenly rose and exclaimed:

"May it please your worships, what did I hear read? Did I hear an expression that these men whom your worships are about to try for misdemeanor are charged with *preaching the Gospel of the Son of God?*"

The solemn voice is said to have deeply moved all who heard it. The State prosecutor "turned pale with agitation," and the court were near dismissing the accused. Elsewhere the persecution went on; in Chesterfield, Middlesex, Caroline, and other counties. Men were imprisoned for their faith; it was a reproduction of the monstrous proceedings in the Mother Country. But the result was what might have been foreseen by any but the judicially blind. The Baptists only grew

stronger. In 1774 the *Separates* had fifty-four Churches, and the *Regulars* were steadily increasing also. One and all, these and other Dissenters, were actuated, says one of their advocates, by two strong principles — love of freedom and "hatred of the Church Establishment." They were "resolved never to relax their efforts until it was utterly destroyed," and they lived to see the wish fulfilled.

In this bitter antagonism to the Establishment the Methodists had no part; they were "a society within the Church," and advocated only a more evangelical spirit in worship. But the Quakers and Presbyterians coöperated with the Baptist Dissenters and were unresting in their hostility to the union of Church and State. The noble memorial from the Presbytery of Hanover, which may yet be seen on the yellow old sheet in the Virginia Archives, sums up the whole case with admirable eloquence and force. It is trenchant and severe, but that was natural. It is the great protest of Dissent in all the years.

It may as well be added here that the long wrestle went on into the Revolution and after its close, and non-conformity grew lusty with the rich food fed to it. The Act of Religious Freedom did not satisfy the non-conformists. They took fire at the very terms "Dissenter" and "Toleration." Why were *they* dissenters from the Episcopal Church any more than the Episcopalians were dissenters from *them*? Why were they to be "tolerated?" The truth is, a great legacy of hatred had been bequeathed to the new generation who remembered the persecutions to which their fathers had been subjected. They were relentless in their hostility. An earnest advocate of their views in our own

day writes: "The patriots of Virginia were not content with victory half won. They knew that their principles were sound and they followed them out to their extreme results. While *life lingered in any severed limb* of the Establishment they did not feel safe. They renewed their attacks until they had not merely hewn down the tree, but had *torn it up by the roots*, and had destroyed the last germ from which it might be reproduced."

The immemorial hostility thus pursued the Episcopacy to the end. The dislike of the Episcopal clergy had terminated in dislike of the Episcopal tenets, which Samuel Davies had thought so admirable. In demanding their incontestable rights, which it was a shame to have so long withheld from them, the opponents of the Establishment demanded them with outcries against the Episcopacy, which were neither discriminating nor just. The vestries had been largely responsible for that ill-living in the clergy. Few good men would come to preach in Virginia when their places in the parishes depended upon the whim of the "parson's masters;" when they were scanned with critical eyes, to be dismissed at a moment's warning. The Church, too, had now come to be hated by its old adversaries. It was treated without mercy when it was disabled and powerless. It is not a pleasant spectacle, looking back to those old times. One fancies, while reading the story, some poor animal with legs broken, dragging its bleeding body along, pursued by relentless enemies, who worry it with sharp teeth in the very death agony. The law for exempting Dissenters overthrew the Establishment; that was just. But this was not enough. When the Church, on its petition (1784), was made a

body corporate to manage its own affairs, new excitement arose. It was in vain to point out that other communions were at full liberty to become corporations. The Presbytery of Hanover were implacable, and protested against the law. They would have nothing to do with it. They cried with comic alarm that the old Establishment, which was deadest of the dead, was coming to life again ; and the law was repealed.

Lastly the Bill for Religious Freedom, the darling project of Jefferson, consolidated the policy of non-intervention in matters of faith into a compact system. There was no longer any Establishment or shadow of such a thing; at the end of the century it was dead in all its parts. But even that was not enough. We have set forth its persecuting spirit; let us see how it was persecuted in turn. The modern principle that the spoils belong to the victors was applied to it. The old hostility was not dead, it had only gone to sleep; and now it woke and struck a last blow. The glebe lands of the Church were directed to be sold (1802). It was not to keep its parsonages, the donations made to it, or the vessels used in Baptism and the Holy Communion. The question came before the Court of Appeals, of which Edmund Pendleton was now president. He was bitterly opposed to the sale of the Church property, which he considered a great wrong. But just before the decision, while he was writing his opinion, he suddenly expired. His vote would have prevented it; and doubtless his sudden death was regarded by zealots as the intervention of Providence.

The Court decided against the Church. It is true the law forbade the sale of the Church edifices and the property in them; but this provision protected neither.

The parishes were obliterated and the clergy scattered. Thus all fell into the hands of persons who had small respect for religious things. The Church buildings were put to profane uses. "A reckless sensualist," says Dr. Hawks, "administered the morning dram to his guests from the silver cup" used in the Holy Communion. Another "converted a marble baptismal font into a watering-trough for horses."

What to say of these things? There is nothing to say. It was simply a phase of this poor human nature which all the years reproduce. It was not, however, a misfortune to the Church thus to fall before its enemies. It had persecuted and reaped the harvest; it was persecuted in turn, and its day of adversity was better for it than its day of prosperity. Its adversaries overthrew it utterly, tearing up, as they supposed, its very roots; and through all the long years of the first quarter of the new century "the dust lay an inch thick" on the unused Prayer Books. The old church buildings were closed or had fallen into the hands of vandals. The ancient tombstones were defaced, the holy vessels profaned; ministers and people were dispersed, and worshiped only in private; and when Bishop Meade applied to Chief Justice Marshall for a subscription he gave it, but said that it was useless to attempt to revive so dead a thing as the Episcopal Church.

Nevertheless it revived. Excellent Dr. Griffith had been elected the first Virginia bishop (1786); James Madison the second (1790); and Richard Channing Moore the third (1814). It was left for the pure apostle, William Meade, to labor without ceasing and raise the prostrate Church from the dust. In the years preceding and following his ordination as bishop (1829),

he was unresting. He went to and fro on horseback, an itinerant apostle preaching the faith. He was a man of great ability, pure in heart and resolute of will. At his call the old worshipers came back to the ruined places, and the dismantled churches, half overgrown with brambles and ivy, were once more thronged. Life had still been in the body, an obstinate vitality which refused to be trodden out. What the Church had lost was the impure blood, and it rose purified and invigorated. The great and good man who had cried to it, "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead!" gave his own impress to it from that time forward. It had once been intolerant and many of its ministers had not been exemplary people; in the future it was to be the most tolerant of all communions, and its clergy were to be models of piety and self-sacrifice.

That is the character of the Church to-day. It is so liberal in spirit that in certain other dioceses it is scarcely recognized as an "Episcopal Church" at all. No criticism could be more welcome. It is to say that the Episcopal Church of Virginia is not cursed by a spirit of narrow sectarianism — is evangelical.

V.

THE HEART OF THE REBELLION.

To return to the Revolutionary outburst. The political agitation of the time even dwarfed the religious rancor, and all centered at Williamsburg, the heart of the Rebellion.

A glance at the old capital may illustrate the history of the times. It was the central stage of the revolution-

ary drama; of the jarring passions, the fierce collisions, of the pageants, the splendors, the anxieties, and heart-burnings of the epoch. It was built on the site of the former "Middle-Plantation," where Bacon and his men had taken the oath against England; and consisted of Gloucester Street, the main thoroughfare, with the Old Capitol at one end and William and Mary College at the other, Palace Street debouching upon it, and a few others, as in undeveloped towns. The College has been spoken of; the Old Capitol was a building of two stories, with a tall portico in front, and this edifice was called afterwards the "Heart of the Rebellion," a name which may be transferred to Williamsburg. Here took place some of the most striking scenes in the history of the time. The old walls reëchoed the thunder of Henry's denunciations of the Stamp Act; the Council Chamber above was the scene of the dismissal of the Burgesses; and in the hall of the House took place the historic "Assembly" given in honor of Lady Dunmore and her family on the eve of the final collision.

The Governor's Palace, standing near Gloucester Street, was a building of large size surrounded by pleasure-grounds embracing more than three hundred acres, planted with lindens and other trees. In the reception room of the Palace hung portraits of the King and Queen, and this building also witnessed many scenes connected with public affairs. Among other incidents was its occupation by the English marines, who rifled the "Old Magazine" of its muskets and powder. The latter was a stone octagon which still stands, and is an interesting landmark. It was built by Spotswood in 1716, and is therefore more than a century and a half old. A last object of interest was the famous

"Raleigh Tavern" on Gloucester Street, a building of wood, erected about 1700, with entrances on both fronts and a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh over the main doorway. The large apartment in the Raleigh, called the "Apollo Room," was the place of meeting of the Burgesses after their dissolution by the royal Governors. Here many important measures were determined upon by the leaders, and the room may be called the Faneuil Hall of Virginia. It was also a favorite place for balls; and Jefferson, writing from College, speaks with rapture of "dancing with Belinda in the Apollo."

The town consisted of detached houses without pretensions to architectural beauty, but this modest hamlet was in winter the scene of much that was brilliant and attractive in Virginia society. It was the habit of the planters to come with their families to enjoy the pleasures of the Capital at this season, and tradition has preserved the appearance, at such times, of the old Heart of the Rebellion. Gloucester Street was an animated spectacle of coaches-and-four containing the "nabobs" and their dames; of maidens in silk and lace with high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings; of youths passing on spirited horses, — and all these people are engaged in attending the assemblies at the Palace, in dancing in the Apollo, in snatching the pleasure of the moment, and enjoying life under a *régime* which seemed made for enjoyment. The love of social intercourse had been a marked trait of the Virginians in all generations, and at the middle of the century the instinct had culminated. The violins seemed to be ever playing for the divertisement of the youths and maidens; the good horses were running for the purse or cup; cocks were

fighting; the College students were mingling with the throng in their "academic dress;" and his serene Excellency, in his fine coach drawn by six milk-white horses, goes to open the House of Burgesses, after which he will sternly dissolve them. It is a scene full of gayety and abandon; but under it is a volcano. Never was Williamsburg more brilliant than on the eve of the explosion. We shall see the last supreme *fête* when the courteous Burgesses invite his Excellency's amiable family to attend a great assembly in their honor, though he has ordered them to leave the Capitol and the die is cast.

All these lights and shadows of the past concentrated at Williamsburg, where the King's-men were going to show whether they would or would not espouse the Revolution. As to that there had been misgivings. Men like Otis and Adams looked confidently, they declared, for decisive action to "that ancient colony of whose disinterested virtue this province has had ample experience." But the general sentiment was scarcely so flattering. There had been a wide-spread impression that the Virginians were monarchists and aristocrats who could not be relied upon in a struggle against the Crown. The action of the representatives of the people had followed. They had declared that Virginians only had the right to make laws for Virginia. The whole country rose to support the defiance; and Massachusetts was now to have another experience of the disinterested virtue of the ancient colony. Virginia in 1774 will resolve that an attack on Massachusetts is an attack on Virginia; and will recommend a General Congress which at her call will declare the American Colonies independent of Great Britain.

VI.

THE STEPPING-STONES OF REVOLUTION.

For about ten years after the Stamp Act agitation all Virginia was in turmoil. Great events were felt to be near and the air was sultry with the heat of the coming storm.

The English Parliament had recoiled before the determined opposition to the Stamp Act, and repealed it; but in 1767 a new duty was laid on glass, paper, and tea, to take effect in the autumn. Thereat rose new commotions, altercations with the King's officers, and so much hot blood that suddenly two English regiments appeared at Boston. Since the Americans would not listen to reason, they were to be argued with through the muzzles of musketry and cannon. But the new English logic had no more effect than the old. The hearts of the people, north and south, grew ever hotter. In Virginia the old affection for England became weaker and weaker. There and everywhere memorials, representations, protests, the reverse of humble, continued to darken the air and give due notice of what was coming.

In the next year (1768), died his Excellency Francis Fauquier, a man of ability, of elegant manners, a delightful companion, a free-thinker, and furious card-player at his Palace or on his visits to the manor-houses of the planters, who greatly liked him for his genial manners and character. John Blair, President of the Council, replaced him for the time; and in the autumn (1768), came Norborne Berkeley, Lord Botetourt, the most popular, perhaps, of all the royal Governors of Virginia.

Lord Botetourt went to open the Burgesses (May 1769), in a coach presented to him by King George III. It was drawn by six white horses, and the insignia of royalty were seen everywhere. On that day and the next he entertained fifty-two gentlemen at dinner in the Palace; but under all these festivities and cordial bows and smiles was the heart-burning of the time. Five days afterwards the Burgesses proceeded to business. In February Parliament had advised the King to transport persons guilty of treason to England for trial. At this the Virginians took fire. The Burgesses passed resolutions declaring the transportation of Americans an act of tyranny; that the proceeding would be dangerous; that the Colonies alone had the right to tax themselves; and that these resolves should be transmitted to the other Colonies for their approval. Cordial Governor Botetourt was thus met in the very beginning by resolute opposition. There was nothing for him to do but dissolve the refractory Burgesses, and he did so; but that only added fuel to the flame. There was no thought of stopping now; the current swept all before it. The Burgesses met in the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, and repeated their protest in a more practical manner. They reaffirmed their resolutions against the transportation of Americans for trial; and unanimously adopted an agreement, drawn by George Mason and presented by George Washington, not to import or purchase any English commodities, or *any slaves* until their rights were redressed. This paper was soon flying through the length and breadth of the country for signatures.

Once more England drew back. The right to tax the Americans was still insisted upon, but the Act of 1767

was repealed except as to tea (March, 1770). This duty was retained as an assertion of the right to tax, and Lord North, the new Premier, who had succeeded the Duke of Grafton, said frankly, "a total repeal cannot be thought of till *America is prostrate at our feet.*" There seemed little likelihood that the Americans were going to assume that humble attitude; but it now became plain that the smiling Premier who went to sleep while his opponents were denouncing him, had made up his mind to employ coercion.[1]

At this critical moment (October, 1770), Lord Botetourt died. He had become warmly attached to the Virginians and had greatly endeared himself to them. When he was notified, by the Earl of Hillsborough, of the intended repeal of the Act of 1767, he said to the Assembly, "I will be content to be declared infamous if I do not to the last hour of my life, at all times and in all places and upon all occasions, exert every power

[1] Baron North is not a popular historical personage in this country, but like George III. he was not as black as he is painted. He honestly believed in the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies and listened to the denunciations of Colonel Barré and others with serene good-humor. He often slept in his seat while the opposition thunder was rolling above his head, and revenged himself by *bon-mots*. Having closed his eyes one day an opponent exclaimed: "Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep!" when North was heard to mutter with his customary humor, "I wish to God I were!" When Colonel Barré was making a long speech on the naval history of England, North requested a friend to wake him when the speaker "came near our own times." The friend woke him, when North asked, "Where are we?" "At the Battle of La Hague, my lord." "Oh, my dear friend," said North, "You have waked me a century too soon." One day objection was made to his application of the term "rebels" to the Americans. "Well," he said, with his unfailing wit, "then to please you I will call them *the gentlemen in opposition on the other side of the water;*" the neatest of intimations that the opposition in Parliament were no better.

with which I am or ever shall be legally invested, in order to obtain and maintain for the continent of America that satisfaction which I have been authorized to promise." He wished them, he said, "freedom and happiness till time should be no more;" but he did not live to witness the great struggle for that freedom. His death is said to have been hastened by chagrin at the course of his government; and the Virginians, who sincerely lamented him, named a county after him and erected a statue to his memory. It was placed in front of William and Mary College, and as his friend the Duke of Beaufort asked permission to "erect a monument *near the place where he was buried*," it is probable that he was interred beneath the floor of the old chapel. He was succeeded by William Nelson, President of the Council, and he in turn (1772), by John Murray, Earl of Dunmore.

It was unfortunate for Lord Dunmore that he should have followed so cordial a person as Botetourt. Never was ruler more unpopular; and even after making allowance for the hot passions of the time, the new Governor must have been an unprepossessing person. He was abrupt and imperious in manner, arbitrary, resolved to crush the spirit of rebellion, and not disposed to recoil from any means in his power to accomplish that object. He brought with him, as private secretary, Captain Foy, who had fought bravely at Minden; and this selection of a soldier as his confidential adviser and agent probably indicated a conviction that sooner or later there would be armed resistance in Virginia.

With spring of the next year (1773) came new excitement. Parliament reasserted in still stronger terms the right to transport accused persons to England for

trial, and in Virginia the protest of 1769 was renewed. The Burgesses were in session and the spirit of resistance led to an important measure. Henry, Jefferson, Lee, and others were accustomed to meet in a private room at the Raleigh Tavern for consultation; and at one of these meetings Richard Henry Lee proposed the appointment of a committee to obtain "the most early and authentic intelligence" of affairs in England, and to "maintain a correspondence and communication with our sister colonies." A similar plan had already been devised in Massachusetts for communication between the counties of that colony; the scope of the Virginia plan was larger, since it looked to correspondence and consultation between all the Colonies. The resolutions were offered (March 12, 1773) by Dabney Carr, a young member of brilliant genius, who died soon afterwards. They were promptly passed, and the committee appointed. It consisted of the most distinguished members of the Burgesses: Robert Carter Nicholas, Richard Bland, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dudley Digges, Dabney Carr, Archibald Cary, and Thomas Jefferson. The Governor at once dissolved the Assembly, but the mischief was done. From that moment revolution was organized.

The Committees of Correspondence were going to combine all the elements of resistance. Hitherto the American colonies had been detached communities. The men of the North and the men of the South, separated by hundreds of miles, without steam or electricity, were practically strangers, and knew not whether they could depend on each other. Boston might be bombarded, or Williamsburg in flames, and neither might know

what was the fate of the other. The action of one colony might embarrass the rest; their counsels might clash and they might be crushed in detail. Now this danger had passed. The thirteen provinces were a unit. Through the Committees, which were promptly appointed everywhere, the leaders consulted, matured their plans, and agreed upon their course of action. A portentous power had suddenly thrust itself into the quarrel; and William Lee wrote from London that this inter-colonial consultation had "struck a greater panic into the ministers" than all that had taken place since the days of the Stamp Act. That estimate of the importance of the plan was just. A great machine had been put in motion, and was hewing out the pathway to revolution. Thenceforward the American colonies would no longer engage here and there in desultory and useless skirmishing, but advance in solid column, shoulder to shoulder, to the decisive struggle.

VII.

JEFFERSON, THE "APOSTLE OF DEMOCRACY."

THE country was now upon the threshold of revolution. For ten years the minds of the Americans had been growing hotter; the black cloud had become blacker; the lightning had begun to flicker; the tempest was coming.

The Virginia leaders were an illustrious group. They were nearly without exception descendants of the refugees who had come over after the execution of Charles I.; and their memory is still cherished with peculiar veneration in Virginia. Among these were Archibald

Cary of Ampthill, called "Old Iron," a man of low stature, grim, irascible, with piercing eyes, who, when Henry was spoken of as dictator, sent him word that "the day of his appointment should be the day of his death, for he should find his (Cary's) dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day;" Richard Bland, an old man nearly blind and wearing a bandage over his eyes, the author of the famous "Enquiry into the Rights of the American Colonies," and called the Virginia Antiquary; Thomas Nelson, of a family distinguished for patriotism and integrity, tall, blue-eyed, and full of courtesy, who was to sign the Declaration, command in the field, and become Governor of Virginia; John Page, the pious churchman, to become a member of the Committee of Safety, and also Governor of Virginia; Benjamin Harrison, also one of the "Signers," large of person, suffering from gout, but full of pleasantry and good humor; Peyton and Edmund Randolph, resolute patriots, the one to become president of the First Congress, and the other Governor of Virginia and the first Attorney-General and Secretary of State of the United States; George Wythe, the able lawyer; Robert Carter Nicholas, the excellent financier; and many more. Above these rose a smaller group who became the great landmarks of the time, each of whom was connected with some notable event or change in the current of thought and action. These were Henry, Jefferson, Lee, Pendleton, and Mason.

Henry has been spoken of. He was the leader of the leaders. Jefferson said of him that he "spoke as Homer wrote," and that he "gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution;" but the impulse once given, others directed it in its course, tracing out for it the path

which it was to follow. Among these latter Thomas Jefferson was the foremost. His father was Peter Jefferson of "Shadwell," in Albemarle, and here Jefferson was born in April, 1743. At seventeen he was sent to William and Mary College; afterwards studied and began the practice of law; when he was about thirty married a young lady of Charles City with a beautiful face and a considerable estate; and following his bent entered ardently into politics. We have the portrait of him as a young man. He was tall, and his figure was "angular and far from beautiful," his face sunburnt, his eyes gray, and his hair sand-colored. His disposition was gay and mercurial, and he was an excellent performer on the violin; a squire of dames, and a participant in all the gayeties of the little Capital. Of this early period of his life his letters to John Page from Williamsburg, present a vivid picture. They give an account of his love mishaps with Miss Rebecca Burwell,[1] a young lady of the Capital, whom he styles "Belinda," and are in vivid contrast with the popular idea of the gray politician and President. He was not, however, an idler, and acquired a fondness for *belles lettres*, more especially for the Italian poets and the rhapsodies of Ossian. His religious doubts seem to have already begun, and have been attributed to his association, at this time, with Governor Fauquier, who was a confirmed free-thinker. The statement is probably true, and he never shook off the sinister influence. Long afterwards he and his friend John Page would discuss

[1] The Burwells were an old and worthy family of York and Gloucester. Of Lewis Burwell, Lieutenant-Governor in 1750, it was said that he "had embraced almost every branch of human knowledge in the circle of his studies."

Christianity in the observatory at "Rosewell;" but his pious host could make no impression upon him.

Entering the Burgesses at twenty-six, Jefferson soon became a man of mark. He scarcely ever addressed the House, but was, from the first, in consultation with the leaders who recognized his ability. It was seen that his temperament and views were those of the *révolutionnaire*. Under the suave and composed manner was an inflexible resolution. He was by nature an iconoclast. His intellect was a machine, which rolled on pitilessly, crushing with its heavy wheels all old-world prejudices. His inexorable logic shrunk from nothing. While other thinkers, even the most advanced, recoiled from the consequences of the abstract principles which they advocated, Jefferson followed out his trains of reasoning to and beyond the bounds of treason. He was the great political free-thinker of his age, as he was a free-thinker on religious questions. He may be styled the American Voltaire, discarding faith as an absurdity, and resting his convictions on the chillest logic. He had no respect for the existing state of things in Virginia. Not only the political fabric but the whole frame-work of society revolted him. He scoffed at the Planter class, to which he himself belonged; called them "cyphers of aristocracy" and denounced them as obstructionists; and even laughed at the claims of his mother's family, the Randolphs, to ancient pedigree, to which every one, he said, "might ascribe the faith and merit he chose." The flout was gratuitous, for the Randolphs were an old and honorable family, but Jefferson would not spare even his own blood.

To sum up the character of this remarkable man, he was a skeptic, a democrat, an overturner, and a rebuilder.

From the first he is ready to undermine the very bases of authority; soon he will announce their overthrow, and lay down the principles upon which the new fabric must rest. His "Summary View of the Rights of British America," written in 1774, is the germ of the Declaration. His opinions are already matured. The paper was sent to the Virginia Convention as the proposed basis of instructions to the delegates in Congress, and gives the exact measure of Jefferson's genius as a revolutionary leader. Its tone is bold, almost imperious. The young writer does not mince his words. His Majesty is informed that his officials are "worthless ministerial dependents;" that if the Americans suffered themselves to be transported for trial they would be "cowards meriting the everlasting infamy now fixed on the authors of the Act." The King is notified that "Kings are the servants not the proprietors of the people, and that the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest." The tone of the paper indicates the marked change which had taken place in the attitude of the Americans toward England. It was a long way from "your Majesty's obedient humble servants" to these brusque phrases, and Jefferson's concluding words: "This, Sire, is our last, our determined resolution."

The paper was not adopted, but it was ordered to be published, and led to the selection of Jefferson to draft the Declaration of Independence.

VIII.

LEE, MASON, AND PENDLETON.

THE three men who took the most conspicuous part in Virginia affairs after Henry and Jefferson, — if they could be said to come after them, — were Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, and Edmund Pendleton.

Richard Henry Lee belonged to a distinguished family of the "Northern Neck," between the Rappahannock and Potomac. He was born at "Stratford," in Westmoreland, in January 1732; and was thus nearly of the exact age of Washington. All the traditions of his family were Cavalier. He was a descendant of the Richard Lee who had plotted with Berkeley to set up the flag of Charles II. in Virginia; and his ancestors had been noted, in all generations, for their royalist sentiments. To look to such a family for a leader against the Crown seemed hopeless, and yet Richard Henry Lee was to prove as much of an extremist as Patrick Henry. He was educated in England, and from his early manhood took part in public affairs. As early as 1768 he conceived the scheme of the "Committees of Correspondence," and in 1773 procured its adoption in the House of Burgesses. His fame as the mover of the Declaration of Independence was yet to come.

Lee was at this time forty-two years old, graceful in person, extremely cordial in his manners, and so elegant a speaker that he was said to have practiced his gestures before a mirror. He was called the "Gentleman of the Silver Hand," and wore a black bandage on one hand to hide a wound which he had received while shooting

swans on the Potomac. He lived at "Chantilly," in Westmoreland, and enjoyed the regard and respect of the entire community; a quiet gentleman full of suave courtesy, who seemed anything but a revolutionist. And yet of all the great leaders of Virginia at that time, none was readier to go all lengths in resisting the Crown.

George Mason, the author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, was one of the greatest men of a great period. He was born in Stafford in 1726, and was the descendant of an officer of the army of Charles II. He was large in person, athletic, with a swarthy complexion, and black eyes, whose expression was described as "half sad, half severe." He was a man of reserved address, but his wit was biting. When an opponent in politics said that the people of Fairfax knew that "Colonel Mason's mind was failing him from age," he retorted with mordant sarcasm, that his friend had one consolation: "when *his* mind failed him *no one would ever discover it!*" He lived the life of a planter at "Gunston Hall," on the Potomac, wrapped up in his "dear little family," reading the best English books, and averse to public position, though he had served in the Burgesses, and was recognized as a man of the first ability. His views and the great elements of his character were well known to the leaders. Mason was an American of Americans, and clung to his right with all the vehemence of his strong nature. At the outburst of the great struggle he wrote: "If I can only live to see the American Union firmly fixed, and free governments established in our western world, and can leave to my children but a crust of bread and liberty, I shall die satisfied, and say with the Psalmist, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" In the Revolution he wrote, "I will

risque the last penny of my fortune and the last drop of my blood upon the issue;" and in his will he enjoined his sons "never to let the motive of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born." It was the spirit of the Virginians in all generations, now facing the new times as it had faced the old.

Mason was called upon to draft the Virginia Bill of Rights and Constitution, and did so. The former is the most remarkable paper of the epoch, and was the foundation of the great American assertion of right. Jefferson went to it for the phrases and expressions of the Declaration, and it remains the original chart by which free governments must steer their course in all coming time. The writer lays down the fundamental principle, that all men are "by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity." And these rights are named: they are "the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." All power, he says, is "vested in and consequently derived from the people;" and "magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them." Government is instituted for the common benefit of all, and when it is found inadequate or hostile, "a majority of the community has the right to alter or abolish it." All men having "sufficient evidence of permanent common interest with, and attachment to, the community"

should have the right of suffrage. The freedom of the press is "one of the great bulwarks of liberty and can never be restrained but by despotic governments." The natural defense of a state is "a well-regulated militia;" standing armies are "dangerous to liberty;" and "in all cases the military should be under strict subordination to, and governed by, the civil power." Religion is "the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience." Lastly, the blessing of liberty can only be preserved by "a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality, and virtue, and by frequent recurrence to fundamental principles."

Such were the foundations of free government, laid broad and deep, by George Mason. The equality of men politically; the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; the responsibility of magistrates; the right of the people to abolish oppressive government; suffrage to all men having a permanent interest in the community; the freedom of the press; the subjection of the military to the civil authority; the free exercise of religion; and an adherence to justice, moderation, and virtue: these were to be the burning and shining lights to guide the new generation in their march to the Canaan of the future.

Edmund Pendleton was the last of this small group of representative men. He was the conservative statesman of the time as opposed to the revolutionists; a student and jurisconsult who wished to lop off abuses, not hew down the tree, and opposed the violent counsels of

Henry as prejudicial to the cause. Like nearly all the leaders of the time, Pendleton was of royalist descent and a Churchman. He belonged to "a good family gone to decay," who had come to Virginia about a century before, and in his youth found that he had to make his own way. He was born in the county of Caroline (1721), where, at his estate of "Edmundsbury," he spent his life; became clerk of the County Court and then a member of the bar; and entering the Burgesses, at the age of thirty, soon rose to distinction. He may be styled the conservatist-revolutionist of the era, and said of himself that his great aim was to "raise the spirits of the timid to a *general united opposition*," and oppose "the violent who were for plunging us into rash measures." His patriotism and ability were amply recognized in his generation; he was President of the Committee of Safety, of many of the Conventions, and finally of the Virginia Supreme Court; and left behind him a name eminent for integrity and piety.

In person Edmund Pendleton was tall, with blue eyes, which seem to have been common in the Revolutionary leaders, and manners of great sweetness. It was said of him that his face was "of the first order of manly beauty; his voice clear and silver-toned and under perfect control; and his manner so fascinating as to charm all who came in contact with him." Of his rank as a public speaker there can be no question. He had "a perennial stream of transparent, cool, and sweet elocution;" but this description is that of a mere master of graceful rhetoric, and leaves, probably, a very incorrect idea of his real force. He was a lawyer of the first ability, with an intellect essentially judicial; and Jefferson said that he was "the ablest man in debate he had ever met with."

Such was Pendleton, the conservative-revolutionist, who looked to "united opposition" and waited. It may be said of him, and those who acted with him, that they constituted the balance-wheel regulating the movement of the great time-piece, which was now about to strike the hour of revolution.

IX.

VIRGINIA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

In the spring of 1774 revolution was in the very air. The situation of affairs was now stripped of all ambiguity. England had resolved to subject the Americans to her will. The theory that they were entitled to all the rights of British subjects was openly repudiated. They had been reduced to obedience by Parliament in the time of Cromwell; and Parliament, whether they were represented there or not, was to rule them still. England was to be master. The American Assemblies were to be mere municipal bodies for the transaction of small local affairs. Direct imposts were to be laid upon them; and if they rebelled they were to be transported across the ocean to be tried by their enemies. The issue was thus made up: submission to wrong or resistance. Resistance meant war. Would the Americans risk that? It soon became evident what they had decided upon: they were going to fight.

Boston was already occupied by British troops. Since the collision of the citizens and soldiery in 1770, known as the Boston "Massacre," all had been in commotion there. New England, always hostile to royalty and foreign rule, moved restlessly like a horse under the

spur. In December (1773), an overt act of rebellion warned England what was coming. The tax on tea had never been repealed, and it was hoped that it would be submitted to. The East India Company was authorized to export it to America free of duty, which made the price there less than it had been before the imposition of the tax; and ships containing three hundred and forty-two chests arrived at Boston. The test was direct, and the Boston men met it. A party, disguised as Mohawk Indians, boarded the ships, threw the tea overboard, and quietly retired to their homes. When intelligence of this overt act of resistance reached England it aroused bitter indignation. Parliament struck back with the "Boston Port Bill;" on and after June 4, 1774, the harbor of Boston was to be closed. Under this blockade, stifling her, she would come to her senses.

The value of the Committees of Correspondence was now seen. Swift expresses brought the news to Virginia, as on the wings of the wind; the riders traveled so rapidly that it was said of them that they "must almost have flown." The House of Burgesses was in session when the intelligence reached Williamsburg; like the men of Boston they were called upon to act promptly or give up the contest; and they acted at once. It was the blow aimed at Massachusetts which brought affairs to a crisis, and by uniting all the elements of resistance precipitated the Revolution in Virginia.

It may interest the reader to visit the little capital of Williamsburg at this moment, and see what followed. The events were like the shifting scenes of a drama. The old and the new were suddenly brought face to face: the old went out with music and the new came in with an ominous muttering. Lord Dunmore had now been

in Virginia for about two years. He was far from popular. From the first he had surrounded himself with the trappings of etiquette. A court herald had proclaimed a code of rules for the guidance of the Virginians in approaching his Excellency. He entertained little, and made few efforts to establish cordial relations between himself and the society of Williamsburg, as Fauquier and Botetourt had done. His attitude toward the Virginians may be summed up in the statement, that he saw the spirit of rebellion pervading all classes and meant to crush it.

This was the state of things at Williamsburg in the spring of 1774. The Virginians responded to Lord Dunmore's ill-disguised hostility by offering him a mark of courtesy. His family, whom he had left in New York, arrived at Williamsburg: "the Right Honorable the Countess of Dunmore, with Lord Fincastle, the Honorable Alexander and John Murray, and the Ladies Catherine, Augusta, and Susan Murray." This is the announcement taken from the "Virginia Gazette," which adds that the arrival of the Countess gave "inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction to the inhabitants, who made a general illumination upon the happy occasion, and with repeated acclamations welcomed her ladyship and family to Virginia." Such were the rounded periods of the reporter of the time, who it is to be hoped was welcomed, in turn, for his eloquent phrases, at the Palace. The ladies made an agreeable impression. One present at the time wrote: "Lady Dunmore is here: a very elegant woman. Her daughters are fine, sprightly, sweet girls. Goodness of heart flashes from them in every look." And in order to show their satisfaction at the arrival of the Countess and her family, the gen-

tlemen of the Burgesses, who assembled at Williamsburg soon afterwards, resolved to give a brilliant ball, in their honor, at the Capitol.

Suddenly the sky was overclouded. The news arrived from Boston that on the fourth of June the harbor was to be closed as a punishment for the destruction of the tea. The intelligence was met in the House of Burgesses "with a burst of indignation." The first of June was "set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the Divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatens the civil rights of America." This action was taken on May 24 (1774). What followed is thus recorded in the "Virginia Gazette" three days afterwards: —

"Yesterday, between three and four o'clock P. M., the Right Honorable, the Earl of Dunmore, sent a message to the Honorable the House of Burgesses, by the clerk of the Council, requiring their immediate attendance in the Council Chamber, when his Excellency spoke to them as follows: 'Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, I have in my hand a paper published by order of your House, conceived in such terms as reflect highly upon his Majesty and the Parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary for me to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly." . . . "This evening there is to be a ball and entertainment at the Capitol, given by the Honorable the House of Burgesses, to welcome Lady Dunmore and the rest of the Governor's family to Virginia."

The ball duly took place. The Old Capitol which had been the scene of the passionate protest against the Stamp Act, and the bitter denunciation of the Boston Port Bill, was now to be full of the gay music of vio-

lins, and to see a brilliant assemblage bowing low to her Ladyship the Countess of Dunmore. The Governor and his family were present, and the fine entertainment went on its way; but the violins stopped at last, the Old Capitol was silent again, and the Burgesses went home to consider more serious matters than dancing-parties.

They had already taken a decisive step. On the morning of the same day (May 27, 1774), the Burgesses had assembled at the Raleigh Tavern; passed resolutions against the use of tea; and directed the Committee of Correspondence to propose a *General Congress* of the colonies. In this measure Massachusetts had forestalled Virginia by procuring the meeting of a similar body at New York in 1765; and now, before the action of the Southerners was known, the same colony made the same recommendation. It was felt that a solemn consultation between all the colonies was essential, and North and South moved together. The next proceeding of the Burgesses was to recommend the election of delegates to a Convention, to meet on the first of the ensuing August; and the word *Convention*, like the word *Congress*, was ominous. Both bodies were to assemble without warrant from the royal authority. They were in every sense illegal and revolutionary; but revolution was now the only resource. Either the Virginians were to wait patiently, and submit themselves to the good pleasure of Lord Dunmore, or they were to take their own affairs into their own hands and proceed to act.

Events hurried on. The first of June was observed throughout Virginia as a day of fasting and prayer. The people went to church in mourning, and abstained

from all occupations. George Mason wrote to a friend: "Please to tell my dear little family that I desire my three eldest sons and my two oldest daughters may attend church in mourning." At Williamsburg a sermon was preached in Bruton Church from the text "Help Lord! for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." The tea was sealed up or destroyed, and disappeared from every table; lastly, as an evidence of earnest sympathy, money and provisions were sent to "our distressed fellow subjects of Boston;" an early proof, and one of a long series of such given by Virginia, of her devotion to the sentiment of union.

Although Lord Dunmore had issued writs for a new Assembly to convene on the eleventh of August, the Convention duly met (August 1, 1774), at Williamsburg. It consisted of the first men of Virginia, and the pulse of the body beat hot and quick. Even Washington, the least excitable of men, in presenting resolutions passed in his county, Fairfax, made a passionate speech. "He was ready," he said, "to raise one thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head to the relief of Boston." The main business before the Convention was to appoint delegates to the General Congress. It had been promptly agreed to by the other colonies, and was to meet early in September. The delegates appointed (August 11, 1774), were Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

The first Congress met at Philadelphia on the fifth of September (1774), and the men of the North and the South were at last in presence of each other. "It is

such an Assembly," wrote John Adams, "as never before came together of a sudden in any part of the world." By a singular chance the Psalter for the day of the month in the Prayer-Book, used in opening the Congress with prayer, contained the words: "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive against me; fight against them that fight against me." A long and deep silence followed, when Patrick Henry rose and made one of his greatest and most earnest speeches. "British oppression," he exclaimed, "has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders, are no more. I am not a Virginian but an American!"

The action of the Congress was calm and moderate. Washington writing at the time said, that it was not the wish of the Colonies "separately or collectively to set up for independency." What was looked to was a redress of grievances; and the Congress agreed upon a Declaration of Rights, an Address to the People of Great Britain, and another to the People of the Colonies; the last written by Richard Henry Lee, and concluding with the words that it behooved the Americans to "extend their views to mournful events." In October the body adjourned, to reassemble in the spring if necessary. Its moderation had made friends for the American cause in England and everywhere. Lord Chatham, in the House of Lords, said: "I know not the people or Senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America assembled in General Congress in Philadelphia."

What the Congress had done was simply to state the American grievances with "decency, firmness, and wis-

dom;" but the vital circumstance underlying all was that the Americans had at last met in Council.

X.

THE FIRST BLOOD OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the midst of these political events the Virginia border was the scene of a brief but bloody episode which has been described as "the first blood shed in the Revolution."

In the spring a party of borderers had murdered the family of Logan, an Indian chief living on the Ohio, and the rumor came that the red men were about to rise all along the frontier. What then appears on the surface is that Lord Dunmore resolved to go and crush them, for which purpose he assembled two divisions in the upper and lower Shenandoah Valley. Taking command in person of the latter he advanced, in the summer, through northwestern Virginia, directing the second division to meet him at the mouth of the Kanawha.

This force was placed under command of General Andrew Lewis. Lewis was a representative man, the perfect type of the borderer and Indian fighter. He was born in Ireland about 1730, and was a man therefore of middle age; of large and powerful frame, as brave as steel, full of enterprise and caution mingled, and the idol of the frontier population. His personal appearance is correctly exhibited in the bronze statue of him at Richmond, where he is represented in the fringed hunting-shirt of the border, with his rifle in his hand. He had been with Washington at Great Meadows; was known to enjoy his confidence; and was now assigned

to command a wing of Dunmore's force. Early in September (1774), two regiments, numbering in all 1,100 men, assembled near Lewisburg in western Virginia, and Lewis set out on his march for the mouth of the Kanawha. The advance was an arduous affair; the country was a world of mountains, and no wheeled vehicle could pass through it; the ammunition and provisions were borne on pack-horses; and cutting their way through the pathless woods the division at last reached Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Kanawha.

Lord Dunmore was nowhere to be seen, and his whereabouts were a mystery. Vague rumor declared that he was advancing toward the Shawnee towns, the present Chillicothe; and soon runners came with orders to Lewis to cross the river and move thither. Before the order could be obeyed Lewis was attacked and had to fight. Some men, who had crossed the Ohio, returned in haste reporting that the woods were full of Indians; and Lewis had just formed line of battle when a heavy force assailed him. His position was favorable for defense but not for retreat. Behind him was the Kanawha, the "River of the Woods," on his left was the Ohio, and on his right a small stream called Crooked Run. Thus his flanks were protected, but if defeated there was little hope of retreat; and the Indian force opposed to him seemed to largely outnumber his own. It consisted of the best fighting men of the Delawares, Mingoes, Cayugas, and Wyandots; and their commander was Cornstalk, one of the oldest and ablest warriors of the Ohio tribes.

A fierce struggle followed. The Indians swarmed in the woods in front, where they had erected a barricade,

and steadily advanced, delivering a scattering but heavy fire from behind every cover. Under this galling fire the Virginians grew discouraged. Many of their best men had already fallen, though the sun had scarcely risen above the woods; among the rest Colonel Lewis, brother of the General, commanding the right of the forces. He was mortally wounded, and fell "at the foot of a tree," and his men fell back taking his body with them. Nearly at the same moment Colonel Fleming, commanding the left, was severely wounded; and that wing also, deprived of its commander, was visibly shaken.

General Lewis, who had lit his pipe at the beginning of the action and had coolly watched its progress, now advanced with his reserve and made an obstinate attack. For some hours the hot struggle remained undecided, when Lewis put an end to it. He sent a party through the undergrowth, on Crooked Run, to surprise the Indian rear; the sudden fire they delivered proved that they were behind the enemy; and Lewis, rushing forward in front, with heavy volleys, drove the Indians toward the river. A panic had seized upon them at the fire in their rear, and Cornstalk in vain called on them to stand firm. He was seen in front, and heard shouting in the Indian tongue: "Be strong! be strong!" and when one of the fugitives passed him he buried his tomahawk in his brains. But the battle was over; the Indians were routed and flying to the Ohio; and by sunset the whole force had disappeared.

The ground was covered with dead, and the loss of the Virginians was heavy. Two colonels, seven captains, three lieutenants, and seventy-five men, were killed, and one hundred and forty wounded. Out of

every five men one was dead or wounded, and they were the flower of the youth of West Augusta. A single consolation remained to the border families who had thus lost their sons and brothers: this was the last of the Indian assaults. Between sunrise and sunset Lewis and his Virginians had put an end to the long drama of horror.

Then arose a passionate demand on the part of Lewis's men: Where was Dunmore? The attacking force had come from the direction of Chillicothe, where the Governor was said to have concluded a peace. Was the bloody business at the mouth of the Kanawha the result of it? The men raged, but Lewis said nothing. Burying his dead and leaving the Indian corpses "to be devoured by birds and beasts of prey," he erected a stockade, left a small party to hold it, and set out for Chillicothe, on the Scioto, where Lord Dunmore, in command of a thousand men, was quietly waiting. On the march he was met by an order to return to Point Pleasant. He continued to advance, without taking any notice of the order, and finally came to a halt within three miles of the Governor's camp.

A furious scene followed. Lord Dunmore, accompanied by an Indian chief, came to Lewis's camp. Why had he disobeyed orders? was the Governor's harsh demand. The answer of Lewis is not recorded, but it was probably violent; and it was afterwards said that if he had not restrained his men they would have put Dunmore to death. What all this meant may be explained in a very few words. Lewis and his troops were firm in the conviction that Lord Dunmore knew of the attack to be made upon them, and intended to allow them to be sacrificed. The charge against him at the time was that

he had a private understanding with the savages: that they were to attack the frontier and divert public attention from politics; and by destroying Lewis, disable the colony for military resistance to England. Was this true? It is not proved; but in the spring of the next year Dunmore is known to have plotted to produce an Indian outbreak. His confidential agent, Conolly, was arrested on his way to the Ohio, and beneath his saddle were discovered papers bearing the signature of Lord Dunmore, showing that his mission was to arouse the Indians to attack the Virginians.

Lewis obeyed the Governor's order and marched back home with his divisions; and Dunmore himself returned to Williamsburg. In his absence, as we have seen, many things had occurred. Conventions and Congresses had met and deliberated; with every passing hour the spirit of resistance had gained strength. With the first spring days of the new year the rattle of musketry and the thunder of cannon were going to mingle with the debate, and stop all further discussion.

XI.

VIRGINIA ARMING.

At the opening of the next year (1775), it required no prophet to see that great events were on the march. With every passing day the public mind had become more inflamed; and the people, following the advice of Richard Henry Lee, began to "extend their views to mournful events," and to prepare for them.

In the winter of 1774 Virginia was already under arms. Lord Dunmore, writing to his government in

December, said: "Every county is arming a company of men whom they call an independent company, for the avowed purpose of protecting their Committees, and to be employed against government if occasion require. The Committee of one county has proceeded so far as to swear the men of their independent company to execute all orders which shall be given them from the Committee of their county."

This picture of the state of affairs in the winter of 1774 leaves nothing in doubt. In every county of Virginia was a Committee of Safety and an independent company; and the "minute-men" were sworn to obey all orders received from the Committees.

In this feverish condition of the public mind the Virginia Convention again met at the town of Richmond (March 20, 1775), for Williamsburg was no longer a safe place for treason-mongers. Lord Dunmore was in his Palace watching in sinister silence the movements of the Virginians; and troops from his men-of-war lying in the river would make short work of rebel assemblies.

The Convention met in "Old St. John's Church," on a grassy hill in the suburbs of the present Richmond, commanding a beautiful view of the foaming river. Edmund Pendleton was elected president, and the first proceedings were cautious. Resolutions were passed expressing a strong desire for the return of peace, but these were coupled with resolves to encourage the manufacture of gunpowder, salt, iron, and steel. There was an evident indisposition to act without deliberation; and when Patrick Henry moved that steps should be taken "for embodying, arming and disciplining the militia," many of the members opposed the resolution.

The result was one of the grandest of all the displays of Henry's oratory: "If we wish to be free we must fight!" he exclaimed passionately. "It is too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. The war is inevitable, and let it come! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

These vehement appeals, uttered with all the wonderful eloquence of the great orator, carried his resolution through the Convention; and a committee was appointed to prepare a plan of organization and defense. Henry had once more overcome all opposition by the fire of his oratory; but it is necessary to say that his biographer, Mr. Wirt, has aimed at adding to his celebrity by the picture drawn of the scene in the Convention. The impression is sought to be produced that a body of laggards were again inspired by one man; and the view is singular in face of the record. The members of the Convention who were supposed to shrink from armed resistance were the representatives of a people who were already under arms and ready to resist. The letter of Lord Dunmore to the Earl of Dartmouth sets forth the fact; and another writer of the time said "the Province of Virginia is raising one company in every county, which make a body of six thousand men." This was written in November, 1774; at that date therefore the Virginians were arming to fight England. It is incredible that in March, 1775, many months afterwards, the representatives of these same men should have shrunk with horror, as Mr. Wirt intimates, from the idea of armed resistance.

So much is necessary to establish the truth of history, which is nothing if not truthful. The immense service to the cause of Henry's call to arms remains. His rashness was better than deliberate counsels; his judgment in reality sounder than that of cooler men. The resolutions announcing formally that Virginia was ready to fight gave a great impulse to resistance. By their passage, the voice of Henry became the voice of Virginia. What the great Commonwealth of the south said to her sister Commonwealths everywhere was, "The war is inevitable — let it come!"

Patrick Henry had thus become, as in the days of the Stamp Act, the foremost of the Virginia leaders; he also proved himself nearly a prophet. On the twenty-third of March he had exclaimed: "The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms." On the eighteenth of April a British force marched out of Boston to seize military stores belonging to the colony at Concord, came in collision with the militia at Lexington, pushed on to Concord, where they had a fight with the minute-men, and retreated, closely pursued, to Boston again. The "clash of arms," if not the "clanking of chains on the plains of Boston," had taken place, as Henry had predicted.

XII.

THE GUNPOWDER.

THE fighting had thus begun. The long parliamentary war had ended in real war at last: the thunder of Percy's cannon as he fell back on Boston gave notice of the fact.

It was soon apparent that a preconcerted arrangement had been made to disarm all the Colonies. Conolly, the secret agent of Lord Dunmore, made his appearance in Williamsburg about the time of the affair at Concord, and a little before daylight (April 20, 1775), a party of marines who had been secreted in the Governor's palace marched silently to the Old Magazine and removed the stores of gunpowder belonging to the Colony to the Magdalen man-of-war, lying in James River. When the fact was discovered soon after daylight, all Williamsburg ran to arms. A great crowd filled Gloucester Street, uttering loud threats and demanding the restoration of the powder. The Council hastily assembled, and a hot discussion took place in the Palace. Lord Dunmore was incensed and terrified. When John Page, of Rosewell, supported the popular demand, Dunmore flew into a rage. Striking his fist violently on the table, he cried, "Mr. Page, I am astonished at you!" But the moment required action. The people had resolved to attack the Palace and seize Dunmore. They were persuaded, however, to send a deputation demanding the powder, and the deputation waited on the Governor at the Palace. The place was found in a state of defense: rows of muskets were lying on the floor to arm the household and repel an attack. But the Governor's reply was peaceful. He had suddenly grown cool. He had removed the powder, he declared, in consequence of a report that *the slaves were about to rise* in an adjoining county; if it was needed at Williamsburg he pledged his honor that it should be returned "in half an hour." Unfortunately some words which escaped him contradicted this pacific explanation. He was heard to mutter with an oath that if violence

were offered him, he would "proclaim *freedom to the slaves* and lay Williamsburg in ashes," — a curious commentary on his alleged reason for carrying off the ammunition.

At the intelligence of the seizure of the powder, Virginia was in commotion. The minute-men hastened to arm, and more than six hundred men of the Rappahannock country assembled at Fredericksburg. They resolved to march on Williamsburg and force the restoration of the powder, and sent messengers to offer their services to the authorities. They were only dissuaded from their purpose by Washington and Pendleton, who urged them to await the action of Congress; and disbanded after signing a paper pledging themselves to defend "Virginia or any sister colony," and ending with the words, "God save the liberties of America."

These scenes took place in the last days of April. Lord Dunmore, shut up in his palace with the Countess and his daughters, awaited the development of events. Times had changed since the Virginians had greeted them with shouts, illuminations, and grand assemblies. The acclamations had been followed by hoarse murmurs, the smiles and bows by sullen indignation. But Dunmore was unmoved; he was confident of the power of his government, and wrote Lord Dartmouth that if a few troops were sent him he could "raise such a body of *Indians, negroes, and others* as would reduce the refractory people of this colony to obedience." Thus after all, he meant to arouse the Indians and even the negroes to attack the Virginians; suddenly information came that he was going to be attacked himself.

The cloud in the direction of the Rappahannock had dispersed, but a blacker one rose. Patrick Henry called

a meeting of the Committee of Safety of Hanover, at New Castle (May 2, 1775), made a passionate address, and at the head of a company of minute-men marched on Williamsburg to recover the powder. The whole surrounding country rose in arms to join him, but without waiting he continued his march; and at the head of one hundred and fifty men reached Doncastle's Ordinary, a tavern about sixteen miles from Williamsburg.

At the Capital all was now in confusion. Lady Dunmore and her daughters were hurried off to Yorktown, where they took refuge on the Fowey man-of-war. Dunmore planted cannon in front of his Palace, and ordered up a detachment of marines from the Fowey; and the captain of the vessel wrote to President Nelson at Yorktown, that if the Governor were attacked he would open fire on the place. An armed collision was warded off for the moment by a compromise: Lord Dunmore agreed to pay the value of the powder, and sent a bill for the amount, £330, to Henry. For this Henry gave a receipt binding himself to pay the amount to the Virginia delegates to Congress. He then offered to continue his march to Williamsburg and remove the deposit in the treasury to a safer place; but this offer was declined, and he returned to Hanover; whereupon Lord Dunmore denounced him and his followers in a public proclamation for "unlawfully taking up arms," as Berkeley had denounced Bacon a century before.

In the midst of this turmoil came a sudden lull. News arrived that the English ministry were going to abandon the attempt to coerce America. In February, Lord North brought in his "conciliatory plan," known as the "Olive Branch." If the Colonies would themselves

make due appropriations for their part of the expenses of the kingdom, then *it would be expedient* that Great Britain should cease to tax them.

Dunmore at once issued writs for an Assembly on the first of June, — the last House of Burgesses that was to meet by royal authority on the soil of Virginia. The House assembled (June 1, 1775), and presented a curious spectacle. Many of the members wore hunting-shirts and brought their rifles. It was no longer a body of civilians in ruffles and powder, but a meeting of men in military accoutrements ready to fight. Lord Dunmore made a courteous address, presented the "conciliatory plan," and a committee was appointed to report upon it. The report was written by Jefferson, and declared that the plan ought to be rejected. The colonies had the right to give their money as they pleased; other wrongs were unredressed; their country was invaded; Virginia would not treat without the concurrence of the other colonies; nothing was to be hoped for from England, and the justice of heaven must decide the event of things.

All at once an unexpected incident put an end to all further discussion. Lord Dunmore had delivered up the keys of the Old Magazine, and on the night of the fifth of June some young men entered the place to procure arms. As they opened the door a cord discharged a spring-gun and three of the party were wounded. At this intelligence the Assembly took fire and appointed a committee to examine the Magazine, when several barrels of powder were discovered buried under the floor. The discovery excited the rage of the people. Again Gloucester Street filled with a great crowd uttering threats and curses; and before daylight (June 8, 1775),

Lord Dunmore and his family, who had returned to the Palace, fled from the Capital and took refuge on board the Fowey, lying at Yorktown.

Lord Dunmore never returned to Williamsburg. Messages continued to pass to and fro between him and the Assembly; but he refused to trust his person in the dangerous Capital, and the Burgesses declined to wait on him on board the Fowey. All was now seen to be at an end; and the Assembly, after calling a meeting of the Convention in July, adjourned. The die was cast, and it was felt that armed resistance was the only resource. Richard Henry Lee, standing on the porch of the Old Capitol with two or three friends, wrote on one of the pillars —

> "When shall we three meet again?
> In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
> When the hurly-burly 's done,
> When the battle 's lost and won."

North and south it was seen that this "battle" was now unavoidable. The affair at Concord and the events in Virginia had shown that military force was to decide the question; and the Americans, brought face to face with the fact, acquiesced. On the fifteenth of June (1775), George Washington was elected Commander-in-chief of the American forces; and on his way to Boston was met by the intelligence of the battle of Bunker's Hill. He reached Boston on the second of July, and was received with shouts and the thunder of cannon, and on the next day (July 3, 1775), assumed command of the American army.

If England had doubted the nerve of the Colonies the doubt was now dispelled. They were going to fight.

XIII.

THE LAST OF DUNMORE IN VIRGINIA.

Lord Dunmore's subsequent career in Virginia may be dismissed in a brief space. It was short and full of trouble. His proceedings indicated that he was profoundly incensed at the opposition to his authority, and that thenceforth he meant to keep no terms with rebels. He summoned the friends of the royal cause to join his standard; his armed vessels ravaged the banks of the rivers, and committed every outrage; and it was obvious that if he ever returned to Williamsburg it would be to do justice upon the traitors who had resisted the King.

Thus the Colony was without an executive, and the Convention which met in July proceeded to appoint one. The result was the famous "Committee of Safety," consisting of Edmund Pendleton, George Mason, John Page, Richard Bland, Thomas Ludwell Lee, Paul Carrington, Dudley Digges, William Cabell, Carter Braxton, James Mercer, and John Tabb. The powers confered on this Directory, of which Edmund Pendleton was President, were very great. It was to commission officers, direct military movements, issue warrants on the Treasury, and all commanding officers of the forces were required to pay "strict obedience" to its orders. The sword and purse were thus both placed in the hands of the Committee, but it was to be accountable to the Convention. The Convention appointed Patrick Henry Commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and, after choosing delegates to Congress, adjourned.

The military organization directed by the Convention

had not come too soon. Dunmore was making open war, and laying waste the shores of the Chesapeake. He had proclaimed martial law; offered their freedom to all slaves who enrolled themselves under his flag; and, with his headquarters at Norfolk where he had mounted cannon, was awaiting a force from England which would enable him to return in triumph to his Capital. At the end of the year took place an event which brought matters to a final decision. The Committee of Safety sent a force, under Colonel William Woodford, toward Norfolk, and an action followed (December 9, 1775), at Great Bridge. The spot was about twenty miles from the town, and the British had erected a fort on ground only approachable by a causeway, through a morass. Woodford halted at the southern end of the causeway, threw up breastworks, and was speedily attacked. Captain Fordyce, at the head of about sixty grenadiers, charged the works, but was received with a hot fire which threw him back. A bullet wounded him and he fell, but rose to his feet brushing his knees as though he had stumbled, and continued to cheer on his men until he fell dead within twenty paces of the American works. At his fall the grenadiers retreated, pursued by the Virginians across the causeway, and took refuge under the cannon of the fort.[1]

The intelligence of this defeat threw Lord Dunmore into a rage, and he is said to have threatened to hang the boy who brought him the information. He hurried on board his fleet, and on the first of January (1776)

[1] Among the troops who drove the enemy into their works were the Culpeper "Minute-men," whose flag exhibited a coiled rattlesnake with the motto "Don't Tread on Me." One of the Lieutenants of this company was young John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States.

sent on shore a party of marines to burn Norfolk. The place was soon in flames, and a painful scene followed. Men, women, and children were seen running from the burning houses; and a cannonade from the British ships was added to the horrors of the time. When Lord Dunmore weighed anchor and sailed away nearly the whole town was in ashes.

His career was now near its end. He continued to ravage the banks of the bay until the summer of the same year, when he intrenched himself at Gwynn's Island, on the western shore, to await further events. Here he was attacked (July 9, 1776) by a Virginia force under the same Andrew Lewis with whom he had quarreled on the Ohio; and a heavy cannonade was opened on the island and the British ships. A ball passed through Lord Dunmore's flag-ship, and he exclaimed, "Good God, that it should ever come to this!" and on the next day Lewis sent a force in boats to land on the island. Lord Dunmore did not wait. He weighed anchor, spread all sail, and escaping from the island, which the Americans found a lazar-house of dead bodies, disappeared. Sending the negroes who had joined him to the West Indies, he proceeded to New York and thence to England, leaving behind him the reputation of having been the very worst of the Virginia Governors.

There was a species of poetic justice in the fact that Lewis should have struck the last blow at him; and another proof of the irony of fate was the appointment of Patrick Henry to succeed him as Governor, — the first Republican executive of Virginia.

XIV.

VIRGINIA DECLARES HERSELF AN INDEPENDENT COMMONWEALTH.

THE moment had come now when it was necessary that Virginia should formally define her position. The Colonies were at war with England, and the character of the struggle was left in doubt. Were they rebels in revolt against the Crown, or belligerents? No general declaration of independence had yet been made; and Virginia proceeded to act for herself.

Even the boldest still hesitated to cast off all allegiance to England. As late as May, 1776, so resolute a man as Thomas Nelson had "his thoughts sorely employed on the great question whether independence ought or ought not to be declared." But he added: "Having weighed the argument on both sides, I am clearly of opinion we must, as we value the liberties of America, or even her existence, without a moment's delay declare for independence." All the American Colonies were also, no doubt, "weighing the arguments." Virginia first took the decisive step.

The Virginia Convention met early in May and (May 15, 1776) unanimously adopted a preamble and resolutions, written by Edmund Pendleton and presented by Thomas Nelson, directing the Virginia delegates in Congress to propose to that body to "*declare the United Colonies free and independent States.*" On the next day the momentous resolutions were read to the troops assembled at Williamsburg; they were received with shouts and cheers; cannon thundered; the

"American flag" was raised on the Capitol, and at night the town was illuminated. Whatever might be the action of Congress, the decision of the Commonwealth of Virginia had been made; and this decision was for a final separation from Great Britain. The Convention then proceeded to adopt a Declaration of Rights and a Constitution. Both instruments had been written by George Mason, and were ready. On the 15th of June the Declaration was adopted, and June 29 (1776) the new Constitution. Virginia thus declared herself an independent sovereignty, entitled to receive the absolute allegiance of her citizens, and prepared to defend her claim with the sword.

The Bill of Rights may be called not only the Magna Charta of Virginia, but of America. It first announced the great principles upon which the Americans meant to rest in the approaching struggle, and after a century of republican freedom there is nothing to add to this great protest in favor of the rights of man. The Constitution directed that the Government of Virginia should consist of a House of Delegates and Senate; the first composed of two members from each county, and one from every city and borough; and the latter of twenty-four members, representing twenty-four senatorial districts. The Delegates and Senators were to be freeholders, and elected by freeholders, who were to be persons having a freehold estate in one hundred acres of unimproved land or twenty-five acres of improved, or a house and lot in a town. The Executive was to be a Governor, elected annually by the House and Senate, and was not to be eligible more than three years in succession; nor, after going out of office, for four years afterwards. He was to be assisted by a Privy Council

of eight members chosen by the Assembly; and the Assembly was also to choose the judges of the Court of Appeals and of the General Court.

Such was the first Republican Constitution ever adopted in America. Except as to the suffrage and the election of Governors and other officers, it remains virtually unchanged. The revolutionists of 1776, like the old King's-men of the seventeenth century, decided that only such should vote as by their estates had an "interest to tie them to the endeavor of the public good." That principle is now derided, and regarded as unrepublican; but the fact remains that the men of the Revolution had faith in it, and would allow the suffrage to none but freeholders.

The Convention elected Patrick Henry Governor and Edmund Randolph Attorney-general; and the new government went at once into operation.

The result of the action of Virginia is a part of the history of America. On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee moved in Congress "That these United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." The motion was seconded by John Adams, and the debate upon it lasted for three days. The opposition was determined, but it was fought through the Congress, and a committee was appointed to draw up the Declaration. Of this committee Richard Henry Lee, by parliamentary usage, must have been the chairman, but the illness of his wife called him away to Virginia, and the position was conferred on Thomas Jefferson, whose ability as a writer was known from his "Summary View." He proceeded to draw up the paper;

and, July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence as composed by him, with a few alterations, was adopted by Congress. What remained was to support it on the battle-field.

The passage of the Declaration marks a distinct epoch in the history of Virginia as well as of America. Thenceforth there was no retreat, and she was to stand or fall with her sister colonies. The part borne by her in the events which led to this final decision had been important. What she had contributed to the cause was : —

I. The resolutions of 1765 denouncing the Stamp Act as a violation of American right.

II. The origination in 1773 of the Committees of Correspondence which united the Colonies.

III. The call in 1774 for a General Congress, which inaugurated resistance.

IV. The instructions to the Virginia delegates in May, 1776, to propose a Declaration of Independence, which Jefferson, a Virginian, wrote, and Washington, a Virginian, was to support as Commander-in-chief.

The United States had thus entered upon life. The birth was stormy and the sky black. The enemy were about to occupy New York, and the American forces were unorganized ; there was no executive head in control of the government ; in some States there was a large Tory party who only awaited disaster to become dangerous ; faint hearts croaked as they always do ; the despondent predicted ruin, and the bravest saw that the struggle was doubtful ; but the Americans did not lose courage. The day was dark, but the country, north and south, went forward to the long wrestle with that heart of hope which leads to victory.

XV.

THE OVERTURNERS.

THE heavy struggle in Congress which had resulted in the Declaration of Independence was followed by one as heavy in Virginia in reference to Virginia affairs; and this was succeeded in turn by a project so startling that certain historians have labored to show that it never existed.

Jefferson returned and was elected to represent his county in the Assembly. The "laboring oar," he said, was in Virginia; what he meant was that the adoption of a republican Constitution was only a beginning. The real struggle was yet to come. The Declaration of Rights had laid down the great principle that "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion;" but no laws had been passed to carry the principle into effect. The Establishment still virtually existed; and the Non-Conformists throughout the Commonwealth were clamorous to have it extinguished, and the new order of things formally inaugurated. It is unnecessary to say that Jefferson espoused their demands with ardor. It is true he regarded any and all religions merely as superstitions, but the Establishment was particularly hateful to him, since it ran counter to his cherished convictions on the rights of man. His views on the latter point were perfectly just, and made him a dangerous adversary. On this and the subject of entails a furious struggle was now to take place. It was the new world fighting the old, which was retreating step by step before it, but opposing it to the last.

The old Convention, or new House of Delegates — they were the same — met at Williamsburg (October 7, 1776) and addressed themselves to the great business before them. The religious struggle at once began, and lasted from the eleventh of October to the fifth of December. It was obstinate, almost fierce. The friends of the Establishment opposed the separation of Church and State with an energy which made Jefferson say afterwards that it was the severest contest he had ever engaged in. Edmund Pendleton and John Page were the leaders of the party opposed to disestablishment. Both were devoted Churchmen and represented the opinions and feelings of the great body of the Planters. This class saw with anguish and a sort of horror that the Church in which their ancestors had worshiped for many generations was in danger of being completely overthrown. All connected with it was dear to them. They had laughed at the parsons, having but a poor opinion of many of them, but they had never laughed at the Church. In their eyes it was sacred as the embodiment of the purest Protestant Christianity. To overthrow it would be monstrous, unless the advocates of the measure were determined to deny the divine origin of Christianity itself.

The reply of Jefferson and other leaders representing the Non-Conformists, was direct and trenchant. No religion, not even Christianity, they said, ought to be recognized or supported by the State. Men should be left free to become Mohammedans if they chose. The true policy was to leave them to choose, not to force them to become Christians; above all, not to impose penalties on them for not being Episcopalians, and compel them to support a Church which was not their own.

These latter views prevailed, as they ought to have done, and the Bill for Exempting Dissenters passed. No person thereafter was to be obliged to contribute to the support of the Church of England; all denominations were free to worship and pay their own ministers; there were to be no pains or penalties for non-conformity; the question of "a general assessment for the support of religion," that is of Christianity, was to be decided by a vote of the people. This virtually ended the struggle; and three years afterwards (1779) the scheme of a general assessment was rejected. This was followed by the Act for Religious Freedom (1785), which consolidated the principles of all the legislation; and this, in 1802, by the law for the sale of the Episcopal glebes.

This was the final blow. The one hundred and sixty-four church edifices and chapels, in the ninety-five parishes, in which ninety-one clergymen officiated, were exempted from spoliation; but this was disregarded. Churches, donations, sacramental vessels, all were swept away. The Episcopacy seemed to be extinguished as a relic of superstition, and no power on earth appeared strong enough to raise it up again.

From the question of religion the Convention passed to the question of entails. Under that little word there had come to smoulder an immense jealousy. What had once been a mere spark was now fanned into flame. From the earliest times land had been held in Virginia by a tenure in accordance with "the laws within this realm of England." This English law prescribed that the eldest son should inherit the family estate, which could thus neither be alienated nor encumbered. Jefferson now attacked this system, on the grounds that it defrauded creditors; was unjust to the rest of the family;

and supported an aristocracy. The last was the burning argument, and a modern writer sums up the whole matter in a few words. The great Virginia estates "descended from ancestor to heir, in endless line." The landed proprietor was "lord in his lifetime, and his son in expectancy and legal right." The English courts might cut off entails; but in Virginia, by an old law of the Burgesses (1705), this was forbidden except by express act of Assembly. Thus Virginia, it was said, had gone a bow-shot beyond class-ruled England; and unless the rights of man were to be denied, the system must be done away with.

Such arguments are always popular. It was found useless to urge that the system of entails defrauded nobody; that those most affected by it fully approved of it; and that the possession of property from generation to generation, by the same family, is not a public wrong. The greater consideration was behind. Entails supported an aristocracy; and one of the modern Virginia historians candidly admits that this was the great offense. To permit land to remain in the same family prevented "that *equal distribution* of property which was the legitimate reward of industry," and discouraged the poor from the hope of "ever *gaining any part of the property* guarded by entail." It seems not to have occurred to the writer that an *equal distribution* of property is not the legitimate reward of industry; and that no one, however poor, has the right to *hope to gain*, which is to covet, his neighbor's possessions. Such a theory is equivalent to the maxim that "property is theft;" that is to say, a short cut to social chaos. But in times of excitement short cuts are popular: the fact has often been seen in the past, and may become plainer in the future. What

was evident, in this year 1776, in Virginia, was that the popular will was the strongest. The old régime was to be overthrown, and its enormities abolished. These are summed up, by the writer above quoted, in harrowing sentences: "Coaches drawn by four horses rolled from the doors of the aristocracy. Plate of gold and silver in the utmost profusion glittered on their boards . . . and Mr. Jefferson opened his batteries on this fortress of Virginia pride."

The fortress held out obstinately, refusing to surrender until the last moment. Jefferson frankly stated afterwards that his object was to "eradicate every fibre of ancient and future aristocracy;" and Pendleton, the conservative and friend of prescription, led the party opposed to him. It was the decisive wrestle between the past and the future, and the future conquered. Pendleton fought to the last and nearly defeated the bill, but seeing that entails were doomed, offered an amendment that the tenant in tail might convey, in fee simple, *if he thought proper to do so.* But the danger of this provision was seen; the aristocratic sentiment might be counted on. The bill passed without the amendment; "the axe was applied," exclaims the rejoiceful historian, "and the tree of entails, which had been growing for centuries, was leveled with the ground."

The friends of the new ideas had thus achieved a complete triumph over their old-world opponents. The sudden and immense change in government had been succeeded by as great a change in social affairs. From a royal province Virginia had become a republican commonwealth; and now the planters of the House of Burgesses who had been the objects of so much denunciation had voted to do away with the last trace of "ancient and future aristocracy."

The discussion of these great questions, religious and civil, carried the Convention into December. A portentous scheme then began to be agitated, growing out of the depression and excitement of the time. In every quarter the outlook was gloomy. There was little to encourage hopes of a successful issue of the conflict with England. Lord Howe had defeated Washington on Long Island and nearly captured his army; had driven him from New York, which the enemy then proceeded to occupy; and the Americans were now retreating through New Jersey.

This gloomy state of affairs, in the month of December (1776), produced a profound excitement in Virginia. The public mind was agitated by that vague apprehension of hidden danger which accompanies periods of convulsion. At such moments even men of strong heads and cool judgments seem to lose control of themselves and place faith in chimeras, — and this now happened. What followed has never been explained and probably never will be; but suddenly the plan was suggested of appointing a *Dictator of Virginia*. Of the existence of this scheme there can be no question. We have the direct testimony of Jefferson on the subject: "In December 1776," he says, "our circumstances being much distressed it was *proposed in the House of Delegates to create a Dictator*, invested with every power legislative, executive, and judiciary, civil and military, of life and death over our persons and over our properties." The advocates of the measure, he adds, "had sought this precedent in the history of Rome."

Little further is known of the incident, which made a profound and bitter impression on all classes at that time. It is not denied that the person to be appointed

Dictator was Patrick Henry, — but why his authority as Governor of Virginia was considered insufficient we are not informed. There was no Tory party of any strength in the colony. A few citizens had opposed the declaration of separation from England, but they had been promptly dealt with. They were confined in jail, or ordered not to leave their counties, and nothing further had been heard of them, nor were there any indications of opposition to the new government. But the plan of the dictatorship was set on foot; hot passion ruled the hour; those in favor of it and those opposed to it crossed the street, we are told, to avoid each other; and Cary of Ampthill, a man of excitable temper, sent his famous message to Henry, that on the day of his appointment he should fall by his dagger. If a Roman precedent for action were needed there was one for that, — since Brutus had stabbed Cæsar.

The plan was abandoned as suddenly as it had been formed. There is no proof whatever that Patrick Henry approved it or would have accepted the appointment. He was at home in the country from illness and may not even have heard of the scheme. Absurdest of all absurd things would have been the selection of Henry as "temporary tyrant under the name of dictator" — Jefferson's phrase in allusion to the plan — when the burden of his great speech on the Stamp Act had been that George III. was a tyrant and might meet with the fate of Cæsar. In the absence of nearly all information as to this curious affair, it may be conjectured that the plan came at last to Henry's ears, and that he desired his friends to abandon it.

So ended the year 1776 in Virginia: with great changes in her government and society; with depres-

sion, heart-burnings, and antagonisms among her public men; and before her a future which looked stormy. Washington was retiring, with a handful of men, before the British army; Congress had fled to Baltimore; the war was advancing southward; with the spring Virginia might expect to become the battle-field.

XVI.

THE HANNIBAL OF THE WEST.

VIRGINIA was not to become the field of actual fighting until some years afterwards. The enemy had selected the north as the scene of their operations, and the Commonwealth was only called upon to supply troops and stores for the Continental army. Her quota had been fixed by Congress at fifteen battalions, of which eight were already in service, and the additional seven about to be organized. The chief importance of Virginia was as a granary of provisions, to supply the necessities of the army, but she was prompt to furnish troops, and was represented upon every battle-field of the struggle. From the very first the spirit of the people had responded ardently to the call to arms. The minute-men of the Rappahannock had reflected the general sentiment in pledging themselves to defend not only Virginia but "any sister colony." Volunteer companies sprung up in every quarter and marched with or without orders. An instance is the march of Morgan's riflemen from the Shenandoah Valley to Boston. They were borderers, wearing hunting-shirts with "Liberty or Death" on their breasts in white letters. Washington met them as he was riding along his lines, when

Morgan saluted and reported: "From the right bank of the Potomac, General!" whereupon Washington dismounted, and with tears in his eyes went along the ranks, shaking hands in turn with each of the men. From this time to the end of the Revolution the Virginia troops were prominent, and often, as at Brandywine where the Third Virginia remained firm after both its flanks were turned, exhibited the best soldiership. They were especially distinguished in the dark days of the retreat through the Jerseys; bore the sufferings of Valley Forge with unfailing cheerfulness; and in the next year, and the one following, were the reliance of George Rogers Clarke in his remarkable movements against the enemy in the northwest.

What will now be briefly related was one of the most heroic achievements of an heroic epoch. The incident belongs to the history of Virginia, since the chief actor was a Virginian, his troops were Virginia troops, and the events took place on soil which was a part of Virginia. By her charter she possessed the great extent of country north of the Ohio, and in the winter of 1777 General George Rogers Clarke, a Virginian residing in Kentucky, offered to lead an expedition against the posts of the enemy at Kaskaskia and Vincennes. Clarke was a native of Albemarle; had commanded a company at the battle of Point Pleasant; and was at this time about twenty-five. He was tall and powerful in person, a man of courage and ability, and seems to have realized the importance of driving the enemy from the great region beyond the Ohio. He proposed the project to Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia; was supplied with money and four companies of Virginia troops; and in the summer of 1778 marched through the wilderness

and surprised Kaskaskia, after which he proceeded to Vincennes, and took possession of that fort also. Father Gibault, a French priest, assembled the people in church, assured them that the Americans were friends, the population "took the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia," and placing a garrison in the fort General Clarke returned to Kentucky.

During the winter intelligence reached him that the fort had been recaptured by the enemy. Colonel Hamilton, Governor of Canada, had advanced from Detroit and surprised it; and was said to intend during the spring to also recapture Kaskaskia, and then march southward and invade Kentucky. Upon receiving this intelligence Clarke determined to take the initiative, and by a decisive winter campaign break up the British programme. Colonel Hamilton was very much detested for having offered the Indians a premium for American scalps; was called for that reason the "Hair-buyer General," and the borderers responded with alacrity to the summons to march against him. Clarke set out in February (1779), with one hundred and fifty men and two pieces of artillery; and a march began nearly unparalleled in history. The cannon and a detachment were embarked in boats to ascend the Wabash, and Clarke followed with the remainder by land. The country through which they were compelled to pass was a wilderness, and the weather exceedingly cold; but the troops steadily advanced, and finally reached the point where the White River empties into the Wabash, fifteen or twenty miles from Vincennes. Any further advance now seemed impossible. The low grounds of the Wabash were under water to the depth of several feet, and it seemed out of the question to attempt to traverse

them. Clarke however resolved to make the attempt. He went in advance himself; the troops followed; and the hard struggle began.

The water was nearly frozen and often reached to the breasts of the troops, who were obliged to hold their rifles and powder above their heads as they struggled on. Boats had been provided to succor those who were exhausted; but the attempt seemed desperate. As far as the eye could see stretched a nearly unbroken expanse of water. Here and there were spots of dry land, but they were often five miles apart. The brief statement of one who was present is the best description of the scene. On the twenty-third of February they "set off to cross a plain called Horse-shoe Plain, about four miles long, all covered with water breast high. Here we expected some of our brave men must certainly perish, the water being frozen in the night, and we so long fasting. Having no other resource but wading this lake of frozen water we plunged in with courage, Colonel Clarke being first. Never were men so animated with the thought of avenging the ravages done to their back settlements as this small army was."

At last the troops succeeded in plunging through, and reached a "hill of dry land," called Warren's Island, where they were nearly in sight of Vincennes, and heard the boom of the "evening gun." From this point Clarke sent forward a messenger who was directed to tell the people that his friends might remain in their homes; the friends of the King were to "repair to the fort and join the *Hair-buyer General*." The wading was then resumed until sunset when they were in front of the place. Dividing his force Clarke advanced by the present Levee and Princeton roads, threw up breastworks, and opened fire on the fort.

The appearance of the Americans was a complete surprise to Governor Hamilton. It seemed impossible that any troops could have passed through the "Drowned Lands;" but there they were. They very much resembled devils too, for Clarke had ordered them to blacken their faces with gunpowder; for what reason we are not informed. Hamilton bravely resisted. He opened with his artillery, and for fourteen hours, and long after night, the wild landscape was lit up by quick flashes. At last the firing ceased and the men slept on their arms. At dawn Clarke summoned Hamilton to surrender at once. If he was obliged to storm the place, he said, the Governor "might depend upon such treatment as is justly due to a murderer." He added in his note to Hamilton: "Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town. For by Heaven! if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you." Hamilton's reply was a refusal to surrender; he was not "disposed to be awed," he said; and the fighting again began and was kept up obstinately.

But if not overawed the Governor at length lost hope. He sent proposing a truce, but Clarke refused to agree to it. He must "surrender at discretion;" and Colonel Hamilton surrendered (February 25, 1779). The Americans marched in with loud cheers and raised the American flag; and Hamilton was sent under guard to Williamsburg, in Virginia.[1]

[1] Governor Hamilton enjoyed the bad notoriety of having sent Simon Girty, the renegade white, at the head of five hundred Indians, to destroy the settlement at Wheeling, Virginia, in 1777. A sudden attack was made, but the families reached the stockade near, in safety. It was on this occasion that a brave young girl, named Elizabeth Zane, volunteered to bring in a keg of powder from a house in the town, un-

The capture of Vincennes has been related in detail, as the event was much more important than it may appear. Fourteen hours of fighting between two inconsiderable bodies of troops had decided who was to possess the entire region north of the Ohio. At the conclusion of peace in 1783, the principle of the *uti possedetis* was adopted by the Commissioners, empowering Great Britain and the United States to remain in possession of all the territory which they held at the termination of the war. Under this provision the Northwest territory was claimed by the American Commissioners on the ground of its capture by Clarke, and "the possession of it by the Americans at the date of the conference." The claim was acquiesced in, and the country accordingly fell to the United States.

Clarke received, in honor of his arduous march, the title of the "Hannibal of the West," and his achievement entitles him to a distinct place in American history.

XVII.

LAFAYETTE AND CORNWALLIS.

With the opening of 1781, Virginia at last felt the pressure of invasion. Hitherto she had escaped it,

der the Indian fire, and did, so escaping unharmed. The time and place were also made remarkable by the leap of Major McCulloch from a precipice one hundred feet high. It was made on horseback, and horse and rider fell into the water of a creek beneath, and reached the woods in safety under a hot fire from the enemy. These noble old legends are the true glories of American history: the race lives in them, and is best illustrated by them. It was a very great race, and faced peril without shrinking, down to the very boys and girls; and what the long years of the future will remember is this heroic phase, not the treaties and protocols of American history.

though her sea-coast was undefended, the country without military posts, and the population drained of its fighting material.

Few events of general interest had marked the years from the beginning of the war. The Assembly had been busy devising ways and means for supplying the Continental army; had enacted that "no more slaves were to be imported into Virginia" (1778); and had adopted the singular course of *attainting for treason* a marauder, named Phillips, who, at the head of a band of outlaws had committed outrages in Princess Anne, alleging that he acted *under authority from Lord Dunmore.* This plea did not avail him, and he was hung as a *traitor*, when it would seem that his proper punishment ought to have been as a bandit.

With the exception of these intestine troubles, Virginia remained at peace, although the enemy had landed once or twice and committed a few ravages. In 1779 Thomas Jefferson was elected Governor to succeed Patrick Henry, who was no longer eligible, and in the year 1781 came the last scenes of the war on the soil of Virginia.

It is difficult to convey an impression of the gloom and despondency of the country at this moment. We are too much in the habit of remembering Yorktown and forgetting what preceded it. Never had the American cause been in a more desperate condition. The country from north to south was nearly in despair. Its entire resources seemed to have been drained from it, and the bravest men began to ask themselves whether it were worth while to continue the struggle. The army was in a wretched condition: they were "poorly clothed, badly fed, and worse paid, some of them not having

received a paper dollar for near twelve months; exposed to winter's piercing cold; to drifting snows and chilling blasts, with no protection but old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls, and but one blanket between three men," according to the report of General Wayne. And worse than all, the enemy had seized the occasion to circulate proclamations among them, inviting them to desert their flag. Even Washington almost despaired, and all his hope now was from a foreign loan. He wrote to Colonel Laurens, American minister at Paris (March, 1781): —

"Day does not follow night more certainly than it brings with it some additional proof of the impracticability of carrying on the war without the aids you were directed to solicit. As an honest and candid man I assert this, that without a foreign loan, our present force, which is but the remnant of an army, cannot be kept together this campaign. . . . We are at this hour suspended in the balance."

Such was the state of affairs when the enemy determined to invade Virginia. It was singular that they had not done so before. The State was entirely defenseless; she had stripped herself bare to supply the army with fighting material, and the whole country below the mountains was absolutely unprotected, except by the militia, composed for the most part of old men and boys.

With January (1781), the invasion came. In the December preceding, General Benedict Arnold, who had betrayed André to his death while engaged in betraying the American cause, had been placed in command of about seventeen hundred men; had landed at Portsmouth in Chesapeake Bay; and now in the first days

of January (1781), sailed up James River to Westover, with a force of nine hundred men, and, landing there, marched on Richmoud, twenty-five miles above. There was nothing to oppose him. Baron Steuben, who had the general command of affairs in Virginia, had just sent off all the troops he could raise to General Greene; and Arnold thus reached Richmond almost without resistance on the way. He entered the town, which was then a place of about three hundred houses, and was fired on by a body of militia numbering two hundred; but these retreated up the river, and the place was occupied by the enemy (January 5, 1781).

This was long a sore subject with Jefferson and his friends. He was charged, not only with a want of military ability, and the loss of his self-possession, but with timidity. The last charge is unsupported; the other criticisms may have been just. But it is difficult to see what more he could have done under the circumstances. He had promptly called out the militia, but the country had just been stripped of men to supply the army in the Carolinas. Only two hundred had assembled, and this force was insufficient to oppose a body of nine hundred regulars. Jefferson seeing that the place was defenseless, threw five pieces of cannon into the river, removed the gunpowder in the town to the arsenal at Westham, some miles above, and then rode down on horseback to watch the further movements of the enemy. Arnold now had possession of Richmond, and proceeded to burn the warehouses and public buildings. A cavalry detachment under Colonel Simcoe was sent to Westham, where the powder was thrown into the canal and the arsenal burned. During the following night Richmond "resounded with the drunken orgies of the sol-

diery;" and then Arnold returned to Westover and thence to Portsmouth, harassed on the way by the Virginia militia.

With the spring came the real invasion. The enemy had plainly determined to carry the war into Virginia, and there everything was now concentrating. Lord Cornwallis, who had disembarrassed himself of General Greene in the Carolinas, was on his march to form a junction with a British force on its way to Virginia, and the Commonwealth, it was supposed, would fall an easy prey. The prospect was inviting. The fall of the great rebel province, solidly thrust into the centre of the confederacy and alimenting its armies, would end the contest; and to reduce it under British sway was now the work expected of Lord Cornwallis.

In April General Phillips, with a force of two thousand five hundred men, ascended James River, drove off a body of militia at Petersburg, burned the warehouses there, and then marched northward toward Richmond destroying as he went. Opposite the place, then an inconsiderable town, he was forced to pause. The hills north of the river were lined with American troops; and the force proved to be a body of twelve hundred regulars sent by Washington, under command of the Marquis de Lafayette, to defend Virginia. This ardent young Frenchman, who was at the time only twenty-three, had offered to serve as a volunteer in the American cause, without pay, and in any capacity; but Congress had commissioned him Major-general, and he had soon secured the confidence of Washington. His assignment to the command of a detached corps, on so important an arena as Virginia, indicated the fact; and from the beginning to the end of the campaign the young

soldier justified the confidence reposed in him. General Phillips declined to attack him at Richmond, and returned toward Petersburg, when Lafayette hastened in the same direction to occupy the place before his arrival. Phillips reached it first, and was soon afterwards saluted by a cannonade from the Appomattox hills. To this he scarcely made any reply. He lay at "Bollingbrook," a mansion in the suburbs, burnt up with fever, and soon afterwards sunk under it and expired. His last pathetic words were, "They will not let me die in peace," and he was buried with military honors in the Old Blandford graveyard, — "the proudest man, Jefferson said, "of the proudest nation upon earth."

In May, Lord Cornwallis arrived and took command of all the forces in Virginia, amounting to eight or ten thousand men, of whom about one half were at Petersburg. Lafayette's force was twelve hundred regulars, three thousand militia, and about fifty cavalry, who had before them the discouraging prospect of meeting the numerous and "excellent cavalry" of Colonel Tarleton, who had committed so many outrages in the Carolinas. Lord Cornwallis seems to have looked forward to an easy victory over his young adversary, and wrote in an intercepted letter, "The boy cannot escape me." The first movements of Lafayette seemed to indicate a desire to escape. He was at "Wilton," on James River, below Richmond; promptly retired as Lord Cornwallis advanced; and during the whole month of May and a part of June continued the same maneuvers. Falling back toward the Rappahannock, he obstinately declined being brought to battle; and after following him as far as the North Anna, Lord Cornwallis halted, apparently in despair of coming up with him.

Ravages followed in every quarter. Tarleton's cavalry, in their white uniforms, proved themselves the scourge of Virginia, as they had been the scourge of the Carolinas. They went with torch and sword through the whole James River region; burned houses, carried off horses, cutting the throats of those which were too young to use; and made a dash to capture the Assembly, then in session at Charlottesville, and Governor Jefferson at his home of Monticello. The Assembly-men scattered in dismay, and Jefferson escaped into the neighboring mountain; and Colonel Tarleton, with seven captured law-makers of the Assembly, returned to the low lands.

The only prospect of an engagement between Lafayette and Cornwallis was when the latter made a movement to capture the stores at Albemarle Old Courthouse. By a rapid march Lafayette interposed and offered battle; but Lord Cornwallis, who seemed so eager, declined to attack his adversary; and in the latter part of June retired slowly in the direction of the coast. Lafayette steadily followed. He had been reënforced on the Rapidan by nine hundred Pennsylvanians under General Anthony Wayne, the brave Pennsylvanian, who had been shot down at Stony Point, but had exclaimed to his men, "Carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column!" He had also been joined by an additional force of militia under General Steuben, and cautiously followed Lord Cornwallis down the Peninsula, between the James and York. An indecisive encounter took place at Williamsburg between the American advance force and the British rear, and a more important engagement followed at the old locality of Jamestown.

This affair nearly proved a serious blow to Lafayette, and was a proof of the good generalship of Lord Cornwallis. Sending emissaries into the American lines to report that he had crossed James River with the bulk of his force, Cornwallis laid an ambuscade, and induced General Wayne to attack him. A heavy fog assisted this ruse, and Wayne hurried forward to assail, as he supposed, the British rear-guard. In place of the rear-guard he encountered the British army, and was attacked by an overpowering force in front and flank. He narrowly escaped destruction, and only extricated himself by directing a sudden charge, and then as suddenly retreating. The maneuver was so skillfully executed that Lord Cornwallis was unable to again strike him; and crossing the James with his forces he fell back to Portsmouth and then to Yorktown.

Such had been the result of the great invasion of Virginia. In a military point of view little had been effected, but its effects had been disastrous. All Tidewater Virginia had been swept as by a tornado. The growing crops had been destroyed; the grain burned in the mills; the plantations laid waste; and the horses and cattle either killed or carried off. Thirty thousand negroes had been taken away; of whom twenty-seven thousand are said to have died of the small-pox or camp fever. The destruction of property was estimated at thirteen millions sterling.

The only commentary made by Lafayette was that he "had given his lordship the disgrace of a retreat," and forced him to the *cul de sac* of Yorktown, where he must fight.

XVIII.

YORKTOWN.

In the first days of autumn (1781), few persons in England or America suspected that the Revolution, with its shifting scenes and varying fortunes, was approaching its end. The British Government seemed as resolute as ever to continue hostilities until the American rebels submitted. Sir Henry Clinton occupied New York; and Lord Cornwallis, after marching nearly unopposed through Virginia, had retired to the strong position of Yorktown, to await reënforcements. With the coming spring it seemed probable that a last campaign would decide the struggle, and force the worn-out rebels to surrender at discretion.

Suddenly the whole prospect changed. Late in August Lafayette sent a dispatch to Washington on the Hudson, opposite New York, that the Count de Grasse, commanding a French fleet, had sailed from St. Domingo for Chesapeake Bay, to coöperate in the movements against Lord Cornwallis. At this intelligence Washington's "soul was in arms." The Count de Rochambeau had landed in Connecticut with a force of 6,000 men, and it seemed possible, with the assistance of this corps and the fleet of De Grasse, to hem in Lord Cornwallis and capture his army.

The movement was at once decided upon. All depended upon concealing it until it would be too late to reënforce Cornwallis. Camps were ostentatiously laid out, opposite New York, in sight of the enemy; a feigned assault was made on their posts; and Rochambeau moved

from Newport, as though to take part in these operations. The movement southward then followed. Once begun it was unresting. On the 20th of August (1781), the American forces crossed the Hudson; on the 22d Rochambeau arrived; on the 25th the march began; and on the 2d of September the army passed through Philadelphia without stopping, and hastened on toward the head of the Chesapeake. The shifting scenes resembled those of a "theatrical exhibition," is the comment of an eye-witness. Until the troops reached the Delaware the object of the movement was a mystery, especially to Sir Henry Clinton. Then it was seen that a great blow was to be struck in Virginia.

The march through Philadelphia was a species of triumph. The windows were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and uttering exclamations of joy. The ragged "Continentals" came first, with their torn battle-flags and cannon; and the French followed in "gay, white uniforms faced with green," to the sound of martial music. A long time had passed since Philadelphia had seen such a pageant; the last resembling it had been the splendid "Mischianza" festival, devised by poor André, in the days of the British occupation.

At the head of Elk the bulk of the forces were embarked on transports which carried them down the Chesapeake; and before the end of September the whole American army was concentrated at Williamsburg.

While these movements were taking place, important events had occurred in Virginia. Lord Cornwallis had erected works at Yorktown, and was confident of his ability to repulse any assault. The movements of Washington, and the approach of the Count de Grasse, were

both unknown to him. He felt secure in his strong position, with only Lafayette opposed to him, and awaited, without apprehension, until he was reënforced by Sir Henry Clinton, or a fleet was sent to transfer him to New York.

The movements of Lafayette ought to have warned him of his danger. A net was already drawn around him. While the main American force was facing him at Williamsburg, General Wayne, and General Nelson, who had succeeded Jefferson as Governor, were sent south of James River to prevent his escape to North Carolina. Lord Cornwallis was thus hemmed in by land, and the arrival of De Grasse would completely cut off his retreat by water. Lafayette was in the highest spirits. In a dispatch to Washington, he wrote: "Adieu, my dear General: I heartily thank you for having ordered me to remain in Virginia, and to your goodness to me I am owing the most beautiful prospect I may ever behold."

The beautiful prospect was the capture of Lord Cornwallis; and the arrival of the French fleet (August 28, 1781), seemed to render that event nearly certain. De Grasse appeared in the Chesapeake; four men-of-war were sent to blockade the mouth of the York; and a force of about three thousand men landed to reënforce Layfayette.

In the midst of these movements a British fleet, of twenty ships, commanded by Admiral Graves, made its appearance at the mouth of the Chesapeake. De Grasse promptly sailed out to attack it, and a sharp action followed (September 7, 1781). Both sides sustained injuries, but at sunset De Grasse retired, with two ships which he had captured, and Admiral Graves disappeared with his fleet northward.

This engagement had taken place withiu hearing of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. The distant cannonade must have filled him with solicitude. His perilous situation was now plain to him, and he sent urgent messages to Clinton to reënforce him. Instead of the reënforcements the American army made its appearance, commanded by Washington.

The Commander-in-chief reached Williamsburg before the troops, on the 14th of September, and on the 18th visited the Count de Grasse on board his flagship, the Ville de Paris, in Lynhaven Bay. De Grasse was plain and prompt in manners, and received his visitor with every mark of respect. The ships were manned, and a salute fired; and Washington dined, and remained in consultation with the Count until sunset. The plan of operations was agreed upon, and was to be carried into effect on the arrival of the American troops. Washington then returned to Williamsburg, in the midst of a second salute from the French ships.

On the 25th of September the American forces were concentrated at Williamsburg, and ready to march on Yorktown. They numbered eleven or twelve thousand regulars, and about five thousand militia under General Nelson; and (September 28, 1781), the whole force advanced to attack Lord Cornwallis.

The march was a joyous affair. The troops were in the highest spirits and went on through the bright autumn weather with the light step of men who see victory hovering in the air. The French in their new uniforms, and the tattered "Old Continentals," were equally gay. To many of the former this was their first campaign, and they welcomed it with enthusiasm; to almost all of the latter the great source of rejoicing was that it

was probably their last. The war promised to come to an end now, and the weary veterans, who had followed Washington for so many years, would soon see wife and child again in the dear old home.

By sunset the little army had passed over the short distance, and bivouacked within about two miles of Yorktown.

These movements preceding the famous "Siege of Yorktown" have been noticed in some detail; they will interest the military student more than what followed them. The terrible wars of the nineteenth century have dwarfed these old skirmishes. We go back, in fancy, and listen with smiles to the shouting and hurrahing; to the patriotic acclamations, and the glowing descriptions of the great combat. The scene, we are told, was "sublime and stupendous." The bomb-shells were seen "crossing each other's path in the air, and were visible in the form of a black ball in the day, but in the night they appear like a fiery meteor, with a blazing tail, most beautifully brilliant." These fearful emissaries "ascend majestically from the mortar to a certain altitude, and gradually descend to the spot where they are destined to execute their work of destruction." One remarkable circumstance is noticed: "When a shell falls, it wheels round, burrows and excavates the earth to a considerable extent, and bursting makes dreadful havoc around." When these beautifully brilliant meteors fall in York River the sight is no less stupendous. They "throw up columns of water like the spouting monsters of the deep."

In such glowing terms does patriotic Dr. Thacher describe the fearful ordeal to which the enemy were subjected. The day of fate has dawned at last for the

detestable British. Their fearful crimes will be avenged. They are to wilt away and vanish in the midst of the havoc and destruction of this sublime and stupendous storm of meteors and monsters.

Let us attempt to close our ears to the din and see through the battle-smoke. About sixteen thousand men were attacking about eight thousand behind breastworks, and they began by shelling each other. The position of the English may be described in a few words. Yorktown was a small village on the south bank of York River, where it empties into Chesapeake Bay. On the north bank, opposite, was Gloucester Point, also held by the English. The Yorktown position was strong. It was flanked by water-courses, and the approach was difficult. Lord Cornwallis had thrown up redoubts connected by intrenchments, and in front was an abatis of felled trees, commanded by his cannon. Gloucester Point, across the river, was also fortified, and some English men-of-war lay in the York. Thus posted, Lord Cornwallis awaited attack.

Washington's line formed a crescent, the right and left resting on the water. On the right were the American troops under immediate command of Lafayette, on the left the French under command of Rochambeau. The fleet of De Grasse was in the bay cutting off the approach by water.

Affairs proceeded deliberately. A parallel was opened by the Americans within six hundred yards of the works; and (October 9, 1781), Washington himself put the match to the first gun, and the cannonade began. It was kept up, nearly without ceasing by both sides, for three or four days, and was accompanied by some interesting incidents. The "Nelson House," in York-

town, was supposed to be the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis, and General Nelson discovering that the American gunners refrained from firing at it, dismounted from his horse and directed a gun at it with his own hands. Another incident was the appearance of the venerable Secretary Nelson, who had left the town by permission of Lord Cornwallis, and reaching Washington's quarters, "related with a serene visage what had been the effect of our batteries." One spectacle furnished some justification of the excited rhetoric of the historians of the siege. Hot shot were fired at the Charon and Guadalupe, the two British men-of-war lying in the river; they were struck and set on fire, and their appearance is described as "full of terrible grandeur." The sails caught, and the flames ran to the summits of the masts, resembling immense torches. The crew of the Guadalupe managed to extinguish them and save their vessel, but the Charon fled like a mountain of fire toward the bay, and was completely destroyed.

From this moment the siege was pressed vigorously, a second parallel drawn, and Washington resolved to storm the place. It was arranged that Alexander Hamilton should lead the Americans on the right, and the Baron de Vioménil the French, holding the left. The Auvergne regiment was in front there, formerly known as the "d'Auvergne sans tache," and the men promised Vioménil that if he would have their old name restored to them they would die to the last man.

About nightfall (October 14, 1781) rockets were sent up as the signal for attack. It was made with the bayonet, without firing. The Americans passed over the abatis, with Hamilton leading them, and he was the

first to mount the works, which he did by placing his foot on the shoulder of one of his men. The redoubts were taken at the point of the bayonet, and the Americans uttered a loud cheer. On the left the work was harder; the attack had been made more deliberately, and the troops suffered heavily from having stopped to remove the abatis. Hamilton sent Vioménil word that his redoubt was carried; — where was the Baron?

"Tell the Marquis," said Vioménil, "that I am not in mine, but will be in five minutes."

The works there also were soon carried, and the Auvergne regiment won back their old name. The losses were considerable, but the whole British line of works was now captured. Small incidents of the time were afterwards recalled and recorded. Washington was in one of his batteries, awaiting the result with great anxiety. The position was exposed, and an aide-de-camp ventured to suggest the fact, when he said in his grave voice: —

"If you think so, you are at liberty to step back, sir."

A bullet struck a cannon at his side, when General Knox suddenly grasped his arm, exclaiming: —

"My dear General, we can't spare you yet."

"It is a spent ball, no harm is done," Washington replied. When the works were carried on the right and left, and the long shout of the French and Americans was heard, he turned to Knox and said: —

"The work is done, and well done."

The work was in fact done. The occupation of the outer line of redoubts by the Americans virtually decided the contest. The English still held an inner line, but these were commanded by the American artillery,

and Lord Cornwallis saw that affairs were desperate. "My situation now becomes very critical," he wrote to Sir Henry Clinton. "We dare not show a gun to their old batteries, and I expect that their new ones will open to-morrow morning." He added the magnanimous words, "I cannot recommend that the fleet and army should run great risk in endeavoring to save us;" — words that show that his lordship was a soldier and a gentleman.

Before daybreak on the 16th an effort was made to check the assailants, and Colonel Abercrombie with three hundred and fifty men, gallantly captured one of the new redoubts in front of the French. But he was soon driven out of it again, and the fate of Lord Cornwallis was decided. He made a last desperate attempt to burst out of the net tightening around him. He hoped by crossing to Gloucester Point, mounting his men, and pushing across the Rappahannock and Potomac, to reach New York. One division had actually crossed, when a great storm arose. The boats were scattered and driven down the river; the embarkation of the second division was rendered impossible, and the first division was forced finally to return to Yorktown under the fire of the American cannon.

This was the end. Lord Cornwallis sent a flag to Washington (October 17, 1781), proposing a cessation of the firing for twenty-four hours, to discuss terms of surrender. But Washington would only consent that the firing should cease for two hours, during which time he requested that his lordship would make his proposal. This was necessary; every hour counted now. British reënforcements might arrive at any moment. If Lord Cornwallis were going to surrender, the business might be transacted without delay. Commissioners were ac-

cordingly appointed and met at the Moore House — the old "Temple Farm," which had once been the residence of Governor Alexander Spotswood. The terms were transcribed and sent to Lord Cornwallis early on the morning of the 19th; and Washington requested him to return them signed by eleven in the forenoon, and that the garrison should march out at two on the same afternoon.

The terms were assented to, and the capitulation signed by Lord Cornwallis. The British forces were surrendered as prisoners of war to the combined armies: the marine forces to the French, and the land forces to the Americans. The officers were to retain their side-arms, and both officers and soldiers their private property.

At about noon (October 19, 1781), the American army was drawn up in two lines about a mile long, on the right and left of a road running through the fields south of Yorktown. On the right were the American troops under personal command of Washington, on the left the French under Rochambeau; and a great crowd of people had hastened to witness the ceremony. It took place at the hour appointed. The British troops marched slowly out of Yorktown, with drums beating but colors cased, — an indignity which had been inflicted on General Lincoln at Charleston. The English commander did not appear. General O'Hara, who was in command, rode up to Washington, saluted, and apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis, who was unwell. Washington saluted in response, and pointed to General Lincoln as the officer who would receive the surrender. O'Hara then presented Lord Cornwallis' sword to Lincoln, it was at once returned to him, and

the surrender was over. The British marched between the American lines to a field near at hand, where they stacked arms. Their demeanor was gloomy and incensed. Some of them hurled their muskets on the ground, and Colonel Abercrombie bit the hilt of his sword from rage. The troops were then marched back to Yorktown under an American guard.

On this same day, and nearly at the hour when Lord Cornwallis surrendered, Sir Henry Clinton sailed from New York with thirty-five ships and seven thousand men to reënforce him.

XIX.

THE CONSTITUTION.

THE surrender of Lord Cornwallis virtually terminated the Revolutionary War. In the spring of the next year Lord North retired and was succeeded by the Marquis of Rockingham, at the head of an anti-war ministry. Orders were sent to the British commanders in America to discontinue hostilities; and (September 3, 1783), a definitive treaty of peace was signed, by which Great Britain recognized the independence of the American Colonies.

After a long and often doubtful struggle, the Americans had thus achieved their independence. What were they to do with it? As long as the war continued it was useless to agitate that question. Now it pressed upon the country and must be decided. The old Articles of Confederation, framed during the storm and stress of the first years of the struggle, were felt to be "a rope of sand." The American States were either to set up as separate nations, or to enter into a durable

union; and the latter policy was strongly urged by Virginia. It is necessary to state this fact; the "States-right," record of the Commonwealth has produced the impression that the sentiment of union was not strong in the people. The contrary is the fact. From the first, the Virginians were the foremost advocates of union, and made every sacrifice to effect it.

To bring it about, Virginia began by surrendering a principality. The entire region beyond the Ohio, now the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, was a part of her domain under her charter. Her right to it rested upon as firm a basis as the right of any other Commonwealth to her own domain, and if there was any question of the Virginia title by charter, she could assert her right by conquest. The region had been wrested from the British by a Virginian commanding Virginia troops; the people had taken "the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia;" and her title to the entire territory was thus indisputable. Nevertheless it was called in question. It was said that the American Union — before there was any union — had *succeeded to all the rights of the Crown*. But the reply to this was fatal. The Crown had ruled as of sovereign right; had appointed governors, privy councilors, magistrates, and military officials; and had vetoed the legislation of the Colonies at its will. The true theory was unassailable. The country north of the Ohio River was a part of Virginia under her original charter; remained a portion of her domain when, in May 1776, she declared herself an independent Commonwealth, before there was any union; and she herself succeeded to all the rights of the Crown.

These rights she now abandoned; and her action was

the result of an enlarged patriotism and devotion to the cause of union. The Articles of Confederation had not been adopted by all the Colonies; some of them still held back. They were unwilling to recognize the Virginia title, but would "accede to the Confederation provided Congress would fix the western limits of *the States claiming to extend to the Mississippi, or the South Sea.*" The issue was thus distinctly presented; the surrender of the territory and union, or its retention and disunion. Virginia decided for union, and (January, 1781), agreed to cede the country to the Federal government; in 1783 Congress accepted her terms; and in 1787 passed an ordinance for the government of the territory.

This stumbling-block had thus been removed by the magnanimity of Virginia, and the Colonies holding back had signed the Articles of Confederation. These were now, however, seen to be wholly inadequate to the government of the country; and in January, 1786, Virginia recommended a General Convention to make such alterations in the old articles as were necessary for "the exigencies of the Union." The rest of the States acquiesced, and (May 25, 1787), all but Rhode Island met in consultation at Philadelphia. Washington was elected President of the Convention, and it at once proceeded to the great business before it. The discussion of the terms of the proposed Union lasted from spring to autumn, and was conducted with great excitement, and often with bitterness. The smaller States were under the apprehension that they were to be sacrificed to the larger, but these fears were at length overcome, and (September 17, 1787), a Constitution was agreed upon which was to be submitted to conventions of the people of the several States, to be by them adopted or rejected.

A passionate agitation followed in Virginia. The people were divided into two great parties, and the Constitution was supported or denounced in discussions of unheard-of bitterness. Nothing else was spoken of. Speakers traveled over the State addressing the people of every county. In town and country the only topic was the "new plan of government."

The Virginia Convention met at Richmond, now the seat of government (June 2, 1788), and consisted of one hundred and sixty-eight members. Edmund Pendleton was elected President, and the struggle at once began. To conceive an idea of its vehemence it is necessary to read the old volume containing a report of the debates. It was a bitter and prolonged conflict, and the first men of the Commonwealth were arrayed against each other. Patrick Henry was passionately opposed to the new Constitution. He said that he "saw poison under its wings;" and that it "squinted toward monarchy;" that it was naked consolidation; surrendered the rights of the States; and evil was certain to arise from it. Personal attacks were made on the motives and consistency of members. Henry and his old friend Edmund Randolph had a sharp passage-of-arms, and Henry exclaimed: "If our friendship must fall, let it fall like Lucifer, never to rise again!" He was supported in his opposition by George Mason and James Monroe. Mason had set his face against the instrument in Philadelphia, and now again denounced it. It was a *national* not a *federal* government, he declared; the power conferred on the President was overwhelming; the Supreme Court, which was to judge of the law and the fact, would destroy the liberties of the people. He and Madison, like Henry and Randolph, came nearly to personal col-

lision, and the struggle went on obstinately. The Constitution had strong supporters. John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, was its persistent advocate. He was an immense power in himself, and had at his back Edmund Pendleton, James Innes, Francis Corbin, George Nicholas, and General Henry Lee, the "Light Horse Harry" of the war; above all James Madison, who fought for the Constitution at every step, and was the leader of the party in favor of it, as Patrick Henry was the leader of the party opposed to it.

The struggle continued until the latter part of June. Then it was seen that the Constitution would be adopted if the amendments proposed by Virginia were concurred in. The important question next arose whether these amendments should be previous or subsequent; whether Virginia should insist upon them as conditions precedent to her ratification, or leave them for subsequent legislation. The latter course was decided upon, and (June 25, 1788), the final vote was taken. Eighty-nine votes were cast in the affirmative and seventy-nine in the negative. Virginia had thus ratified the Federal Constitution by a majority of ten, in a Convention consisting of one hundred and sixty-eight members. The form of the ratification gave rise later to interminable discussions. Virginia had declared that "the powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same may be perverted to their injury or oppression; and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will." It was not maintained by any statesman of that time, that the phrase "the people of the United States," signified the people of

the whole country welded into one nation, in which the majority was to rule without regard to State boundaries. That theory was reserved for the after-time, and has not yet established itself. What the future will bring is yet to be seen. The Virginia amendments were generally adopted, and the Constitution went into operation. Washington was elected President by a unanimous vote, and the career of the American Republic thus began.

XX.

MODERN VIRGINIA.

THE adoption of the Federal Constitution marks the limits of a history of Virginia proper. Henceforth the affairs of the Commonwealth are inseparably bound up with those of the whole country, and to write the history of the one would be to write the history of the other.

That subject is much too large for a work like the present, which has had a distinct aim, — to trace the origin and development of Virginia society through its various phases until it assumed the aspect which it presents in the nineteenth century. It is impossible to treat here of the rise and progress of parties, of the views of the people on questions of foreign and domestic policy, and all that properly constitutes the political history of a country. Such a narrative would be voluminous, and exceed the limits proposed to himself by the author of this work. Other objections exist to a detailed history of the post-Revolutionary epoch. Up to the period of the great civil convulsion, the events of Virginia history are comparatively uninteresting. At long intervals an

incident occurs deserving attention, but these incidents are few in number, — what chiefly attracts notice and requires mention, is the change in society following the ascendency of the Republican party under the leadership of Jefferson, which began with the beginning of the century.

After the year 1800 Virginia gradually assumed a new physiognomy. Dress and manners underwent a change. The aristocratic planter of the eighteenth century, with his powder and silk stockings, gave place to the democratic citizen, with his plain clothes and plain manners. The theories of Jefferson, who received the name of the "Apostle of Democracy," were adopted as the rule of society, and pervaded the entire community. Class distinctions were ignored as a remnant of social superstition. The country was disposed to laugh even at the manners of the first administration, when President Washington received Congress, standing grandly in full court costume, sword at side, offering no one his hand, and never relaxing from his august dignity. The people much preferred Jefferson, the head of the new order of things, who was familiar with every one, tied his shoes with a leathern string, rode to the Capitol without an escort, and would not allow himself to be addressed as "Your Excellency," or even as "Honorable." Democratic equality had become the watchword, and controlled society; a brusque address had taken the place of the old ceremonious courtesy; and the States-rights party in Virginia, as elsewhere, seemed to have sworn, not only political but social antagonism to the old Federal party.

Many of the descendants of the former planters continued to cling to the past, and lament the change which

had taken place; but it was seen, even by these, that the old régime had passed away never to return. The style of living of the eighteenth century was no longer possible. The descendant of the "nabob" had become a gentleman of limited means. The old plantation of thousands of acres had dwindled down to a few hundreds. The traditional influence of the ancient families had in large measure disappeared with their great landed possessions; and it was plain that the inexorable nineteenth century was slowly effacing the impression of the preceding age from Virginia society.

The change was gradual, and is still in progress, but cannot be said to have essentially altered the peculiar characteristics of the race. The old manner of living has disappeared with failing fortunes, and the energy of the nineteenth century is steadily infusing itself into the Virginia blood; but the traits of the people remain nearly the same. The Virginian of the present time has ingrained in his character the cordial instincts, and spirit of courtesy and hospitality which marked his ancestors. He has the English preference for the life of the country to the life of the city; is more at home among green fields and rural scenes than in streets; loves horses and dogs, breeds of cattle, the sport of fox-hunting, wood-fires, Christmas festivities, the society of old neighbors, political discussions, traditions of this or that local celebrity, and to entertain everybody to the extent of, and even beyond his limited means. Many of these proclivities have been laughed at, and the people have been criticized as provincial and narrow-minded; but after all it is good to love one's native soil, and to cherish the home traditions which give character to a race. Of the Virginians it may be said that

they have objected in all times to being rubbed down to a uniformity with all the rest of the world, and that they have generally retained the traits which characterized their ancestors.

The last years of the century were marked by the great struggle between the Federalists and Republicans, and the action of Virginia on the Alien and Sedition Laws. These acts of the Adams administration, aimed at French emissaries who were disturbing the public peace, punished with fine and imprisonment all persons who should utter or print "false, scandalous, and malicious" charges against the Government, Congress, or President; and empowered the President to send out of the country "all such aliens as he shall judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States." At these enactments Virginia took fire. They were denounced as a gross invasion of the liberty of the citizen, and Jefferson, the leader of the Republican party, sent to Kentucky a series of resolutions which were passed by the Assembly there in November, 1798, asserting that all acts of the General government, exceeding the powers delegated by the Constitution, were "void and of no effect," and that each party to the federal compact had "an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress." This action of Kentucky, the daughter of Virginia, was soon followed in Virginia. The State began to arm. The Assembly directed the erection of two arsenals and an armory sufficient to store ten thousand muskets; and (December 2, 1798) passed, by a vote of one hundred against sixty-three, the celebrated "Resolutions of '98–'99."

These resolutions are the authoritative exposition of

the fundamental principle of the Virginia States'-rights party — that a strict, not a latitudinarian construction must be placed on the powers granted to the Federal government. They declared that the people of Virginia were warmly attached to the Union; that they were ready to maintain and defend it; but that the authority of the General government was limited by the plain meaning and intent of the compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, the States have the right, and ought to interpose. The Alien and Sedition Laws were declared to be an exercise of such *other powers* — the first of a power not delegated, and the last of a power forbidden. Against both the Virginia Assembly protested, referring to the terms in which the State had ratified the Federal Constitution, and a solemn appeal was made to the other States to unite with the Commonwealth in her protest.

It is not necessary here to enter into any discussion of these resolutions; but it is curious to notice how the practical importance of the principles laid down in them, came in time to be denied. An eminent statesman and writer of the last generation, John Pendleton Kennedy, said: "These resolutions, so noted, have already served out their time, and have been *cast into the great receptacle of abstractions*. . . . . They are now seen only as a buoy floating where *there is no shoal*." Events occurring on Virginia soil about ten years afterwards were a terrible commentary on this dictum of one of the most intelligent Americans of his time.

In the midst of the political turmoil, the two greatest Virginians of the century expired. Patrick Henry died in June, and Washington in December, 1799; and the

disappearance of these two great figures profoundly impressed the people. The passionate eloquence of one had aroused the colonies to resistance, and the soldiership of the other had placed America among the nations of the world. These two men had filled so great a space in the history of the country, that they fell like monarchs, and the old age with its great actors seemed to have passed away with them. Both died in the Christian faith, and Henry wrote in his will, "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they have that and I had not given them one shilling they would be rich; and if they have not that and I had given them all this world they would be poor."

Two trials which took place in Virginia in the first years of the new century, assumed the importance of historical events. One of these was the trial in 1800 of John Thompson Callender, under the Alien and Sedition Laws, for attacking President Adams in an acrimonious pamphlet styled, "The Prospect Before Us." The attack was not only violent — what was much worse, it was amusing. Mr. Adams was described as a "hoary-headed incendiary," who floated on "a mere bladder of popularity;" and never "opened his lips, or lifted his pen without threatening and scolding." The design of the scold and incendiary was said to be to betray the American people "into an alliance with the British tyrant;" and on these false and scandalous charges, Callender, who lived at Petersburg, was arrested, and arraigned before Judge Chase, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

The trial took place at Richmond (June, 1800), and

proved a farce, except to the unlucky Callender. Judge Chase lost his temper; the counsel for the defense retired from the case; and under the instructions of the court that the laws were there and ought to be respected, the jury found Callender guilty, and fixed his punishment at two hundred dollars fine, and nine months' imprisonment. Such was the issue of this famous case. It had far-reaching consequences. The Federalists had signed their own death-warrant. The Alien and Sedition Laws were already immensely unpopular. The whole country rose in indignation. And at the next Presidential election Thomas Jefferson, the head of the Republican party, became President of the United States.

The second trial alluded to was that of Aaron Burr for treason against the United States. This remarkable person, as much distinguished for ability as for his want of principle, had been a great political power in New York; had nearly defeated Jefferson for the Presidency, and been chosen Vice-President; but, losing public confidence, had conceived the design either of invading Mexico, or of separating the Southwestern States from the Union. He was arrested in the midst of his operations and brought to Richmond, where he was arraigned on the charge of treason. Judge Marshall presided, and the trial became a great political combat. President Jefferson was known to be bitterly hostile to his old opponent, and interposed in the case. He was charged with saying that the "impudent Federal bulldog," Luther Martin, counsel for Burr, must be "muzzled;" and Federalists and Republicans hastened to take sides and make the affair a political issue. The only person who remained calm was the Judge, John Marshall. He held the balances in his firm grasp and

opposed his judicial authority to that of Jefferson, who was throwing the whole weight of his official influence against Burr. He even proceeded to the length of dining with Burr, which subjected him to bitter criticism; but it was not the habit of this great man to care for criticism in the discharge of his duty. In spite of every attempt to convict Burr, the jury, with John Randolph of Roanoke, for foreman, brought in the verdict: "Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty, under the indictment, by any evidence submitted to us;" and the political intriguer who had slain Hamilton, and shipwrecked a great career by trickery and deceit, was discharged from custody.

This trial is remarkable for the association in it of three celebrated figures. The one was John Marshall, the great republican judge, who, after fighting in the Revolution, had returned to Virginia, paid his last guinea to the clergyman who married him, and had steadily risen to the greatest offices in the gift of the people, until he became the head of the Federal judiciary, where he threw the weight of his immense intellect in favor of the Federal construction of the Constitution. The second figure, Randolph of Roanoke, was that of the eccentric politician, the wonderful orator, the master of philippic, who, beginning his long career by making his first public speech against Patrick Henry's last, was to become the great States-right champion, and to die in harness, denouncing Jackson for his Force proclamation against South Carolina. The third figure was that of Burr, the serene and smiling political gymnast, who had narrowly escaped becoming President of the United States, but had overreached himself, and from this time forward was a wanderer on the face of the

earth. It was a singular chance which had thus brought for a moment, face to face with each other, these three contrasted types of American character.

Two sinister events of the first half century, were the servile insurrections headed by Gabriel and Turner: the one in 1800, and the other in 1831. The immediate cause of these strange affairs has never been ascertained; as far as the record goes they were both the result of a frenzied desire to shed blood, without further aims. Gabriel, the leader of the first rising in the summer of 1800, was a slave belonging to a farmer near Richmond, about twenty-four years of age, tall and powerful in person, and with a grim and "insidious" face scarred by fighting. He drew a large number of negroes into his plot: to attack Richmond, put the citizens to death, seize the public arms, and produce a general insurrection. Assembling a force, armed with scythe blades, on a night of August, he marched on Richmond, but was stopped by a violent storm. A creek in front was found to be impassable, and intelligence reached Gabriel that his plot was discovered. The insurgents at once scattered and took refuge in the woods and swamps. Many were captured and executed, among them Gabriel, all whose ferocity abandoned him as he was conducted to the gallows.

The second insurrection took place in the county of Southampton, south of James River toward the coast, in the summer of 1831. The leader's name, in this case, was Nat Turner, a negro of feeble person but great cunning. He passed, among his people, as a prophet, and, like Gabriel, conceived the design of exterminating the whites. He seems to have had no express provocation. He afterwards stated that his master had always

treated him kindly, and his motives remain unknown. His proceedings were singular. He traced with blood, on a sheet of paper, mystic numbers and the figures of a sun and a crucifix; showed the paper mysteriously to the negroes; informed them that great events were near; and the whole black population soon thrilled with vague excitement. Turner is said to have traveled with his bloody hieroglyphics, through the whole south-side of James River, but the subsequent rising was confined to Southampton. The brutal details of what followed, may be summed up in a few words. Turner attacked his master's house (August 21, 1831), killed him and his wife and children with the axe; plundered the establishment; proceeded further and killed a lady and her ten children; then a number of school-girls in an old field-school; and lastly a lady and all her children, who were shot down as they endeavored to escape. The negroes were now drunk with blood, and marched on Jerusalem, the county-seat. But the county had been aroused. A party of citizens, armed with guns, attacked them and they fled to the swamps, where many of them were killed and the rest captured. Fifty-five white persons had been put to death, almost all of them women and children, and twenty-one of the insurgents were brought back to Jerusalem. Of these, thirteen were hung, among them Nat Turner, who never explained his motives in the insurrection.

The origin of these uprisings, the first and last which have taken place in Virginia, is unknown. The plausible theory that they were the result of cruelty is not supported by the facts. It is to be presumed that if cruelty had been exercised the fact would have been urged in mitigation of punishment; but the plea was

not made, and Turner expressly disclaimed it. The naked fact remains, that the two leaders worked on the passions and superstition of their people; persuaded them that the time had come to put the white race to death; and that they proceeded to do so.

A terrible domestic tragedy was the destruction, by fire, of the theatre at Richmond (December 26, 1811), by which seventy persons were burned to death, or afterwards died of their injuries. The fire took place during the performance of a drama called "The Bleeding Nun," and was caused by a spark falling on the curtain of the stage. The scene which followed was piteous. The people in the pit escaped easily, but those in the boxes crowded together in the narrow lobby and were unable to extricate themselves. The house was soon a mass of flames and suffocating vapor. Piercing cries were heard; the strong trampled on the weak; the clothes of men and women caught fire; many leaped from the windows and were maimed or killed; the spectacle was heart-rending. In the midst of the terror there were incidents which touch the common heart of all humanity. Fathers who were separated from their children rushed back into the flames to save them. Husbands and wives refused to leave each other and died together. The cry of a bereaved father to another expresses the anguish of the time: "Yesterday a beloved daughter gladdened my heart by her innocent smiles; to-day she is in heaven. My dear, dear, Margaret, and your sweet Mary, with her companions, passed together, and at once, into a happier world." Many distinguished persons perished, among them the Governor of Virginia; and the Senate of the United States, adopting the same action as the Virginia Assembly, resolved, that the mem-

bers would wear crape for thirty days as a testimony of the public mourning.

A single event connected Virginia with the War of 1812–13. Admiral Cockburn, commanding a British fleet, had laid waste the banks of the Chesapeake and committed outrages which drew down public execration upon his head; but a force of Virginians, at Craney Island (June 22, 1813), repulsed an assault of the enemy; Norfolk was preserved from plunder; and the British fleet soon afterwards disappeared.

The year 1819 was marked by the establishment of the University of Virginia, — the pet project of Thomas Jefferson, who took the warmest interest in it, and saw it go into successful operation. Some dates in reference to additional collegiate institutes in Virginia may interest the reader. Others already existing, or soon established, were William and Mary, at Williamsburg, which continued to hold an important position; Hampden-Sydney, in Prince Edward (Presbyterian), founded in 1774; Randolph-Macon, now at Ashland, 1832; and Emory and Henry, in Washington, 1838 (both Methodist); the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, 1823 (Episcopal); Richmond College, at Richmond, 1840 (Baptist); Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, 1782; and the Virginia Military Institute, also at Lexington, opened in 1839.

In 1829 a convention assembled at Richmond to revise the Constitution, which is said to have embraced more distinguished men than any other public body which ever sat in the United States. Among these were two ex-Presidents, Madison and Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall, John Randolph, and other Virginians

who had occupied important positions under the State or Federal government. The Convention sat throughout the winter of 1829–30, and discussed elaborately every question connected with the right of suffrage. Important changes were made in the old Constitution, but it is not now necessary to particularize them since a second Virginia Convention in 1850 continued the work; other changes, made since the Civil War, have in turn revolutionized the whole instrument; and the Constitution of Virginia in 1882, bears little resemblance to that framed by the Virginians of 1776.

Virginia had remained firmly attached to the principle of States-rights set forth at the end of the century, and the seven States'-rights presidents selected from her soil seem to indicate that the American people have had faith in the principle. In the year 1832 President Jackson re-aroused this dangerous issue. His design to use armed force, to coerce South Carolina into obedience to the Federal authority, was resolutely opposed by Virginia; and John Randolph, the representative in all years of Virginia sentiment, rose from his sick-bed to travel through the country and bitterly denounce the administration. The position assumed by Virginia was, however, that of a pacificator, which she was afterwards to assume on a greater occasion. She sent Benjamin Watkins Leigh, one of her most illustrious citizens, as a commissioner to South Carolina, and the storm which threatened the Union was for the time dissipated.

With these events beyond her border, as with the Mexican War in 1846, and other national occurrences, Virginia had no further connection than through the part borne in them by her citizens. The Commonwealth remained at peace and no internal dissensions agi-

tated society. The shadow of the future had not fallen upon the land. The fields were blooming with plenty; public improvements occupied the minds of the people; and a peaceful and prosperous future seemed to be before the ancient Commonwealth. Unhappily the Virginians deceived themselves. The Power which moves nations, as the wind moves the dry leaves, was about to inflict upon the country the most terrible of all scourges, — Civil War.

XXI.

VIRGINIA LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE modern Virginia literature is essentially the same as the old, and has the same peculiar physiognomy. Both are redolent of the soil, and reflect the opinions, the modes of thought, and the point of view of the authors.

The Revolutionary period was only marked by some acrimonious pamphlets on the Two Penny Act: "An Enquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies," by Richard Bland (1766); Jefferson's "Summary View;" and "Notes on Virginia," by the same author (1782), presenting a plain and compendious account of the Commonwealth. The State papers of the time are the real Virginia literature of the period: the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, the twenty-nine numbers of the "Federalist," written by James Madison, and the Resolutions of '98, by the same author.

Early in the century appeared the "Life of Washington," by Chief Justice Marshall (5 vols., 1804–7). This work was the first great contribution to American historical literature, and was rather a political history

than a mere biography. Its tone is grave and judicial, preserving everywhere a tone of considerate courtesy, and the work deals with the great political issues of the time with candor and impartiality. A curious contrast to this important work, was a life of Washington by "Parson Weems," an eccentric clergyman, who traveled about during the first years of the century collecting every known anecdote or tradition connected with his subject. The result was a small volume which was the delight of his time. It still remains, in spite of its glaring defects, one of the books of the people, and is said to have "gone through more editions, and to have been read by more people than the lives of Marshall, Ramsay, Bancroft, and Irving put together."

An excellent military biography written in the first years of the century, was "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States" (1809), by General Henry Lee, the commander of the famous Legion in the wars of the Carolinas. This work is an important authority, is written in a spirit of great fairness, and "possesses the charm peculiar to writers who have witnessed the scenes which they describe." A new edition, with notes, was published in 1869, by General R. E. Lee, a son of the author, and the work remains the only full account of the operations in the South. Other valuable works were the "Life and Correspondence of Richard Henry Lee" (1825), and of Arthur Lee (1829), by their grandson, R. H. Lee, which present the intimate history of the times, and the great public actors. A popular biography, also essentially historic, was "Sketches of the Life of Patrick Henry" (1817), by William Wirt, who, although a native of Maryland, passed his life in Virginia. This work is

valuable as the only general biography of the great orator; but it must be added that it is excessively florid and inaccurate in essential particulars. Its fervor and rhetoric, however, continue to charm, and it is one of the most popular biographies in American literature. Valuable works of a later date, were the "Life of John Randolph" (1850), by Hugh A. Garland, and the "Life and Times of James Madison" (1859), by William C. Rives — the first, written from the States'-rights point of view, and the latter containing a vigorous exposition of the Cavalier origin of Virginia society.

Three general histories of Virginia have appeared during the century: by John Daly Burk (1804), by Robert R. Howison (1847), and by Charles Campbell (1849, revised and enlarged 1860). The last is the most important, and is a work of genuine value. The author, Mr. Charles Campbell, was a gentleman of the old school; an ardent and laborious student of Virginia antiquities; collected every known fact in regard to the history of the Commonwealth, and has produced a narrative remarkable for its research and accuracy. The author's method of simply recording the events in the order of their dates, was perhaps unfortunate; he has done so, he declares, in order to leave the conclusions to "the faculty of every man's judgment;" but the book remains the fullest repository of facts relating to the history of Virginia. A work of more contracted scope, but of peculiar interest, was Kercheval's "History of the Valley of Virginia," the most vivid and striking picture of the old life of the frontier in American literature. The author was an aged countryman of the Shenandoah Valley, who traveled to and fro on horseback through that region, collecting the traditions of the

first settlement and the Indian wars. Many aged borderers still survived, and he wrote down their statements from their own lips. They related what they had witnessed, and described the old frontier life in all its phases; and the book is thus the complete picture of an epoch. It was published in 1833 at the provincial press of Winchester, and is so similar in spirit and treatment to the Chronicles of Froissart that its author may be styled the Froissart of Virginia.

A work of unique character, which appeared in 1856, was "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia," by the venerable William Meade, Bishop of Virginia. This book was the result of original researches in the parish registers of his diocese, of the examination of family records, and the writer's recollections. It is not only a history of the Episcopal Church, but may be called the genealogical history of Virginia. The author was imbued with a strong attachment for everything connected with the past; and his work contains a multitude of details relating to old times and people in Virginia, which are not to be found anywhere else in print.

In physical science the eminent name of Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury overshadows every other. His fame was national, and his "Physical Geography," and "Wind and Current Charts," obtained for him the name of the Pathfinder of the Seas. As the head of the Hydrographical Office, Commander Maury instituted uniform observations of winds and currents, and afterwards reduced them to a system; and it is not an exaggeration to say that the commerce of the world owes him an incalculable debt.

In theology, one of the most distinguished of the

early writers was Dr. Archibald Alexander, a native of Rockbridge, but best known as Professor of Theology at Princeton College. His "Evidences of Christianity," and "Canon of Scripture," occupy a very high rank, and his memory is especially revered by the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a pastor. Bishop Meade came later, and other prominent Virginia theologians were Dr. John H. Rice, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, the author of a "Memoir of Davies;" Dr. J. B. Jeter, the author of "Campbellism Examined," and one of the ablest ministers of the Baptist Church; Dr. R. L. Dabney, the author of "Polemical Theology," and Dr. Charles Porterfield Krauth, the most distinguished American advocate of the Lutheran faith, who has translated the "Augsburg Confession," and is the author of an important treatise contrasting the Romish and Evangelical Mass.

Among the works on constitutional and other law, written in Virginia, are the "Laws of Ancient and Modern Nations," by Professor Thomas R. Dew, "Commentaries on the Laws of Virginia," by Judge Henry St. George Tucker; and excellent manuals and digests by Conway Robinson, James P. Holcombe, and others. To the former department also belong the works of John Taylor, of Caroline, early in the century: "Construction Construed," and "Tyranny Unmasked," which ardently supported the States'-rights views of Jefferson. A recent volume on the same general subject, was "Seven Decades of the Union," by Governor Henry A. Wise, in which he develops his peculiar views with characteristic vigor.

A few exquisite fugitive poems and songs have been written by Virginians: among them the "Belles of

Williamsburg," by James McClurg, in the last century, and "Days of my Youth," by St. George Tucker. This little song is said to have produced so great an impression on John Adams in his old age, that he declared he "would rather have written it than any lyric of Milton or Shakespeare." To these may be added the "Florence Vane" of Philip Pendleton Cooke, a love-song, which has had the rare good fortune to touch the popular heart; and "Slain in Battle," by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, which appeals to universal sympathy. To these might be added detached poems by James Barron Hope, the author of "Leoni de Minota," and W. Gordon McCabe, who has produced songs of great delicacy. At an earlier period Richard Dabney translated portions of Euripides, Alcœus, and Sappho, and William Munford, the Iliad of Homer, which is entitled to an honorable place in literature. Edgar A. Poe passed his early life in Virginia; but this great and sombre genius was rather a cosmopolite than a citizen of any particular State.

Virginia fiction may be said to have begun with the "Cavaliers of Virginia," and the "Knights of the Horseshoe," by William A. Carruthers; the one dealing with Bacon's Rebellion, and the other with Spotswood's march to the mountains. Some striking fictions, among them "Lionel Granby," appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger," afterwards under the supervision of a writer of elegant culture, — John R. Thompson; but these volumes first attracted attention. They are excellent romances in the style of Scott, and still retain their interest. A little later appeared "George Balcombe," and "The Partisan Leader," by Judge Beverley Tucker, the last a work of very curious interest. It was pub-

lished in 1837; but the writer laid the scene of his drama in the future, *when President Van Buren was in his third term*, and the Federal government had been consolidated into a virtual monarchy under the form of a republic. Jefferson had accused Hamilton of meaning to effect that; and now Judge Tucker, an ardent States'-right man, meant to show that it was going to be accomplished. The encroachments of the Federal government — to follow the author — have resulted in civil convulsion. The Southern States have seceded, with the exception of Virginia; and the author relates the adventures of his hero, a young Virginian, in the war which follows on Virginia soil. This singular book was thus something like a prophecy. If the events did not come so quickly as the writer fancied they would, they nevertheless came. A curious circumstance in connection with "The Partisan Leader" was its republication in New York in 1861, under the title of "A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy." The impression apparently meant to be produced was that the author had foreshadowed the designs of the Southern leaders, which was pure fancy. Of Judge Tucker, an excellent gentleman and eminent writer, the late William Gilmore Simms said: "He was a brave old Virginia gentleman, a stern States'-right doctrinaire, intense of feeling, jealous of right, in his style pure and chaste, full of energy yet full of grace." These names are the most distinguished in the department of Virginia fiction; but the name of John Pendleton Kennedy, the author of "Swallow Barn," ought not to be omitted. He was a Marylander by birth, like Wirt, of whom he wrote a delightful biography, but his mother was of a Virginia family, and "Swallow Barn" remains the best picture of Virginia country life in literature.

Under the general head of miscellany may be classed many books of interest and value. Among these are "A History of the Religious Society of Friends," 4 vols., by Samuel M. Janney; Mrs. Johnson's "Hadji in Syria;" Commander Lynch's "Expedition to the River Jordan and Dead Sea;" "Wonders of the Deep," "The Great Empress," and other works, by M. Schele de Vere; General Philip St. George Cooke's "Adventures in the Army," and "Conquest of New Mexico;" and in the department of humor, the "Native Virginian" and other productions, by Dr. George W. Bagby, which possess a peculiar charm from their fidelity and pathos. Earlier works, characteristic of the soil, were the "Nugæ by Nugator" of St. Leger Landon Carter; and the curious productions of George Fitzhugh, "Sociology for the South," and "Cannibals All," in which the author argues gravely and with apparent conviction that free society is a failure, and that *cannibalism* will be the ultimate and inevitable result of African emancipation. Of the numerous publications on the subject of the late war, it is unnecessary to speak. Their value as historic authority must be fixed by the future.

This view of Virginia literature during the present century has necessarily been brief. Only the representative books in the various departments have been spoken of; to have adopted a different method would have been to write the history of Virginia literature, — a task impossible to attempt in the present volume. The few works and writers referred to will convey an idea of the literature. If no great original genius has arisen to put the lion's paw on Virginia letters, many writers of admirable attainments and solid merit have produced works which have instructed and improved their genera-

tion; and to instruct and improve is better than to amuse. Whatever may be the true rank of the literature, it possesses a distinct character. It may be said of it with truth that it is notable for its respect for good morals and manners; that it is nowhere offensive to delicacy or piety; or endeavors to instill a belief in what ought not to be believed. It is a very great deal to say of the literature of any country in the nineteenth century.

XXII.

THE WAR OF THE SECTIONS.

THE great convulsion of 1861–65 is already a thing of the past: a remote event nearly forgotten by the present generation, and gone with other events into history. The hot passions have died out, and the old enemies have become friends again. Those who survive the war are busy with other matters; and the blue and gray who fell fighting for what each believed to be the just cause, sleep in peace side by side under the flowers scattered indifferently by friends and foes.

A detailed history of the Civil War is impossible in this volume, and a mere summary of dates and events would possess no interest. A multitude of writers have also made the subject familiar in its minutest phases; and the long series of military occurrences may be omitted with propriety in a work aiming chiefly at the delineation of Virginia society and the character of the people. The writer has therefore preferred to leave this great episode to the annalists of the future, when more accurate information and the absence of contemporary prejudice will enable the student to arrive as nearly as possible at the absolute truth of history.

What the writer, however, is unwilling to omit is a brief statement of the attitude of Virginia in this new revolution, her persistent pleas for peace, and the causes which impelled her greatest and best citizens to make war on the Federal government. The murderous attack on Harper's Ferry in 1859, profoundly enraged the people, but had no effect whatever in separating Virginia from the Union. Even as late as the spring of 1861, when the Republicans had come into power by a distinctly sectional vote, and the whole tier of Gulf States had seceded, Virginia still refused to move; and it will now be shown that when she finally decided to dissolve her connection with the Union which she had done so much to establish, she did so with reluctance, making her choice between two alternatives, both of them painful.

Early in January, 1861, the Virginia Assembly met at Richmond to determine the action of the Commonwealth in the approaching struggle. It was plain that war was coming unless the authorities of the United States and of the seceding States would listen to reason; and the first proceedings of the Assembly looked to peace and the restoration of fraternal union. Virginia recommended to all the States to appoint deputies to a Peace Convention, to adjust "the present unhappy controversy in the spirit in which the Constitution was originally formed." Commissioners were appointed to call on the President of the United States and the seceded States or those that should secede, to "respectfully request the President and the authorities of such States to agree to abstain, pending the proceedings contemplated by the action of this General Assembly, from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms between the

States and the Government of the United States." With these instructions the Commissioners proceeded to Washington, but effected nothing. The Peace Convention duly met at the Capitol (February 4, 1861), and proposed amendments to the Constitution, among the rest for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise; but when the recommendations of the Convention were reported to Congress they were rejected.

Thus ended in failure the first attempt of Virginia to preserve the national peace; and the crisis demanded that she should promptly decide upon her course. On February 13 (1861), a Convention assembled at Richmond, and a Committee was appointed on Federal Relations. On March 10 (1861), this Committee reported fourteen resolutions protesting against all interference with slavery; declaring secession to be a right; and defining the grounds on which the Commonwealth would feel herself to be justified in exercising that right, namely: the failure to obtain guarantees; the adoption of a warlike policy by the Government of the United States; or the attempt to exact the payment of duties from the seceded States, or to reënforce or recapture the Southern forts. These resolves clearly define the attitude of Virginia at this critical moment. After prolonged discussion, all but the last had passed the Convention when intelligence came that war had begun. The thunder of cannon from Charleston harbor broke up the political discussion.

Thus every effort made by Virginia to preserve the peace had been defeated. Her Peace Commission, sent to Washington, had returned without results; the Peace Convention assembled by her call had accomplished nothing; the seceded States would not listen to her ap-

peal to keep the peace; and peace seemed even more remote from the view of the Federal authorities. Mr. Lincoln had expressed himself in his inaugural with perfect plainness. Secession was unlawful, and the Union remained unbroken; it was his duty to execute the laws, and he should perform it. To execute the laws it was necessary to have an army; and (April 15, 1861) President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for 75,000 troops from the States remaining in the Union.

The direct issue was thus presented, and Virginia was called upon to decide the momentous question whether she would fight against the South or against the North. There was no evading the issue. The crisis pressed, and she must meet it. Many of her sisters of the South had reproached her for her delay. She had been denounced as a laggard, and without her old resolution; but she had resolution to decide for herself, in her own time, and not to shape her action by the views either of her friends or her foes. Against her persistent attachment to the Union the strongest appeals and the bitterest denunciations had beaten in vain. As late as the first week in April the Convention had refused to secede by a vote of eighty-nine to forty-five. Virginia was conscientiously following her old traditions and would not move. Now the time had come at last. The naked question was presented on which side she would array herself: whether her cannon were to be turned on the blue troops or the gray; and, that issue once defined, there was no more hesitation. On the 17th of April, two days after the Federal proclamation, the Convention passed an ordinance of secession and adhesion to the Southern Confederacy, by a vote of eighty-eight

to fifty-five, which was ratified by the people by a majority of ninety-six thousand seven hundred and fifty votes out of a total of one hundred and sixty-one thousand and eighteen. West Virginia refused to be bound by the action of the Convention, and became a separate State, but the Virginia of the Tidewater and Valley went with the South.

Such is a statement in few words of the circumstances attending the secession of Virginia. If her course in this trying emergency has not shown her attachment to the Union, it is impossible that any further statement can establish it.

Having once made their decision, the Virginians hastened to arm. Their first thought was to protect Virginia, and they enrolled themselves under the State flag. It was impossible for them to feel toward the new Confederacy the immemorial allegiance which they had felt toward Virginia, — that was a part of the very life-blood of the people, and exerted an overmastering influence. Many of the best citizens of the State disapproved of secession. Like the illustrious Commander-in-chief of the Confederate army, General Lee, they "recognized no necessity for this state of things," and some of them, like him, "wept tears of blood" at the dire necessity which drove them to take up arms against the Union. But the State allegiance was paramount. Virginia called them and they obeyed the call.

Their decision once made, the Virginians entered on the war with ardor, and the State troops bore an important part in military operations to the end of the struggle. There was at first in the minds of the people only a sentiment of defiance and indignation at the invasion of the State, but this ripened as the years wore

on, and General Pope and others ravaged the country, into a determined animosity which was thenceforth the prevailing sentiment. This will largely account for the desperate fighting which characterized the operations in Virginia, and for the bloody partisan warfare north of the Rappahannock. In regard to the efficiency of the Virginian troops there has never arisen any question. They exhibited a peculiar endurance, an obstinate courage in action, and all the best qualities of the soldier. It is conceded that at the first Manassas, the regiments from the Valley under Jackson decided the fate of the battle; and the most determined assault of the war, perhaps, that on the Federal centre at Gettysburg, was made by a division of Virginians. The Southern forces, as a whole, were doubtless as good soldiers as the world ever saw; and it is certain that the troops of the Gulf States regarded their comrades of Virginia as men to be relied upon in any emergency.

As the war went on what was most notable in the Virginia troops and the people, was the resolute determination not to give up the contest until they were forced to do so. The sufferings undergone, both by soldiers and citizens, will never be fully known. The State was ground under the armed heel until life seemed nearly extinct in it. The Federal forces occupied the bulk of the country, and used or destroyed the supplies of food of every description, until the army and people were threatened with famine. The ravages committed by certain commanders — notably by Generals Pope and Sheridan — were conceded, even at the North, to be in violation of all the laws of civilized warfare. The result was very nearly starvation to the families of the soldiers, and it was under circumstances so depressing

that the Virginians resolutely adhered to the struggle, refusing to the last to surrender their flag. Even at Appomattox the half-starved remnant received the intelligence of General Lee's capitulation with bitter anguish, and apparently refused to acquiesce in his conviction that it was necessary.

The facts here briefly stated are so well known as not to demand proof. They will remain the lasting glory of a people who loved peace, but chose war and were willing to fight to the end, rather than submit to what they believed to be a wrong. It is impossible that magnanimous foes did not and do not respect that principle. It has at least been the controlling principle of the Virginians of every generation, and ought to be the principle of the people of all the States of the American Republic in all time.

That even the old enemies of the South appreciated the motives of the representative Virginians in the war, is shown by the general mourning at the death of Jackson and Lee. The one fell at Chancellorsville in the heat of the struggle; and the other died at Lexington in the quiet days of peace — and both were equally regretted by generous enemies. It was known that they had acted from a sentiment of duty, and had been blameless as men and Christians. Like the State of which they were the representatives, they had desired peace, and had shrunk from disunion and civil war as the greatest of all misfortunes to the country. But when no choice was left them they had followed their State flag; had fought a good fight in defense of their native soil; and even the enemies of the Southern cause conceded the purity of their motives, and honored their memories.

XXIII.

VIRGINIA SINCE THE WAR.

The Civil War is the last great event in the history, of Virginia. The years following it have been only a dreary waste of party wrangling; of political intrigue, personal ambition, bad faith in regard to the State debt, and, worse than all, with reference to the future, of the array of class against class, the black race against the white. The writer shrinks from the ungracious subject, leaving the task of treating it to the writers of the future. It is this future which is going to try the present; and the party leaders of the time who have brought the name of Virginia into discredit, would do well to remember the words of President Lincoln: "You cannot avoid history."

A few words relating to the process of "reconstruction," and the present aspect of affairs in Virginia, will conclude this volume. The result of the war was to leave the State prostrate. The hardest fighting had taken place on her soil; and it seemed that it would require generations for the Commonwealth to recover from its effects. The whole face of the country betrayed the ravages of war, and confronted by this gloomy spectacle utter depression might have been looked for in the people. There was little then or thereafter. The Virginia character is hopeful and disposed to make the best of things. The people refused to repine, and looked to the future with that obstinate confidence which is the mainspring of success in human affairs. The new order of things was accepted with philosophy, and it may be

added, with dignity. There was no disposition to prolong the struggle or to nurse old grudges. Northern men who came to the State were treated with courtesy if not cordiality; and General Ordway, of the Federal army, described the feeling of the inhabitants in a few words: "In Richmond the people behaved with becoming reserve and dignity. I found them reasonable, courteous, and desirous of submitting to or coöperating with every measure necessary to good government. I rode through the State for several weeks accompanied only by a mounted orderly, and never failed to receive the traditional hospitality of Virginia."

The process of "reconstruction," by which Virginia came back into the Union, may be summed up in a paragraph. In the spring of 1865, after the surrender at Appomattox, the State was practically without a government; and Francis H. Pierpont, who had been Governor of West Virginia, assumed executive authority by direction of the Federal government. He issued writs for an Assembly, which convened in December of the same year; in 1867 the State was placed under military government; and in the winter of that year a Convention was held which framed a new Constitution. This was submitted to the people in July, 1869, and adopted by a large majority; the clause disfranchising Confederate officials and requiring an oath of past loyalty, having been rejected. Gilbert C. Walker of New York was then elected Governor; United States Senators were chosen; the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were ratified; the military occupation, which had been found unnecessary, at once ceased; and Virginia resumed her place in the Union.

A great change had taken place in society, chiefly

occasioned by the emancipation of the former slaves. This momentous political event dated back to the middle of the war, when President Lincoln had issued his proclamation that after the first of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves in States then in rebellion, should be "thenceforth and forever free." The step was a war-measure, for which, it was conceded, there was no authority in the Constitution, but as yet the great ukase aimed at the South was merely waste paper. It was an authoritative statement of the Federal programme, but had no direct results. The slaves obtained their freedom only in territory occupied by the Federal arms, — retaining elsewhere their former condition, and apparently perfectly willing to retain it. During the whole term of the war, there were few desertions by any of the colored population to the Federal side. They remained at home, in perfect quiet, cultivating the soil as before, and were often the best friends of their master's family. Numberless proofs might be given of this extraordinary faithfulness and attachment, and it remains the everlasting honor of this singular and despised race. When they had it in their power to work untold woe to women and children whose protectors were in the army, they exhibited the truest devotion, and not only would not desert them, but worked faithfully for their support.

But when the war ended the proclamation of emancipation bore its fruits. The Federal legislation perfected the work. On January 31, 1865, Congress directed that an amendment to the Constitution should be submitted to all the States, prescribing that neither "slavery nor involuntary servitude" should thenceforth exist in the United States. This amendment, and those of 1868 and 1870, were adopted, and the former slaves,

now made citizens, took their place as a constituent part of the American people. Every barrier between the races has been leveled with the ground, as far as the action of the General government could effect it. The Africans are now the political equals of all other Americans. They are competent to vote, to preside on the bench, to command in the army, to represent the country at foreign courts, to sit in the Senate, and to officiate as Governors of States, and as Presidents of the United States. It is not surprising that President Lincoln, walking through the streets of Richmond after the surrender, should have gazed with "a pathetic wonder" on the African crowd around him. By his act they had become citizens, and it is possible that he wondered at the probable result.

The personal relations between the white and black races remain friendly. Left to themselves there would be no change whatever; that which exists is the result of political intrigue. But even this has produced few social results. The African continues, in the main, to regard his former master as his best friend, retains his old and sincere attachment to the family with whom he has always lived, and only arrays himself politically against the whites under outside pressure. This friendly sentiment results, in large measure, from his confidence in the regard felt for him by his former owner, and the known indisposition to withhold from him any right to which he is entitled. There is no such disposition. The Virginia people sincerely rejoice that African slavery is done away with; could not be persuaded to have it restored; and sincerely desire that the race may avail themselves of the system of public education and become well informed and respectable members of the community.

The effect of the war, and the subsequent changes in organic law, on Virginia society, is a large and interesting subject, which demands a separate treatment. Such treatment is impossible at present; the causes have not produced their full results and are still in operation. The general drift of the times may, however, be discerned without difficulty. New Virginia is moving in the direction of practical results. The fact is recognized that agriculture is not the only source of wealth, and the modern Virginian is now looking to mining, manufactures, the construction of railways, and the development of all the resources of the Commonwealth. The "Bourbon" spirit attributed to the people is an absurd figment of political partisans. So far are the Virginians from having learned nothing and forgotten nothing, that their past seems to have been effaced, and the future to have become the sole thought of the people. It may be said of them that they are weary of being poor, and see the necessity of occupying their time with things more profitable than political discussions. The men who once dissipated their resources by extravagance have grown prudent; the young, who were once suffered to be idle, are now taught to work; and the people of the country called "Old Virginia," in a spirit of respectful compassion, seem resolved to erect a New Virginia by energy and labor.

The resources of the State, especially in minerals, are known to be inexhaustible. In parts of the Tidewater, but chiefly in the Valley and the Alleghany region, are found gold, silver, copper, the best hematite, granite, marble, salt, and deposits of bituminous and other coal, rivaling those of Pennsylvania. The State has sent to the assay offices more than two millions in gold, and

twenty-five million pounds of lead have been taken from one county. These are only a few of the mineral resources of the State, which, especially in the southwest, is a mine of wealth. Up to the time of the war this wealth remained undeveloped, and the absence of railways discouraged capital; but this obstacle is at last removed. New lines now penetrate the country, the most important of which are the Chesapeake and Ohio, crossing the State from east to west through the remarkable region of the Mineral Springs, and the Shenandoah Valley, through the Luray Valley, from north to south. These railways already carry a vast freight and are rapidly developing the resources of the country; and another line is projected to pass through the two Virginias and connect Baltimore and Cincinnati by way of the Kanawha. Further details of the material condition of Virginia at the present time, — of her public institutions, finances, manufactures, and trade, — must be looked for in official documents. The population of the State, which in 1870 was 1,225,163, was in 1880, 1,512,203, nearly that of the two Virginias in 1860. This population is contained in a territory nearly identical with that of the old Colony, which consisted of the region between the Chesapeake and the Alleghanies.

Virginia has thus resumed her old boundaries at the time of the Revolution, and the character of the people remains substantially the same. They are, however, confronted by new responsibilities and duties, and look forward to the untried future with hope and confidence. The mighty pulse of the modern world is beating in the hearts of the people; and the future of Virginia depends now, as in the past, on the Virginians.

INDEX.

Acadia, the French expelled from, 108.
Accomac granted to Arlington and Culpepper, 233; Berkeley takes refuge in, 266; scenes of the Rebellion there, 274–277, 293; people of, 368.
Adams, John, his opinion of the first Congress, 421; seconds the motion for independence, 440; Callender's satire upon, 482.
Alexander, Archibald, 325; his works, 94.
Alien and Sedition Laws, 480, 481; trial of Callender under, 482; effect of on the fortunes of the Federal party, 483.
America, origin of the name, 4.
Amonate, a name of Pocahontas, 103.
Andros, Edmund, Governor, 302.
Annapolis, battle near, 214.
Anne, Queen, proclamation of, 309; popularity of the name in Virginia, 309.
Appomattock, Queen of, 31, 35.
Archer, member of Council, 63; is arrested by Smith, 65.
Argall, Samuel, 56; takes Pocahontas prisoner, 93; expels the Acadians, 108; sails up the Hudson, 108; appointed Goveruor, 111; his rapacity and treatment of Brewster, 112; his character, 112.
Argall's Gift, one of the original boroughs, 115.
Arlington, the Earl of, obtains a grant of all Virginia, 233; provisions of grant to, 233.
Arnold, Benedict, invades Virginia, 456; captures and burns Richmoud, 457; returns to Portsmouth, 458.
Arthur, said to have visited America *circ.* A. D. 600, 3.
"Articles at the surrender of the Country," 197.
Assembly, General. (*See* Burgesses.)
Attorney, mercenary, laws in reference to, 203, 204.
Axacan, the Indian name for North Carolina, 1.

Bacon, Nathaniel, his origin and temperament, 238–240; proclaimed a rebel, 242; defeats the Indians at Bloody Run, 243; is arrested, 245; his interview with Berkeley, 246; his submission, 248, 249; escapes, 257; returns, 259; his violence, 260, 261; appointed General, 262; again declared a rebel, 264; at Middle Plantation, 271; at Jamestown, 278; seizes the wives of the Berkeley-men and places them on his earthworks, 279–281; defeats Berkeley and burns Jamestown, 282; his violence in Gloucester, 285, 286; his death, 286; the question of the cause of his death, 286, 287; burial, 288; character, 288–292.
Bacon, Nathaniel, Sr., draws up Bacon's confession of guilt, 247; Lieutenant-Governor, 301.
Baptists, persecution of, 221, 222, 337, 391; the first churches, 390; ardor of the, 390; in 1774, 392; their hostility to the Establishment, 392–394.
Baltimore, Cecilius Calvert, Lord, colonizes Maryland, 177.
Baltimore, Sir George Calvert, Baron, visits Virginia, 176; reception by the people, 177; obtains a grant of Maryland and dies, 177.
Barber, Gabriel, "Dust and Ashes," 146.
Batte, Henry, visits western Virginia, 234.
Beaujeu, De, attacks Braddock, 350; is killed, 351.
Bennet, Richard, Governor, his moderation, 201.

Berkeley, Sir William, Governor, 182; his character and courteous manners, 182–184; persecutes the Puritans, 184; their opiuiou of him, 184; captures Opechancanough, 186; his reply to Stuyvesant, 189, 190; befriends the Cavalier exiles, 183, 191, 192; deposed, 199; reinstated, 217; offers to declare for Charles II. before the Restoratiou, 217, 218; the "servant of the Assembly," 190, 219; suppresses the Oliveriau Plot, 221; his report of the condition of Virginia in 1670, 224–226; deuounces schools aud printing, 226; iudignatiou of the people against, 235; proclaims Bacon and his followers rebels, 242; concessions of, to the people, 244; arrests Bacon, 245; their interviews, 246, 260; takes refuge in Gloucester, 265; in Accomac, 266; executes Carver, 277: captures Jamestown, 278; defeated by Bacon, 281, 282; executes Wilford and Farlow, 293; insults Mrs. Cheeseman, 293; executes Drummond, 294; his bloody proceedings, 295; returns to England and dies, 296; contrasts in his character, 296, 297.
Berkeley, birthplace of President Harrison, 148.
Bermuda Hundred founded, 91.
Bermuda Islands, superstitions in regard to, 2; wreck of the Sea-Venture upon, 58; the scene of the "Tempest," 58, 59; included in Virginia, 113.
Beverley, Major Robert, refuses to surrender the Journals, and is fined and imprisoned, 299.
Beverley, Robert, the historian, his opiniou of Smith, 79; description of Harvey, 165.
Bickerton's, Captain, festivities at, 373.
Blair, James, commissary of Virginia, brings charges against Nicholson, 303; secures the charter of William and Mary College, 305; appointed first President, 306; his personal appearance and character, 308.
Bland, Giles, sent to Accomac, and captured, 274, 276; executed, 295.
Bland, Richard, his personal appearance, 406; member of Committee of Safety, 435; of first Congress, 420.
Blandford Church, 333.
Blair, John, Lieutenant-governor, 400.
Bloody Run, defeat of Indians at, by Bacon, 243.
Boroughs, the original, 115.
Botetourt, Norborne Berkeley, Lord, Governor, 400; dissoives the Burgesses, 401; death and character of, 402, 403.
Boucher, Rev. Mr., his testimony as to the treatmeut of slaves in the Colonies, 367.
Braddock, General Edward, sent to Virginia, his plaus, 345; his character, 345; arrives at Cumberlaud, 347; his march through the Great Woods, 348; is attacked near Fort Duquesne, defeated aud falls, 350–353; his death, 354.
Brandon, said to have visited America, *circ.* A. D. 600, 3.
Braxton, Carter, member of Committee of Safety, 435.
Bruton Church, 333.
Bucke, Rev. Mr., wrecked in Sea-Venture, 60; minister at Jamestown, 110; chaplain of first Assembly, 115.
Bullit, Captain, saves the remnant of Graut's forces, 357.
Burgesses, House of, the first, 115; appearauce in session, 152; regulations of, 170; recognition of, by Charles I., 184; depose Harvey, 166; actiou of, on the death of Charles I., 193; the "representatives of the people," 202; under the English Commonwealth, 202; depose Matthews, 206; reinstate him, 207; reinstate Berkeley, 219, a scene iu the, in 1676, 250–254; their resolute protest, 299; their altercations with Spotswood, 312; royal recognition of authority of, 383; appearance of in 1765, 384, 385; the last under the royal authority, 432.
Burr, Aaron, trial of, 483; charges against, 483: is discharged, 484.
Burwell, Lewis, Lieutenant-Governor, his accomplishments, 407.
Burwell, Miss, persecution of, by Governor Nicholson, 303.
Butler, Nathaniel, his "Unmasked Face of Virginia," 130.
Byrd, William, of Westover, visits Spotswood at Germanna, 319–333; founds Richmoud and Petersburg, 329, 330; his personal appearance and character, 362, 363; his works and epitaph, 362, 363.

Cabell, William, member of Committee of Safety, 435.
Cabot, John, lands on the Continent and claims it in the name of England, 3.

Caldwell, John, settles Prince Edward and other counties, 326.
Callender, John Thompson, prosecuted under the Alien and Sedition Laws, 482, 483.
Calvert, Cecilius. (*See* Baltimore.)
Calvert, Sir George. (*See* Baltimore.)
Calvert, Leonard, founds Maryland, 177; his struggle with Clayborne, 179; is driven from Maryland, 180; regains his authority, 181.
Calvinists, the, of the Valley, 323.
Camm, Rev. Mr., proceeded against for marrying, 307.
Cape Merchants, 16.
Carr, Dabney, 404.
Carrington, Paul, member of Committee of Safety, 435.
Carter, Colonel Robert, his large grant in the Valley, 327; Lieutenant-Governor, 329.
Cartier, Jacques, claims Canada in the name of France, 4.
Carver, Captain, goes to Accomac with Bland, 275; captured and executed, 276, 277.
Cary, Archibald, his descent, 229; personal appearance, 406; threatens to stab Patrick Henry, 406, 408.
Catholics, the Maryland Roman, tolerance of, 181, 210; persecution of, 211; overthrow of, 213, 214; return to power of, 215.
Cavaliers, the central political idea of the, 161; "distressed" in Virginia, 183, 190–193; in power again, 216, 217; causes of immigration of, 226–228; ascendency of, 228; number and character of Virginia, 228, 229; leaders of the Revolution descended from, 229.
Charles I. succeeds James, 133; proposes a monopoly of the Virginia tobacco, 171; licenses Clayborne, 178; recognizes the Assembly, 184; fondness for the works of George Sandys, 140; execution of, 191; action of Burgesses on death of, 193; effect of the execution of, in Virginia, 193, 194.
Charles II., recognition of, by Virginia, 193, 194; restoration of, 216; Berkeley offers to proclaim, 217; grants away the Northern Neck, 233; and all Virginia, 233; his reply to the Virginia Commissioners, 234; presents a frontlet to the Queen of Pamunkey, 252; his opinion of Berkeley's proceedings, 295.
Charter, the first American, 13; provisions of, 15, 16; of 1609, provisions of, 56; of 1612, provisions of, 113, 114.
Chase, Judge Samuel, presides at the trial of Callender, 482, 483.
Cheeseman, Major, thrown into prison and dies, 293; his wife's offer to die in his place, 293.
Chesapeake Bay, meaning of Indian name of, 19; Spanish name for, 4, 5; Smith's exploration of, 43, 44.
Chichcley, Sir Henry, takes refuge in Virginia, 191; Governor, 299.
Chickahominy River, Smith's expedition up the, 33.
Chickahominy tribe, the, disown Powhatan's authority, 32; make a treaty with the English, 98.
Childs, James, persecuted as a Baptist, 391.
Christanna Fort, Spotswood's Indian mission at, 313; ceremonies at, on his visit, 313.
Church edifice, the first in Virginia, 20.
Church, the, at Jamestown, 86; ceremony at, under Delaware, 86; Pocahontas married at, 97; burned in the Great Rebellion, 282.
Church of England in Virginia; all persons to conform to, 169; scarcity of ministers in and laws in reference to them, 169; number of parishes in 1670, 225; attacks on by James II., 300; irregularities of ministers of, 303, 332; apathy in, 331; excellent character of the first ministers of, 333; hostility between dissenters and, 390; overthrow of, 393; number of parishes and ministers of in 1802, 444; desecration of property of, 395; first Bishops of, 395; revival and present character and condition of, 396.
Clarke, Gen. George Rogers; character and personal appearance of, 450; surprises Kaskaskia and Vincennes, 451; his march through the drowned lands of the Wabash, 452; captures Vincennes, 453; importance of his services, 454.
Clayborne, William, "The Rebel," historical caricatures of, 178; true portrait of, 178; Secretary of State, 178; settles Kent Island, 179; driven from Maryland, 179; convicted of piracy, 180; expels Calvert, 180; is expelled in turn, 181; the leader of the Puritans, 181; commissioner of Parliament, 195; again Secretary of State, 201; reduces Maryland, 211, 212; his character and the explanation of his career, 215, 216.

Cleopatre, sister of Pocahontas, 104, 105.
Cockburn, Admiral, ravages the coast, 488; repulsed at Craney Island, 488.
Cohees, supposed origin of the name, 328.
Comedians, the Virginia Company of, 372.
Commonwealth, the English, Virginia under, 199–207.
Commonwealth's-men, the moderation of, 200, 201.
Commonwealth, Virginia declares herself an independent, 439.
Company, the London or Virginia, 15; powers of, 15, 16; orders of, to Newport, 45; Smith's "Rude Answer" to, 47, 48; new charter of, 56, 113; general courts of, 114; excitement at meetings of, 114; records of seized, 130; fall of, 132; debt of America to, 132; attempt to reëstablish, 184.
Confederacy, Virginia becomes a member of the Southern, 502.
Confederation, the Articles of; insufficiency of recognized, 472.
Congress the, of 1765, at New York, 389.
Congress, a general, proposed by Virginia, 419; names of delegates to, 420; meet in Philadelphia, 420; Adams's opinion of it, 421; its action and Chatham's estimate of it, 421.
Conolly, secret agent of Lord Dunmore, 426, 430.
Constitution of the United States, ratified by Virginia, 476; with what conditions, 476, 477.
Constitution, the Virginia, of 1776, 439, 440.
Contrecœur, De, commandant at Duquesne, 350.
Convention, the first Virginia, 419, 420; successive meetings and proceedings of, 427, 435, 438; to decide as to the Federal Constitution, 475; to revise the Constitution of Virginia, 488, 489; to consider the question of secession, 500.
Cornstalk, at the battle of Point Pleasant, 423, 424.
Cornwallis, Lord, invades Virginia, 459; his opinion of Lafayette, 459; ravages the State and retires to the coast, 460; lays a trap for Lafayette, 461; fortifies at Yorktown and is attacked there, 462, 467; his despatch to Sir Henry Clinton, 470; his surrender, 471, 472.
Correspondence, the Committees of, established, 404; importance of, 416.
Council, the Virginia, names of original members of, 20.
Counties, names of the original, 202.
Craig, Lewis, persecuted as a Baptist, 391.
Craney Island, repulse of the British at, 488.
Croatan, 7.
Cromwell, Oliver, intentions of, in reference to Virginia, 204, 205; none of the governors appointed by, 205; contradictory orders of, in relation to Maryland, 212, 213; his death, 215.
Cromwell, Richard, his intention to settle Virginia affairs, 204; resigns his authority, 218.
Culpeper, Thomas, Lord, obtains a grant of all Virginia, 233; Governor, 299; fixes the value of coin, 299.
Curles, estate of Bacon, 240.

Dale, Sir Thomas, High Marshal, his character, 88; breaks criminals on the wheel, 89; his soldiership, 90; his opinion of Virginia, 90; his tribute to Prince Henry, 91; builds Henrico, 91; his expedition to York River, 94, 95; labors to convert Pocahontas, 97, 107; his proposition to Powhatan, 98; contrasts in character of, 107; his administration, 109; abolishes the common store system, and institutes a better, 109, 110.
Dale's Gift, one of the oldest plantations, 110.
Dare, Virginia, the first English child born in America, 6.
Davenant, Sir William, captured on his way to Virginia, 228.
Davies, Samuel, the founder of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, 338; Patrick Henry's opinion of him, 338; secures the extension of the Act of Toleration to Virginia, 338; his opinion of the Church Articles, 339; establishes the First Virginia Presbytery, 339; his death, 339.
Delaware, Sir Thomas West, Lord, Governor, 56; his arrival in Virginia, 82; scene at his landing, 83; Virginia under, 84, 85; at church, 86; commands against the Indians, 87; his death and popularity, 87.
Dictator, proposition to appoint a Virginia, 447.

Digges, Dudley, member of Committee of Safety, 435.
Digges, Edward, Governor, 205.
Dinwiddie, Robert, Governor, sends Washington as his envoy to the French, 341.
Dippers, the, of the Valley, 323.
Dissenters, bill for exempting, 444.
Drake, Sir Francis, succors the Roanoke colonists, 6; circumnavigates the world, 11.
Drayton, Michael, his salute to the adventurers, 17; to George Sandys, 139.
Drummond, 250; an adviser of Bacon, 263; suggests the deposition of Berkeley, 268; his interview with Berkeley, 294; is executed, 294.
Drummond, Sarah, her decision of character, 273; appeals to the king, 296.
Drysdale, Hugh, Governor, his rose-colored report of Virginia, 329.
Ducking-stools to be erected, 222.
Dunmore, John Murray, Earl of, Governor, his character, 403; his unpopularity, 417; dissolves the Burgesses, 418; elegance of Lady, 417; ball in honor of his family, 418; marches to the Ohio, 422; his quarrel with Lewis, 425; incites the Indians against the Virginians, 426; seizes the powder, 430; proposes to arm the negroes, 431; abandons the capital, 434; ravages the coast, 435–437; burns Norfolk and is driven from Virginia, 437.
Duquesne, Fort, Braddock's campaign against, 345–353; Grant's attack on, 357; blown up and captured, 357.
Dutch, intrusion of on the soil of Virginia, 189.

Effingham, Lord Howard of, Governor, 300; concludes a treaty with the Mohawks and returns to England, 301.
Elizabeth, Queen, names Virginia, 2.
Emory and Henry College established, 88.
Entails, attack of Jefferson on, 444; the real objection to the system of, 445; agrarianism of modern opponents of, 445; abolition of, 446.

Fairfax, Thomas, Lord, inherits the Northern Neck, 327; his early life, 342; at Greenway Court, 342.
Farlow, Captain, executed by Berkeley, 293.
Fauquier, Francis, Governor, dissolves the Burgesses, 388; his death and character, 400.
Federalists and Republicans, 480.
Felons, the first sent to Virginia, 119; Jefferson's statement of the number of up to 1787, 228, 229; insignificance of the element in Virginia, 229.
Ferrar, Nicholas, Treasurer of the London Company, arrested by James I., 130; his monastic establishment at Little Gidding, 130.
Flower of Hundreds, one of the original boroughs, 115, 151.
Forbes, General, captures Fort Duquesne, 357.
Fordyce, Captain, his gallantry at Great Bridge, 436.
Fouace, Rev. Mr., assaulted by Governor Nicholson, 303.
Fowler, Attorney General, insulted by Governor Nicholson, 302.
France in the New World, 4, 107, 340; her claims, 340, 341.
Franchise, history of legislation in regard to the, in Virginia, 222–224.
Franklin, Benjamin, writes a ballad on the fate of Theach the pirate, 317; appointed postmaster by Spotswood, 317; his advice to Braddock, 346.
Friends, the persecution of and their friends, 221; settle in the Valley, 326; their marriages, 324; hostility to the Establishment, 392, 394.

Gabriel's Insurrection, 485.
Gage, General, his estimate of the action of Virginia, 389.
Gates, Sir Thomas, Lieutenant-Governor, 56; is wrecked on the Bermudas, 58; arrival in Virginia, 80; sails for England, but returns and receives Lord Delaware, 83.
Gazette, the Virginia, notice of college proceedings in, 306; the first newspaper in Virginia, 330; character of its matter, 330.
Germanna, Spotswood's settlement of, 319; Colonel Byrd's description of, 319, 320.
Germans of Palatines, the, sent over by Queen Anne, 319; excellent character of, 320.
German settlers, the, in the Valley, 323; their manners and customs, 324.
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, his voyage and death, 5.
Glebes of the Church, act directing the sale of the, 444.
Gloucester, scenes of the Great Re

bellion in, 265, 266, 283–286; the place of Bacou's death, 286.
Gold Fever, the, at Jamestown, 42.
Gooch, William, Governor, 329; commands Virginia troops at Carthagena, 329.
Gookin, Daniel, driven from Virginia, as a Puritan, becomes eminent in New England, 172.
Gosnold, Bartholomew, makes the first direct voyage across the Atlantic, 13; the originator of Virginia colonization, 13; his death, 24.
Grant, Major, cut to pieces near Fort Duquesne, 357.
Grasse, Count de, 462; arrives in the Chesapeake, 464; is visited by Washington, 465; repulses Admiral Graves, 464, 465.
Graves, Admiral, repulsed by De Grasse, 464, 465.
Great Bridge, action at, 436.
Great Meadows, Washington's surrender at, 344; Braddock's death and burial at, 354.
Greenspring, the residence of Sir William Berkeley, 183, 199; headquarters of Bacon, 279.
Greenway Court, the residence of Lord Fairfax, settlers around, 327; Braddock stops at, 347.
Grenville, Sir Richard, founds the Roanoke settlement, 6; dies fighting the Revenge, 7.
Gwynn's Island, Dunmore driven from, 437; the place a lazar-house, 437.

Hakluyt, Richard, 11, 13.
Halket, Sir Peter, killed near Fort Duquesne, 352.
Hamilton, Alexander, commands the right assaulting party at Yorktown, 468, 469.
Hamilton, Governor of Canada, surrenders Vincennes to General Clarke, 453; sends Simon Girty to attack Wheeling, 453.
Hammond, Colonel, takes refuge in Virginia, 191.
Hammond, John, author of "Leah and Rachel," expelled from the Burgesses, 202.
Hamor, Raphe, his antecedents and "Discourse of Virginia," 138; the confidant of Rolfe, 95; his singular mission to Powhatan, 98; defends his house during the massacre, 127; his piety, 138.
Hampden Sydney College founded, 488.
Hansford, Colonel, evacuates Jamestown, 278; is captured and hung by Berkeley, 293.
Harrison, Benjamin, his personal appearance, 406; member of first Congress, 420.
Harvey, Sir John, Governor, his character, 165; grounds of hostility of Virginians to, 165; the "thrusting out" of, 166; is reinstated by Charles I., 166.
Hatcher, William, sentenced to beg pardon on his knees, 203.
Henrico, University of, lands for, 142.
Henricus, Dale's City of, 91, 92, 143.
Henrietta Maria, her intention of seeking refuge in Virginia, 228.
Henry, Bishop of London, first Chancellor of William and Mary College, 306.
Henry, Patrick, his descent, 228, 379; his early life, 380; appears against the parsons, 382; his resolutions against the Stamp Act, 385, 386; description of his oratory, 386; his great outburst in the Burgesses, 387; importance of his action, 388; his protest against the religious persecutions, 391; member of first Congress, 420; his declaration of Americanism, 421; proposes to arm the militia, 427; his prophecy, 428; exaggerations in connection with, 387, 428; marches on Williamsburg, 432; appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, 435; chosen first republican Governor, 440; proposal to make him Dictator, 448; denounces the Federal constitution, 475; his death, 481; his piety, 482.
Hill, Colonel Edward, denounced as "a devil," 203; defeated by the Ricahecrians, 208.
Hite, Joist, settles the lower Valley, 323.
Honeywood, Sir Philip, takes refuge in Virginia, 191.
Huguenots, the, settle at St. Augustine, 4; at Mannakintown, 309; excellent character of, 309.
Hunt, Rev. Robert, first minister in Virginia, 13, 20; his death, 60; his high character, 333.

Independence, resolutions instructing the Virginia delegates to propose, 438; the Declaration of, 441; of the United States, recognized by Great Britain, 472.
Indians, the Virginia; their conversion a cherished object, 12; Smith's portrait of them, 26; their usages, 27; religion and selection of priests,

28, 29; names of the seasons, 30; of the months and their festivals and ceremonies, 31; ruled by women, 31; college for children of, 110; expeditions against directed by law, 150; they attack the colony, 124, 186, 241; treaties with, 98, 187; battles with, 208, 243; not to hold office, 310; mission at Christauna, 313, 314; outrages by, on frontier, 355, 356; defeated finally at Point Pleasant, 423, 424.
Ingram, General, succeeds Bacon, 292; surrenders, 294.
Insurrectious, servile, the, 485; origin of unknown, 486.

Jackson, Andrew, tradition of his birthplace, 325.
Jackson, Gen. Thomas J., feeling of the country at intelligence of his death, 504.
James I. grants the three Virginia charters, 14, 56, 113; his obstinacy, 16; hostility to Sandys, 118; sends felons to Virginia, 119; his counterblast to tobacco, 145; his struggle with the Company, 129-132; his death, 133.
James II., accession of, 300; hostility to the Virginians, 300; sends Monmouth's followers to Virginia, 300; excitement occasioned by his attacks on the Church, 301.
James City, one of the original boroughs, 115; another name for Jamestown, 152.
James River, the new name for the Powhatan, 19; the Great Virginia highway, 149.
Jamestown, landing of the English at, 19; present appearance of, 19; attack upon, 21; "in combustion," 37; destroyed by fire, 41; confusion and famine at, 45, 48; in 1609, 76, 77; horrors of the starving time at, 79, 80; abandoned, 82; sceue at, on the arrival of Delaware, 83; scenes at, during the Great Rebellion, 245-262, 277-282; burned by Bacon, 282.
Japazaws betrays Pocahontas, 93.
Jefferson, Thomas, his descent and early life, 407; his opinion of Henry, 406; character and political views of, 408; laughs at his own family, 408; his "Summary View," 409; author of the Declaration of Independence, 440; attacks the Church Establishment and entails, 442-446; his aims as stated by himself, 446; elected Governor, 455; leaves Richmond: charges against, 457; escapes from Tarleton, 460; the "Apostle of Democracy," 478; President of United States, 483.
Jeffries, Herbert, Governor, 299.
Johnsou, Professor, of William and Mary College, proceeded against for marrying, 307.
Jumouville, De, killed near Great Meadows, 344.

Kaskaskia, surprised by General Clarke, 451.
Kendall, George, prosecutes Smith, 22; conspires to escape, 24, 25; is shot, 25.
Keut, Isle of, settlement upon by Clayborne, 179; seized by Calvert, 179.
Kentucky Resolutions, the, of 1798, 480.
Kiquotau, or Hampton, one of the original boroughs, 115.
Kiwassa, the One aloue called, 28, 29, 30.
Knights of the Horseshoe, order of, instituted by Spotswood, 315.

Lafayette, the Marquis de, sent to command in Virginia, 458; his antecedents, 458; attacks Petersburg, 459; retreats before Cornwallis, 459; offers battle, 460; attacks at Jamestown, 461; hems in Lord Cornwallis, and commands the right at Yorktown, 464, 467.
Landholders, the small, similar to the English yeomen, 368; their cordial relations with the planter class, 368; independence and personal pride of, 369.
Laramore, Captain, 275; betrays Bland, 276.
Lawne's Plantation, one of the original boroughs, 115.
Lawrence, said to be the real author of Bacon's Rebellion, 240, 250, 254; his portrait, 255; escapes, 294.
Lee, Richard, sent by Berkeley during the Commonwealth, to confer with Charles II., 218.
Lee, Richard Henry, his antecedents, originates the Committee of Correspondence, 410; member of first Congress, 420; his oratory and personal appearance, 410; author of the Address to the People of the Colonies, 421; moves the Declaration, 440.
Lee, General Robert E., feeling of the country at intelligence of his death, 504.

Lee, Thomas Ludwell, member of Committee of Safety, 435.
Lee, William, Sheriff of London, 218.
Leigh, Benjamin Watkins, Virginia Commissioner to South Carolina, 489.
Lewis, General Andrew, his antecedents, character, and personal appearance, 422; commands at the battle of Point Pleasant, 423, 424; his quarrel with Dunmore, 425, 426; drives Dunmore from Virginia, 437.
Lewis, John, settles the upper Valley, 325.
Lief, supposed to have lauded in New England, 3.
Literature of Virginia, the, in the Plantation period, 133–140; its character, 140; in the Colonial period, 358–364; its character, 359, 360; in the nineteenth century, 490–498; general character of, 497, 498.
Logan, murder of family of, the cause of the Indian uprising, 422.
Loudoun, Fort, at Winchester, 356.
Ludwell, Colonel Philip, captures Bland, 276; marries Lady Berkeley, 276; denounces the rebels, 298.
Lunsford, Sir Thomas, takes refuge in Virginia, 191.
Lutherans of Valley of Virginia, 323.
Lynn, Friar of, said to have reached the North Pole, 3.

Madison, James, his descent, 229; the leader of the party in favor of the Federal Constitution, 476.
Madoc, Prince of Wales, his supposed discovery of America, 3.
Magellan circumnavigates the world, 11.
Maids, the, sent to Virginia, 119; their husbands to purchase them, 120; regulations in regard to, 121; the result of the scheme, 122.
Mails in Virginia, in 1738, 317.
Makemie, Francis, first licensed Presbyterian Minister in Virginia, 338.
Malgro, said to have visited America, *circ.* A. D. 600, 3.
Mannakintown, the Huguenot settlement, 309.
Map of Virginia, Smith's, 47.
Marquette, Padre, takes possession of the Mississippi valley in the name of France, 340.
Marriage, the first English in America, 45; forbidden professors at William and Mary College, 307.
Marshall, John, at Great Bridge, 436; urges the adoption of the Federal Constitution, 476; presides at the trial of Burr, 483, 484; his fairness, 484.
Martin, John, member of original council, 21, 78; his character, 63.
Martin, Luther, counsel for Burr to be "muzzled," 483.
Martin-Brandon, one of the original boroughs, 115.
Martin's Hundred, one of the original boroughs, 115.
Mary, William and, proclaimed "Lord and Lady of Virginia," 301; grant the charter of William and Mary College, 305.
Maryland, origin of the name, 178; objections of Virginia to the settlement of, 178; oath of the governor of, 181; civil war in, 180, 181, 209–215.
Mason, his descent and character, 229; personal appearance, and wit, 411; love of country, 412, 420; member of Committee of Safety, 435; author of the Declaration of Rights, 412; of the Virginia Constitution, 439; opposes the adoption of the Federal Constitution, 475.
Massachusetts recommends a general Congress, 389; destruction of the tea in, 416; outbreak of the Revolution in, 429.
Massacre, the Indian, 124–129.
Matachanna, sister of Pocahontas, 103.
Matoax, or Matoaca, the real name of Pocahontas, 103.
Matthews, Samuel, Governor, his portrait, 205; persecutes the Puritans, 205, 206; is deposed, 206; reinstated, 207; dies, 218.
Maynard, Lieutenant, slays Blackbeard, 316.
McDowell, James, 325.
Meade, Bishop William, his ordination, as Bishop, 395; his character, 396; revives the Episcopal Church, 396; his "Old Churches of Virginia," 493.
Mennonists in the Valley, 323.
Mercer, James, member of Committee of Safety, 435.
Methodism, the rise of, 334; a missionary movement in the Church, Whitefield's definition of, 335; in Virginia, 337.
Middle-Plantation, scene there during the Great Rebellion, 267–272; oath taken at, 271; capital removed to, 304.
Military Institute, Virginia, founded, 488.

Millwood, settlers around, 327.
Minute-Men, the Virginia, 327, 428; motto of the Culpeper, 436.
Monacan Country, Newport's Expedition to, 47.
Monmouth, followers of, sent to Virginia as indented servants, 300.
Monroe, James, his descent, 229.
Morquez, Don Pedro de, enters the Chesapeake, 4.
Mount Desert, settlement at, destroyed by Argall, 108.
Mount Vernon, origin of the name, 329.

Nansemond, supposed settlement of Puritans in, 173.
Nantaquaus, brother of Pocahontas, 95, 103.
Navigation Laws, 204, 230–232.
Neale, Thomas, authorized to establish a postal system in America, 317.
Necessity, Fort, Washington's surrender at, 344; Braddock's death and burial at, 354.
Necotowance, "King of the Indians," treaty with, 187.
Negroes, the first brought to America, 123; not to hold office, 310.
Nelson, Captain Francis, of the Phœnix, 42, 43.
Nelson, Secretary, at Yorktown, 468.
Nelson, General Thomas, his personal appearance, 406; his decision, 438; Governor and commander of Virginia troops, 464; fires on the Nelson House, 468.
Nelson, William, Lieutenant-Governor, 403.
New England, settled, 189; pastors from, in Virginia, 172; sympathy with English Commonwealth, 194; attitude of, toward the Revolution, 375.
New Lights, The, 331; their hostility to the Establishment, 336; persecution of, 336; effect of preaching of, 337.
Newport, Christopher, 18, 40; his character, 41; crowns Powhatan, 47; expeditions of, 41, 47; Vice-Admiral, 56.
Nicholas, Robert Carter, 406.
Nicholson, Francis, Governor, 301; his outrages, 302; passion for Miss Burwell, and absurd proceedings, 303; charges brought against, 303; removes the capital to Williamsburg, 304; plans the union of all the colonies under himself, 304; fulsome address on the accession of Anne, 310; his after life and character, 308.
Nonsuch, settlement of, 66, 142.
Norfolk, burned by Dunmore, 437.
North, Frederick, Lord, his wit, 402; offers the "Olive Branch," 432; retires, 472.
North Carolina, Indian name of, 1; attempt to establish a Jesuit mission in, 4.
Northern Neck, grant of, 232; inherited by Fairfax, 327.
Norwood, Colonel, takes refuge in Virginia, 190; sent to Charles II., by Berkeley, 191; his description of the Cavalier exiles, 192.

Okee, 28; sucks the blood of children, 29.
Old Capitol, the, 397.
Old Chapel, the, 329.
Old Dominion, the, supposed origin of the name of, 218.
Old Magazine, the, 397; removal of powder from, 430; explosion at, 433.
"Olive Branch," the, 432, 433.
Oliverian Plot, the, character and result of, 220, 221.
Opechancanough captures Smith, 34; is captured by him, 52; petitions the Assembly, 117; tradition relating to, 125; plans and executes the massacre of 1622, 125, 126; again attacks the colony, and is taken prisoner, 186; his message to Berkeley and death, 187.
Opequon Church, one of the oldest in the valley, 323.
Opitchapan succeeds Powhatan, 104; Wyat's battle with, 163, 164; deposed, 125.
Orange, divided into Frederick and Augusta, 326.
Orapax, place of Powhatan's burial, 105.
Ordinance and Constitution of 1621; its provisions, 118.
Orkney, Lord, Governor, 310.

Page, John, of Rosewell, author of "A Deed of Gift," 360.
Page, John, Governor, his opposition to Dunmore, 430; member of Committee of Safety, 435; defends the Church Establishment, 443.
Pamunkey, Queen of, her appearance before the Burgesses, 252–254.
Parsons' Cause, the, 381, 382.
Patroons, The New York, their splendor of living, 369.
Pendleton, Edmund, descent, political

views, personal appearance and oratory of, 229, 413, 414; the conservative revolutionist, 415; member of first Congress, 420; President of Convention, 427; of Committee of Safety, 435; author of the resolutions for independence, 438; defends the Church and entails, 443–446; President of Convention to consider Federal Constitution, 475; President of Court of Appeals, and death, 394.
Percy, George, 17; his description of the fever of 1607, 23; offers to cut the throats of Smith's enemies, 55; chosen President, 67; his ill health and want of energy, 77, 79, 88.
Phillips, General, invades Virginia, and captures Petersburg, 458; Jefferson's characterization of, 459; death and place of burial, 459.
Phillips, the Marauder, hung for treason, 455.
Pillories to be erected, 222.
Pitt, William, his views on America, 388; opinion of the first Congress, 421.
Planters, characteristics of the class, 369–372; their attitude toward the Revolution, 377, 378.
Pleasant, Point, battle at, 423, 424.
Pocahontas, preserves the life of Smith, 35; his description of, 36; succors the colony, 38; her masquerade, 46; warns the English of an attack to be made on them, 51; the question of the rescue, 71–73; saves an English boy, 78; is taken prisoner, 93; her conversion and baptism, 97; goes with Dale to the York, 94; her affair with Rolfe, 95, 96; his letter describing her, 97; their marriage, 97; at Varina, 92, 93; sails for England, 100; her reception, 101; interview with Smith, 102; the question of their relations, 102, 103; details relating to her family, 103; her death, 103.
Point Comfort, origin of name, 19; duty of the commandant at, 170.
Ponce de Leon, lands in Florida, 4.
Population of Virginia in 1616, 110; in 1622, 124; in 1648, 188; in 1670, 226; increase in, how to be accounted for, 226; probable, in 1700, 309; in 1756, 367; in 1870 and 1880, 510.
Port Bill, Boston, 416; proceedings in Virginia with reference to, 418.
Porter, John, expelled from Assembly for "being loving to the Quakers," 221.
Pory, John, Speaker of first Assembly, 115; commissioner to Virginia, character and proceedings of, 131.
Postal System, established in Virginia, 317, 318.
Pott, John, Governor, convicted of cattle stealing, 164.
Powhatan, the Emperor, first visit of the English to, 21; his kingdom and favorite residences, 32; his authority, personal appearance, and surroundings, 35; outwits Newport, 41; crowned under-king, 47; attempts to slay Smith, 51; executes the house-builders, 55; puts Ratcliffe to death, 78; interview with Hamor and message to Dale, 99; abdicates, 104; dies, 105; his character, 105, 106.
Powhatan, original name of James River, 19.
Powhatan, singular footprints at the estate of, 30.
Powhatan's Chimney, 34.
Powhatans, the, 27.
Presbyterians form a Congregation in Hanover, 336; divide into Old and New Sides, 337, 338; memorial from Church in Hanover, 362; their hostility to the Establishment, 392–394.
Providence, the Puritan name for Annapolis, 213.
Puritans in Virginia, the; early immigration of, 171; hostility to, 172; pastors sent from Boston, 172; Act of Assembly against, 172; supposed congregation in Nansemond, 173; conjecture as to number in Virginia, 173; persecutions of, 173, 184; in Maryland, 180–215.
Pyland, James, prosecuted for rebellion and blasphemy, 203.

Quakers. (*See* Friends.)

Raleigh, Sir Walter, the author of American Colonization, 6.
Raleigh Tavern, 398; meetings of Burgesses at, 404, 419.
Randolph, Edmund, his descent, 229; first Attorney General, 440.
Randolph, John, of Roanoke, foreman of jury to try Aaron Burr, 484; denounces Jackson's Force proclamation, 484, 489; descended from Pocahontas, 104.
Randolph, Peyton, President, of first Congress, 228, 420.
Randolph Macon College founded, 488.
Ratcliffe, John, President of Colony, 24; attempts to escape and is arrested by Smith, 37; deposed, 45;

reappearance in colony, 62; his death and epitaph, 78.
Rebellion, The Great, in Virginia, 237–297; causes of, 230–234; presages of, 237.
Reconstruction, process of in Virginia, 506.
Reekes, Stephen, pilloried, 177.
Reformation, effects of the, 8, 9.
Religious Freedom, the Act of, 394, 444.
Republicans and Federalists, 480.
Resolutions of 1798, 1799, 480, 481.
Ricahecrians, the, defeat the Virginians, 208.
Richebourg, Claude Philip de, Huguenot minister, 309.
Richmond, battle with Ricahecrians near, 208; fight of Bloody Run at, 243; established, 329; captured and burned by Arnold, 457; orgies of his troops at, 457.
Richmond College, 488.
Rights, Virginia Declaration of, 412, 413, 439.
Roan, Rev. John, persecuted for denouncing the Establishment, 337.
Roanoke, the Colony of, founded by Raleigh and Grenville, 6; mysterious disappearance of the colonists, 6, 7.
Rochambeau, Count de, joins Washington, 462, 463; commands the left at Yorktown, 467.
Rolfe, John, wrecked in the Sea-Venture, 60; sent to Powhatan, 94; his character and singular letter, 96; marries Pocahontas, 97; his plantation at Varina, 98; first cultivates tobacco there, 110; takes Pocahontas to Londou, 100; offense of James at his marriage, 100; returns to Virginia, 104.
Rolfe, Thomas, son of Pocahontas, 104.
"Rude Answer," Smith's, to the Company, 47.

St. Augustine, settled by the French, and destroyed by the Spaniards, 4.
St. John's Church at Richmond, 427.
St. Mary's, the Maryland capital, 179.
St. Pierre, Chevalier de, his reply to the English summons, 343.
St. Tammany Celebration, the, at Norfolk, 373.
Safety, Committee of; names of members of, 435; its powers, 435.
Sandys, Sir Edwin, treasurer of the company; denunciation of by James I., 118; sends the maids to Virginia, 119.
Sandys, George, translates Ovid at Jamestown; Drayton's salute to, 139; Dryden's opinion of, 139; other translations by, 140; introduces the first water mill, 140; his personal appearance, 140.
Santa Maria, the Bay of, Spanish name for the Chesapeake, 5.
Scarburgh, Colonel Edmund, prosecuted for denouncing James II., 301.
Scotch Irish settlers in the Valley, 322; their festivities and character, 323–326, 328.
Scrivener, Matthew, member of Council, 49.
Seal ordained for Virginia, 301.
Sea-Venture, wreck of the, on the Bermudas, 57.
Servitude, Indented: the system of, 122; how regulated, 122, 123; number of servants allotted to officials, 147.
Seymour, Attorney General, his reception of Commissary Blair, 305.
Shakespeare, his influence as a teacher, 10; probable acquaintance with Smith, 14; scene of his "Tempest," 58.
Sharpless, Edward, clerk of the Council, pilloried, 153.
Shelly, the site of Werowocomoco, 34.
Shenandoah Valley, settlers in, 322–326; traditions of, 324, 325; beauty of, 327; Washington sent to defend, 355; Indian outrages in, and elsewhere on the frontier, 355, 356.
Sherwood, Grace, tried for witchcraft, 313.
Shires, Virginia divided into; names of, 167, 168.
Shirley Hundred, one of the oldest plantations, 110.
Slaves, African, the first brought to America, 123; number of in Virginia, in 1619, 1649, 1670, 1714, 1756, 367; treatment of, 367; no more to be imported, 401, 445; insurrections of, 485, 486; emancipation of, 507.
Smith, John, his early life, 13; returns to England, 14; probable acquaintance with Shakespeare, 14; arrest on the voyage to Virginia, 18; his energy, 24, 25; sails for the South Sea and is captured, 26, 34; preserved by Pocahontas, 35; returns to Jamestown, and arrests the mutineers, 36, 37; his "True Relation," 42, 71; explores the Chesapeake, 43, 44; elected President, 45; his map of Virginia, 47; his expedition to the York, 51, 52; threat-

ens the idlers, 53; arrests Ratcliffe and founds Nonsuch, 65, 66; is wounded by an explosion, 66; attempt to murder, 67; sails for England, 67; visits New England, 68; is captured by the French, 69; made admiral; his letter to Queen Anne, 101, 102; interview with Pocahontas, 102; question of their relations, 102, 103; of his rescue, 71, 72, 73; elevated tone of his writings, 73–75; names and dates of, 135; their peculiar value, 137; his death and character, 69–76.
Smithfield Church, the oldest in Virginia, 333.
Smythe's Hundred, one of the original boroughs, 115.
Somers, Admiral Sir George, 13, 56; wrecked on the Bermudas, 58; builds two ships, and reaches Virginia, 60, 61, 80; sails for the Bermudas, dies there, and is buried in Dorsetshire, 61.
Soto, Fernando de, marches through the Gulf States, 4.
Spain in the New World, 4, 5.
Spotswood, Alexander, Governor, 310; brings the writ of Habeas Corpus, 311; the "Tubal Cain of Virginia," 312; visits Christanna, and marches to the Valley, 313-315; founds the Knights of the Horseshoe, 315; denounces the Burgesses, 315, 316; establishes a postal system, 317; his home at Germanna, 319, 320; portrait of him, 320, 321; death and character, 321, 322.
Stamp Act, The, 384; repeal of, 389.
Starving Time, horrors of the, 79, 80.
Stewart, Captain, at Duquesne, 352.
Stith, William, the historian, 361.
Stocks to be erected, 222.
Stone, William, Lieutenant-Governor of Maryland, 211; is defeated by the Puritans, 214.
Stone House, the, 54.
Stone Meeting House, the Old, or Augusta Church, 326.
Strachey, William, his peculiar place in literary history, 137.
Studley, Thomas, first Cape Merchant, death of, 24.
Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam, his letter to Berkeley, 189.
Suffrage, history of legislation in Virginia in reference to, 222–224.
Swift, Dean, proposes to come as Bishop to Virginia, 309.
Sym, Benjamin, establishes the first free school in America, 168, 169.

Tabb, John, member of Committee of Safety, 435.
Tarleton, Colonel Bannastre, ravages Virginia, 460.
Taylor, Zachary, first Surveyor General of Virginia, 305.
"Tempest," Shakespeare's, based on Strachey's "True Repertory," 59, 137.
Temple Farm, the residence of Spotswood, 321.
Territory, Northwestern, the, title of Virginia to, 473; ceded to the Union, 474.
Theach, John, the pirate, death of, 317.
Theatre, Richmond, the burning of; affecting scenes attending it, 487.
Theological Seminary, 488.
Thorpe, George, the philanthropist, murdered by the Indians, 127.
"T. M.," of Stafford, 245, 249, 251, 359.
Tobacco, when first cultivated in Virginia, 110; manner of using, 145; denounced by James I., 146; attempt of Charles I. to monopolize, 171; stinting, 232; the dependence of the planters on, 231, 232; the Virginia currency, 222, 381.
Totopotomoi, 208, 253.
Tuckahoes, 328.
Turner's Insurrection, 485, 486.
Tuscarora Meeting House, one of the oldest churches in the Valley, 322.

University of Virginia founded, 488.
Uttamussac Temple, 28, 29.

Varina, 90, 92.
Vincennes, captured by General Clarke, 453; importance of possession of, at the end of the war, 454.
Viomenil, Baron de, commands the left in the assault at Yorktown, 468, 469.
Virginia, origin of the name, 2; original boundaries of, 2, 15; in 1616, 110; in 1622, 124; under James I., 141–157; in 1635, 168; a perfect description of, in 1648, 188, 189; shires, 168; counties, 202; in 1670, 224–226; joy in at the Restoration, 217; a seal ordained for, 301; the Golden Age of, 364–374; classes in, 368; attitude of toward the Revolution, 377; importance of action of in 1765, 389; declares herself an independent commonwealth, 439; troops from, in the Continental Army, 449; change in society, 478; character of the people, 479; peace

policy of, in 1860 and 1861, 499, 500; since the war, 505–510.
Virginia, West, becomes a separate state, 502.

WADDEL, the Blind Preacher, effects of his eloquence, 380.
Wading, Rev. Mr., is arrested by Bacon, 285; sent for when he is dying, 287.
Waldo, Captain, member of Council, 49.
Waller, John, persecuted as a Baptist, 391.
Ward's Plantation, one of the original horoughs, 115.
Warrosqueake, the King of, warns Smith, 50.
Washington, George, his descent, 229; surveyor, 341; envoy to the French, 342; surrenders at Great Meadows, 344; accompanies Braddock, 346–354; at Winchester, 356; plants the English flag on the ruins of Fort Duquesne, 357; offers to march to Boston, 420; member of first Congress, 420; appointed Commander in Chief, 434; his gloomy letter to Laurens, 456; at Yorktown, 467–471; President of the Federal Convention, 474; President of United States, 477; dies, 481.
Washington, Lawrence, serves at Carthagena, 329.
Washington and Lee University, 488.
Watkins, Rev. Thomas, persecuted for denouncing the Establishment, 337.
Waugh, Rev. John, arouses the people against James II., 300.
Wayne, General Anthony, 460; attacks Cornwallis at Jamestown, 461.
Werowocomoco, Powhatan's capital, 34, 106.
Wesley, Rev. John, founder of Methodism, 334.
West, Francis, 50, 78, 79; Governor, 164.
West, Sir Thomas. (*See* Delaware.)
West's Hundred, one of the original horoughs, 115.
Whipping Posts to be erected, 222.
Whitaker, Rev. Alexander, his life at Varina, 91; his opinion of Dale, 92; his "Good News from Virginia," 139; is drowned, 139.
White, John, Governor of Roanoke, returns to find the Colony has disappeared, 6.
Whitefield, Rev. George, founder of Methodism, 334; his definition of Methodism, 335; in Boston and Virginia, 336.
Wickham, Rev. Mr., one of the first Virginia ministers, 333.
Wilford, Captain, executed by Berkeley, 293.
William and Mary proclaimed Lord and Lady of Virginia, 301; grant the charter of William and Mary College, 305.
William and Mary College, the charter of, 305, 306; history of, 306, 307; distinguished graduates of, 307.
Williamsburg, the capital removed to, 304; at the beginning of the Revolution, 396–399.
Winchester established, 324.
Wingandacoa, the Good Land, 1.
Wingfield, Edward Maria, President, 13, 22; his character, 23; attempts to escape and is deposed, 24; returns to England 42.
Witchcraft, Grace Sherwood tried for, 313.
Wolf-Hunting, 146.
Woodford, Colonel William, repulses the British at Great Bridge, 436.
Wyat, Sir Francis, Governor, 118; brings the Ordinance and Constitution, 118; eccentric proclamation of, 149; defeats the Indians, 163, 164.
Wyman, Sir Ferdinand, Master of the Horse, 84.
Wynne, Captain, member of Council, 49.

YEARDLEY, SIR GEORGE, Governor, his administration and character, 110, 111; summons the first American legislature, 115; dies, 164.
Yorktown, the siege of, 466–472.

ZANE, ELIZABETH, saves the garrison at Fort Wheeling, 453, 454.

HECKMAN
BINDERY, INC.
Bound-To-Please®
AUG 05
N. MANCHESTER, INDIANA 46962